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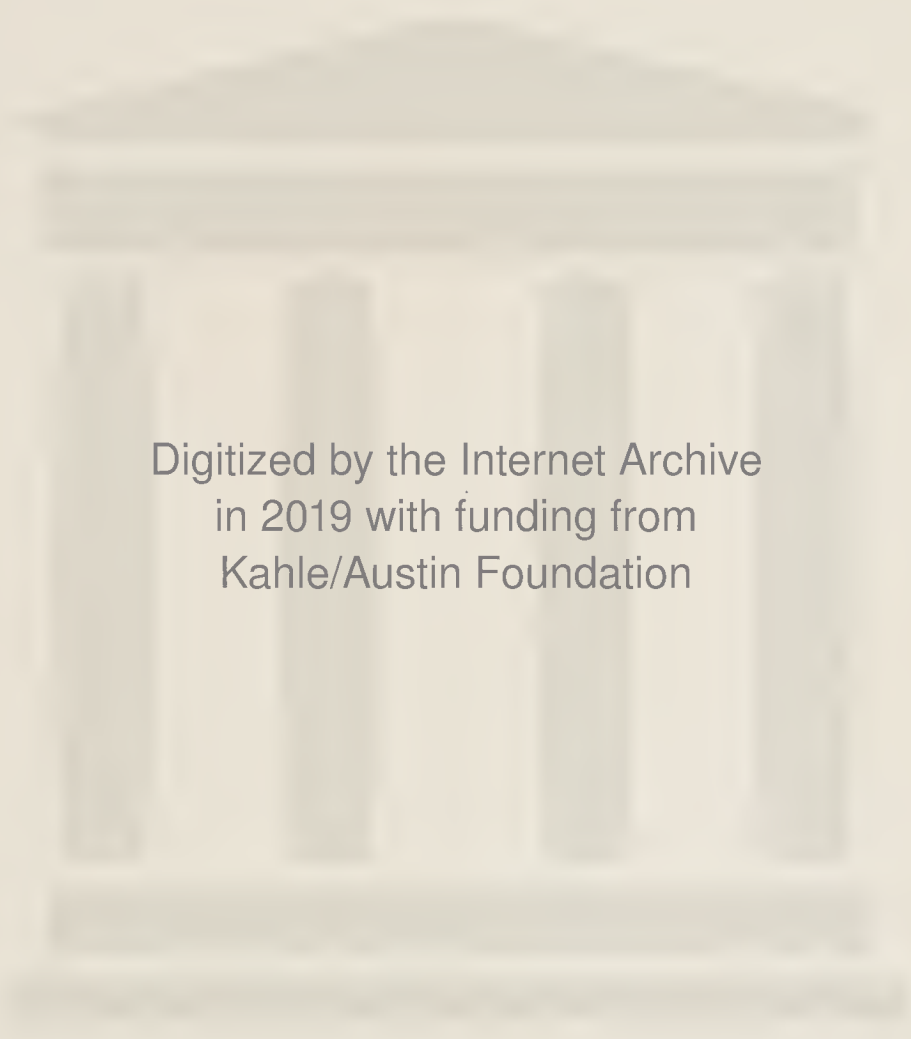
Uncle Willie
with love from
Rosamond Boulton

London

October 3rd 1924.

UNCLE WILLIE'S C/O WILLIAM MULLOCK POSTMASTER GENL
P-32

PILGRIMAGES AND PERSONALITIES



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Photo by]

[Madame Pestel, Eastbourne.

Miss Rosamond Boulton.

Frontispiece.

PILGRIMAGES and PERSONALITIES

By
ROSAMOND BOULTBEE

With Frontispiece and 15 other Illustrations

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1924

TO THE MEMORY OF
MY MOTHER
AND HER HAPPY APPRECIATION
OF ANY EFFORT OF MINE

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Pilgrimages and Personalities

CHAPTER I

IT has always puzzled me how, and why, I became a journalist. I had had no special training for anything, and was not an erudite person. Most books bored me. So I learnt but little from reading. But to hear anyone with any special doctrine on any conceivable subject interested me immensely. "Why did they think so?" I thought, and I asked questions. The "Hows" and the "Whys" were what I wanted to know. Not that I intended to follow the teachings told me. But I did want to know why my informer thought so. Also how anything was done led to the question "Why?" So my mind became a sort of receptacle for any kind of information anybody would be good enough to give me. I was eager to know, but only as a point to think about and to ponder over. Religion came first in my wonderment—and if anyone changed their faith, and declared it—this I found the most engrossing thing of all.

The asking of questions, however, led me to be often disliked. When quite young, I would ask why two people had married each other, which did not seem to make me popular. And as I wished to please even more than I wanted to know how and

why—I thought it wise not to ask so many questions. But a good many of my elders had become so used to my inquisitiveness, that this did not win them over to liking me any better—which worried me.

And so during my years of adolescence, I turned over all the time in my mind—how I could make people like me, and have confidence enough to know that I had stopped asking questions; that I had never asked them from impertinence. It was my way of learning. I remember my uncle saying to my mother, “The child is a nuisance with her everlasting questions.” And I knew then that it had got so ingrained in his mind, he would never think otherwise.

But youth has passed—and the years have taught me that if one wants to know something, it is best to let others do the questioning and from them make one’s own deductions. In interviews this is of the greatest importance. Some of my most successful ones have been all culled from the questions asked me. But the curiosity of mind remains, and the desire to know “why” is perhaps even more developed—though journalism has provided a mental outlet.

My parents used to say to us as children, “An inch makes a great deal of difference on the end of a nose.” That was intriguing if you like!—“Had I enough to make the difference? And why did it make the difference?” I asked myself. So I measured my nose from its base outwards. Whether my hand slipped each time with the yard measure or not I do not know. I never could make up my mind as

to the original length of my nose, and so could not find out if it did get any longer.

But years later. Early in 1916, to be exact. In Kiev, the headquarter city of the Southern Russian Armies, an incident brought back my parent's remark to me. Two war correspondents had come south from Petrograd. One of them—Reuter's man in Russia—was reading over some of my articles. "Whatever made you tell that story?" he questioned. This was a short bit published apart with much headline. "Oh," I said, "I think it well to tell anything amusing one can; the Communiqués are desperate reading, dear knows."—"That's it," said Mr. Seppings Wright, the war artist of the *Illustrated London News*, who was also in Kiev. "She seems to have a nose for the things that will make good reading!"

I remember that I said nothing. But my mind went back many years, and I saw a little girl with a tape-measure. And I wondered whether she'd be glad that evidently the inch had developed on the end of the nose, and that was why she had become a journalist. Somehow I didn't believe, if I could put my mind back more than a quarter of a century, that I'd have been so glad to know that there was to be some accomplishment in my life as to have just had one "why" definitely and finally explained. For then I was much like Rudyard Kipling's elephant with the "'satiabile curiosity." (His developed from a nose into a trunk, didn't it?) Well, mine must have developed the inch!

There is a street in Toronto which leads through

into the University grounds. And the time I write of, the residential part of the street had but fourteen houses in it. These were on one side of the road only. On the other side in large grounds still stands a convent. The street housed fourteen families, all of about the same station in life, and everyone knew everyone else. If one family entertained, representatives from all the other houses filed into the front door of the house where hospitality was disporting itself. The street had several lawyers, and several University professors, living in it. And once a Canadian Prime Minister ended his days in its precincts.

My home was next but one to the corner. And we were neighbours to one of the lawyer's family. This lawyer was my uncle's partner. "Mulock, Miller and Crowther" was the name of the firm. Quite an outstanding circumstance interested me when very young in this family. First they were great friends of my people. And then I heard so much discussion as to what was to be done, that I didn't need to ask questions, I just listened. My uncle, then Mr. Mulock, the senior partner of the firm, had long been in politics and in the Liberal Party. He would be in Ottawa while the House was sitting, afterwards returning to Toronto to his profession.

But then the Liberals came into power, and my uncle became Post master-General in Sir Wilfrid Laurier's first Cabinet. This necessitated his being much in Ottawa, and the greater part of the work of the law firm devolving on the shoulders of the other partners. Especially on those of Mr. Miller,



“ . . . which leads through into the University grounds.”

our next-door neighbour. All this would have passed as a natural sequence of things, if Mr. Miller had not at that time become a Christian Scientist. I remember my uncle discussing things with my mother, saying, "Miller is such a decent fellow." It seemed to me that everything was then quite satisfactory—for, if Miller was a decent fellow, what was all the talk about? But it appears that Dr. Miller (he had become a Doctor of Law) was giving all his attention to Christian Science, frequently going to Boston. And as my uncle's time was devoted to politics, what was to become of the office? However, Dr. Miller resigned from the firm. And we were told that his visits to Boston were to none other than to see Mrs. Eddy, who had entrusted him with the Mission of Christian Science to London. There, I believe, he became the leading dignitary of that Church.

The street had many interesting events and happenings. There were always boys going to school or 'Varsity, and girls "coming out" when school-days were over, and people going abroad, marriages, births, and deaths. All happening right there. Before I came out my contemporaries started a club called the "Not Out Club." Thirty-two members of it, boys and girls, met once a fortnight at some one of the girls' houses and danced. We played our own music and had lovely times. Six houses in the street were represented in the club. These all shared the same one-horse cab to go and return from the fortnightly gatherings. The only disputed joy was, who could get out first, so as to

sit on the box beside the driver ! One of the boy members was a Billy King—now Prime Minister of Canada. So that's a second Premier to have been associated with the street.

And my brothers used to bring home from school a young master of theirs, Stephen B. they called him. They used to roar and laugh over something he had written—"Boarding House Geometry" it was named. Pretty serious reading, I thought. But recent years have taught me that just that sketch of Stephen Leacock's is considered one of the cleverest in his book, "Literary Lapses."

So much, therefore, as to the street—and yet there was more. In August, 1897, the British Association met in Toronto. Those people who had accommodating houses were asked to offer hospitality to the visitors. Hotels were pretty terrible in Canada then. They are not much to boast of even now in Toronto, although the Canadian Pacific Railway has some of the finest hotels in the world from Montreal out to the Pacific Coast. Two members of the British Association stayed at our house: Professor Brabrook (afterwards Sir Edward Brabrook), President of the Anthropological Institute—and Professor Viriamu Jones, Principal of the University of South Wales and Monmouthshire: a student of everything I should think, but a great mathematician. The winter before I had "come out," as we used to term our début into Society, so I was considered old enough to attend the functions given for Toronto's guests.

I little realised at the time how important these



“ The Street.”

men all were. I did know, though, that a courtesy of manners and a wonderment of information was amongst us, such as I had never yet experienced. Professor Brabrook, always appreciative of the little that was done for him, would sometimes play chess with my father (who, by the way, was one of the most famous of chess-players, having won five gold medals). He was the only man in America to beat Zukatort—the champion of the world. But this did not make my father champion, as Zukatort had played everyone with his eyes blindfolded. The first time my father asked him to play, Professor Brabrook replied, “Well, if you are willing to test the depths of human imbecility, I don’t mind trying.” And he was always deeply interested in his life-study, the genealogy of man. This came out with startling frankness in his conversation. Once at afternoon tea, when a newly-married couple were visiting us (the groom was English and delicate, the bride German and very buxom), Professor Brabrook studied them deeply all the time, and when they left, burst forth with, “He thin and delicate, she strong and well covered, one wonders what the anthropological result will be !”

Professor Viriamu Jones was reading some papers to the Association on Mathematics, and had a friend to come and study with him. The street was quiet—the friend was stopping with people whose house was in a street on which tram-cars ran. So Professor Ayrton came to our house to study. When I would go up and disturb their labours with some cold drink and cake, they would both beam on me

their thanks. The quiet street, the garden with flowers and trees outside, and a diversion such as I brought in for a moment was all to their liking. Professor Ayrton was the famous man from Cambridge, and his daughter (then Miss Edith Ayrton), who was with her father in Toronto, is now Mrs. Israel Zangwill.

I remember all the names of those people I met, and of many that I did not meet. And since in life I have been very glad for the effect the visit of the British Association had on my mind. To be able to mix with such people. That they and I belonged to the same Empire—that their Sovereign was mine too! What a heritage was life, I thought. Indeed one must learn, or keep quiet. One must accomplish—or never meet such people again. From then on to be able to go to London, to that city of one's dreams, was my determination. How I was to get there I knew not. I was one of a big family—an expensive outfit to educate and bring up. So I could not expect to travel—for some years, at any rate.

When they left, both of our guests gave us (my younger sister, my mother and myself) presents. I think we cried a little when Professor Brabrook gave us his—he seemed so touched to say good-bye. Yet their visit had meant far, far more to us than for them. Professor Viriamu Jones gave me "The Jungle Books," and wrote in the first of these:

"To Miss Boulton, Aug. 27th, 1897.

'Good Hunting all
That keep the Jungle Law!'
J. V. J."

And at the meetings the people one listened to and talked to ! The retiring President was Lord Lister, a venerable figure in a venerable gathering. And in this pageant of greatness I met Lord Kelvin, Sir John Evans—the President of that year—and Prince Kropotkin. That Russian revolutionary was staying with my father's great friend and chess opponent, Professor James Mavor—who has since written at length on Russia. Prince Kropotkin was a mild-looking little man as to expression, but rather fierce-looking with regard to his sandy-coloured beard and moustaches. He talked to me a great deal. I heard afterwards that he was studying young Canada through me.

At a reception at the University we were chatting together when an Aide-de-Camp of Lord Aberdeen came up to us and told Prince Kropotkin that His Excellency would like to talk to him. I do not know what the Prince replied, but it was not to say that he would go with the Aide-de-Camp. A moment later Lord Aberdeen in magnificent State robes came up. Prince Kropotkin made me go up first, and after I had curtsied and shaken hands with His Excellency, the Prince and he got deep into conversation. Near the end of the evening I saw the Prince running towards me down a long corridor. (He said, " Your mother awaits you to go home.") Such a nice kind little man he was. Do all the hard things we hear of people always express them really ?

Since then I have learnt a little of Russia (no one can know much), and I have reserved to myself my

opinion on what I have heard about some Russians. A revolution has never advanced any country. The French Revolution is still the cause of France's attitude to other countries. The Russian Revolution, which might have been avoided and was not—must run its course. Russian regeneration is bound to come. But Russia moves slowly. Humanity is cheap, and time is unimportant in that country. Patience, the necessity of all great movements, is the greatest need, for those who wish to see a changed and better Russia.

The last I heard of Prince Kropotkin was of his leaving his home near London, and returning, after many years of exile, to Russia. I imagined a frail—bearded little old man—the dream of his life come true—starting off to Muscovy with hope so high, but the spark of human existence must have been but a flickering ember. One wished that he had not gone—realisation must have been so bitter a disillusionment—the reality so terrible. Why is it that the greatest brains never seem to realise that any cult, made a fetish of, always defeats its own ends? No power ought to be so strong as to be able to stifle the reason in other thinkings. And no beliefs run to such fanaticism as Socialism and Communism. If they exist—then there may be a need for them, if only to make others see the error of their ways. But they can only be successful when handled with great wisdom. All creeds start off moderately—but few attain greatness because of intolerance. The sensation of power breeds greed—frequently mortals lose their heads—and their programmes become septic instead of curative.

The last, but, if I remember rightly, one of the foremost men at the British Association meeting to speak, was Professor Michael Foster, of Trinity College, Cambridge. At a farewell gathering he finished his speech in something like the following words: "The people of Toronto say we brought over too much butter with us. But why should they think we brought any?—No! the thanks we give them—are the dry bread of gratitude!"

From then on I seemed to have only the one wish in my heart—to be able to travel, but to come no nearer to its fulfilment. I longed to get to England. But it still remained a far-away phantom. And as if to add to Fate's trial of me—everyone I knew, even my friends of my own age, seemed to cross the Atlantic. And I seemed to spend much of my time at the Union Station, Toronto, speeding people on their travels. When I once expressed my regrets to a middle-aged friend, she said, "My dear, don't worry. We'll all be saying good-bye to you some day—and then perhaps you will never stop travelling."—It was almost a prophecy. When I did commence I never seemed to come to the end—in fact, I'm still going.

But these farewells in Toronto were often managed only as the train was going out of the station.—Not that I was always late. But one had to have a five-cent platform ticket to get past the barrier. This was a very fierce-looking ticket-puncher. The ticket offices were far down an arcade in the station. And if one arrived at the gate to go through having forgotten the ticket, the

puncher would not accept five cents and let one by. No ! one must go all the way back to the entrance and return—so trains were often missed. So I cudgelled my brains as to how to get into the ticket-puncher's good graces. And then my chance came.

Just across Toronto Bay is a strip of land called "The Island," and the end of it bears the name, "Hanlon's Point." A five minutes' ferry ride lands one at this Elysium. For there one gets all the joys of Blackpool or New York's "Coney Island." You shoot the chute—ride the merry-go-round—eat peanuts, and see riotous life. There are always vaudeville performances for a small extra admission. I was immensely interested to hear that the world's most famous wrestler had for the first time in his life been downed by a member of his audience who had dared to take his challenge for someone to show off his prowess by—"Youssoff the Terrible Turk" was the name of the wrestler. And the man who had won the bout from him was none other than the fearsome ticket-puncher of the Union Station !

So a few days later I made a special trip to the station, armed with a small, fragrant packet. I approached my erstwhile enemy. He asked for my ticket, to which I replied, "No ! I don't want to go through to-day. When you have a quiet moment I want to talk to you." Shortly after he said, putting his cap on the back of his head, "Well, miss, what is it ?"—"I only want to tell you how glad I am that you won from the Terrible Turk. He's the greatest wrestler in the world, isn't he ?" I answered and queried together.—"Well, now, were

you there ? ”—But he did not wait to find out, and went on with, “ It took some doing, I can tell you, but there’s muscle there ”—and he pushed up his sleeves and forced back his forearm. I, still expressing my admiration for this Hercules, offered him the packet, which he unfolded, and put the violets in his buttonhole.

Never after did I need a ticket. The next Christmas I gave him a necktie. I think he wore it for two years ; I never went through that I didn’t see it on him. And he would say to me, “ But I’d like to see you give me a real ticket to punch, for a real journey, for instance, you in company going on the 5.20.” This was the popular train for New York, which all the bridal couples left by for their honeymoons. And he expressed the fact that, were he not a married man, he’d see that I did take that trip ! ——

But not long after this my trips began. My father, mother and I went to Barbados for the winter, to be with my eldest married sister, who lived there. This is one of the most southern of the West Indies, and on going down we stopped at eight of the islands, spending the days on shore, driving about. The evenings we cruised on to the next port. In this way we visited St. Thomas, Santa Cruz, St. Lucia, Dominica, Martinique, Guadeloupe, St. Kitts and St. Vincent. We spent one day at St. Pierre, then the capital of Martinique, the birthplace of the Empress Josephine. Two years later, when that city was wiped out by the volcanic eruption, I could picture the whole course of the terrific

destruction—from that day's visit. The best part of that trip was the travelling. I do not like the Tropics to live in, perpetual heat is so enervating, I find. And that winter was very dull, for just as we were starting off to a reception at Government House at Bridgetown, Barbados, news came of Queen Victoria's death, and so gaieties were cancelled. Especially those of the visiting fleet—and the resident regiment's entertainments.

After our return to Canada, it seemed as if I was again doomed to stop in Toronto. But after a year or so I went to New York, to try and get some kind of a job. Travelling companion was what I hoped for. My father's death interrupted my search, but made me more determined to leave Toronto. For in all my life and its variations, and the many people I have met—I have never known a greater gentleman than my father. And his passing made one less anchor at home. I returned to New York and finally did get a job as travelling companion to a wealthy Southern lady. She gave me a month to prepare in before I went to her for a week, and then we were to sail—our two selves and two maids, for Genoa. During that month of preparation I went every day to a Toronto hospital, to learn what I could of massage, as my future employer considered herself delicate—and I was to apply the little nursing knowledge I already knew with massage to aid her infirmities.

One maid was dismissed at Boston before sailing. The other, a Swiss, cried most of the voyage over, because of unfair treatment, she told

me. So she was dismissed also, and I found myself nurse and maid as well, to a capricious American. Her diet on board seemed to be mainly nuts and champagne. I think she consumed about a pound of nuts at a sitting. Then I would be taken off to her cabin to massage down the excrescences. I was very sea-sick, but was told that this was only a disease of the mind, so that I was not considered—and the helping-out of her digestive organs, through the medium of massage, continued.

Probably I would have gone on with this arrangement for some time if two very kind and well-known Canadian ladies had not been on board. Mrs. James Ross, of Montreal, the wife of a big steel magnate, whose only son and daughter-in-law have since entertained the Prince of Wales in their beautiful Montreal home, and a Miss Meredith of London, Ontario, a sister of Sir William Meredith, the Chief-Justice of Ontario (a position now held by my uncle, Sir William Mulock). These two dear ladies asked what arrangements I had made with my employer, and when I told them they said, "But you are being her maid, and there is no necessity for you to do that." They both knew my family, and felt they would not be pleased at what I was doing. When my benefactress found out that she could make no headway with my compatriots, she dismissed me, saying I was to remain on the ship and to be sent back to Boston. But, although I was terrified at the uncertainty in front of me, I took courage from the kindness of my Canadian friends,

and said that I was going to London, and demanded cash instead of a return voyage—and got it.

At Genoa Mrs. Ross (Miss Meredith had left the ship at Algiers) saw me off to London, and gave me letters to Lord Strathcona, and to a Mrs. Kitto. A great friend of hers, she told me. Mrs. Ross left me to go yachting in the Mediterranean, and I went right across the Continent to London, where I arrived without a mishap, and full of joy at the consummation of my life's dream. I had written to my family of all that had happened—and suggested that I should take a complete course, to learn massage. In due time I got a cable from my brother as follows, "Approve conduct delay massage and study situation, writing." I studied the situation by deciding to go to Gosport and stay with my father's cousin, Admiral Field. And presented the letters Mrs. Ross had given me. Lord Strathcona was very kind, and asked me frequently to his house in Grosvenor Square. I went several times on Thursday afternoons when Lady Strathcona received. Lord Strathcona knew my family quite well and told me that he was a personal friend of Admiral Field's—so all was well.

I stayed many weeks at Gosport and heard much about English politics. For the Admiral had only recently retired—having been for fifteen years Unionist Member for south Sussex. He was a very kind little egoist—carried out his life duties in a quarter-deck style, roaring at everything, whether it be his J.P. or other activities such as sitting on the benches of different public organisations, or as a

member of several boards of directors in London—and always full of his own importance. He received letters from many famous people. Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, Lord Salisbury, etc. And I myself answered many for him, especially one from the Duke of Connaught—I remember as to the Admiral's assistance to get a *protégé* of the Duke's into the navy. The Admiral read the lessons in church, and if his false teeth impeded his progress he just removed them, and went on with his task.

He roared at me his opinions of politicians, and I just loved the hearing of it. He said he was very apprehensive as to the advent of a young man in the Liberal Party—a Mr. Lloyd George. “A very clever man, but I don't like his ways,” said the Admiral; “but he'll get to the top, of that I am certain.” He also told me that he had never seen Mr. Asquith smile. I returned to London with him one day—he put me into a third-class carriage—while he entered a first. I knew better than to remark upon this, and waited further action on his part. At Chichester I heard my name being roared on the platform, and looked out of the window. There was the Admiral opening every carriage door and asking was Miss Boulton there!—I let him continue for about ten of these, then I got out, and he told me to follow him. When the train again started he said that probably I would like to know why he had done as he had. “As,” he continued, “I don't have time before I catch this train in the morning to say my prayers and sing my hymns, so I like a carriage to myself until I have finished!”—I told him

I regretted his exclusiveness, because I would have joined in his service.

When we got to London we both went to see Lord Strathcona at the Canadian Offices in Victoria Street. What a contrast ! They both were sympathetic with me over my recent experiences on board ship. But the Admiral said it with a Zoological roar. Lord Strathcona was such a quiet gentleman. But they seemed excellent friends, and had much chaff together. Lord Strathcona asked me would I go the next day and spend the afternoon with his wife?

I went, and Lady Strathcona had several callers. The first group, though, was very amusing. A newly-created Canadian Senator and his wife—and a very elegant English lady were visiting at the same time. The English lady and Lady Strathcona ventured some social amenities, and the Senator was asked where he was staying. “The Carlton,” he replied. Claridge’s was declared to be a very exclusive hotel—but the Senator found the Carlton exclusive and expensive enough for him. His wife said nothing. The English lady got up to go, and said good-bye graciously all round. But a dinner-party at Buckingham Palace, to which she and the Strathconas had been commanded, was on for that week—and all this talk to the worthy but new-to-London Senator was too much. When the visitor was gone—with one hand on each knee he leaned forward and asked of Lady Strathcona, “Your Ladyship ! might I enquire if that was a lady of title ? ”—“ Yes ! Lady ——,” replied Lady Strathcona—the Senator was really enjoying high life !

Lord and Lady Strathcona were always very much attached to each other. When quite a young man in the Hudson Bay Company, Lord Strathcona, then Mr. Donald Smith, met the young daughter of an Indian chief. To have Indian blood in one is thought highly of in Canada, the only regret is that that fine race of mankind is so fast dying out. Mr. Donald Smith married the chief's pretty daughter, and sent her to England to be educated. Lady Strathcona told me herself of her confirmation in St. Pancras Church. One morning I had an appointment at eleven, at Grosvenor Square. Lord Strathcona was showing me his abundant mail. A large table was covered with one post's delivery.—The door opened and a little old lady came in, and went over to her husband, handing him a glass of milk. Such homely duties I believe Lady Strathcona preferred to do herself—and to see that Lord Strathcona took the drink, rather than leave it to butlers to attend to.

During his years of office as High Commissioner, Lord Strathcona never drew any of the salary to which he was entitled from the Canadian Government. He was a staunch Britisher with unswerving faith in the possibilities and future of Canada. He possessed, I think, more homes than any other peer of the realm. There is his house in Grosvenor Square. A country place in both Scotland and England, a house in Montreal, another in Vancouver, and, I believe, also in one of the North-West cities—probably Winnipeg. And I am not sure that there was not yet one more in Canada.

From that time until he died in 1912 I had always a home at Admiral Field's, as had all my family when in England. But, as I have now for many years made this country my home, I benefited most by the Admiral's hospitality. He, I think, was the only other member of the House of Commons who always wore a white orchid in his buttonhole as did Mr. Joseph Chamberlain.

The other letter given to me by Mrs. Ross for Mrs. Kitto I presented in due time. Mrs. Kitto was the wife of the Reverend Prebendary Kitto of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields and they lived in the Rectory just north of it. I was made to feel quite at home there, and went frequently to dinner on Sunday after church at St. Martin's. Mrs. Kitto had a very crooked neck—and the Prebendary was then a very frail and ill-looking man. I asked one of the family what had happened to her mother, and she said that she had had neuritis a few years previously—and just before an operation to cut some cord in the neck, she had become a Christian Scientist. But out of consideration for her husband and family, she had consented to be operated on three years after her first refusal. However, the doctors had said that it was too late.

I ventured to ask on our return to the Rectory from a walk, as to the Millers. And was told much about them, before I could even tell of my knowledge of them. I heard of how Dr. Miller had given up his law practice to come to London. Mrs. Kitto was immensely interested, and I arranged then to go to the Christian Science church. Mrs. Kitto, as I



Photo by]

[G. & R. Lavis, Eastbourne.

H. Field

remember her, was a very clever and entertaining woman, and an artist of no mean ability. She never let her activities in her husband's church suffer from her other belief. On Easter Sunday of 1903, I went to St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, joining the Kitto family. But before the day closed the Reverend Prebendary Kitto passed away from earth's burdens—and with the leaving of London the family also passed from my ken.

But I went to the Christian Science Church, and saw Dr. Miller, reading to his congregation. Afterwards he came down and spoke to me, making many enquiries as to Toronto friends. He and Mrs. Miller asked me to go and see them. I was greatly interested in all they told me of their faith—but did not feel tempted to join them. Not that they tried to influence me—any more than to answer my questions. But if anyone wished to know of Christian Science I sent them to the Millers.

Several years later, while on a visit to Canada, Mrs. Miller told me that a young man I had sent them (a writer of short magazine stories) had become so ardent a Christian Scientist that he had given up everything, just to work for them. Frequently in life I have met other members of that faith, who have known the Millers. How I could remain outside their fold they could not understand. But then I am satisfied to learn their reasonings, and content with the teachings I was brought up in, and think there are—

“So many Gods, so many creeds—
So many Faiths that wind and wind . . . ”

CHAPTER II

WHEN I got back to Canada from England, in the early autumn of 1903, I had nothing better to do, apparently, so I filled in the time by having typhoid fever. It was a long, weary business—and convalescence seemed to be the biggest burden of all. I believe if one has a really bad case of typhoid (and gets over it) then the fever has burnt itself out. But I never had a very high temperature, and seemed for years afterwards to be perpetually tired. So I was really in no condition for the months of activity that were ahead of me. For on March 1st, 1904, my uncle, Sir William Mulock, wired me to leave that night for Ottawa, in a private car which was awaiting me at the Union Station—and to bring with me five domestics from their Toronto home. The car was one my uncle had been given (by the Government) to use for a political mission to Mexico. He, my aunt, their son and daughter-in-law had been several months in that country. I believe the task was to do with direct commerce between Canada and Mexico. Ships were to ply between these two lands, not touching the United States. It must have been a very interesting trip. For Señor Diaz was then still President of Mexico, a man

that dealt with an iron hand in everything, during his thirty odd years of autocratic power.

My uncle has always been justly credited with being a tremendous worker. But he has liked playing too. However, his working propensities made him rather a forbidding personality—he expected others to do as much as he did himself—and they often lacked his energy. I always feared him. But that, I think, was because he had never encouraged me as a child. I could neither amuse nor interest him. “Why,” I asked myself, “had I asked so many questions!”

The Parliamentary Session at Ottawa is always gay. The Prime Minister, his Ministers, the Senators—and the speakers of the Senate and the House of Commons, are all expected to do a considerable amount of entertaining. And of course there is Rideau Hall, the home of the Governor-General—which leads in the session’s entertainment. So there is an influx of wives and daughters from all over Canada, to Ottawa. And houses are leased for the session’s term.

I and the entourage from Toronto arrived about 7 a.m. on March 2nd, 1904—at the house my uncle had taken. And when I now think of him—and his informal habits—I wonder I ever was afraid. When the front door was opened, there was Sir William Mulock—Postmaster-General of Canada, Chancellor of Toronto University, the man who had got Imperial penny postage established—who had carried through many missions successfully—standing at the top of the stairs in a dressing-gown, below which

showed a white night-shirt—and bare feet! He ran downstairs and greeted us. I really don't think he ever wore bedroom slippers! but I never dared to ask the reason of this omission.

My uncle and his wife were as unlike as two people possibly could be. My aunt was not brilliant. But she loved "a bit of fun," as she used to say. She never ventured an opinion. She would answer with, "Ask Sir William" until it became a by-word in speaking of her. But I don't think a human being could be found easier to get on with than was Aunt Sarah. She loved young people and their doings, with which she never interfered. She had the heart of a child, and was very kind. Since my uncle gave up his political life, and became a Chief Justice in Ontario, he has lived entirely in Toronto, or at his beautiful country place near Newmarket, some thirty miles away from that city. He and my aunt were much more together, and I think (until she died in 1913) they had some years of very happy companionship—my uncle learning to appreciate my aunt's many virtues.

The first social duty of my aunt and myself was to receive. Over one hundred and fifty people called in one day. These and many more had to be entertained—but how was one to know of them?—and names conveyed so little as to who people were. But I had one successful try. In those days (I think now it has been abandoned) every member of both Houses got a "trunk." This was a fair-sized box supposed to be filled with stationery. But the firms which supplied the "trunks" always



Photo by]

["Lyonde," Toronto.

J. W. M. Lock

put in a few surprise packets for the ladies. Writing-cases and handbags were generally to be found in these boxes. That year the trunks had handbags in them. Those for the House of Commons members' wives and daughters were plain leather with steel tops. I got the one from our trunk. The Senators' women had similar bags, but there were three green stones in the framework. At a reception at which my aunt and I had to look after such numbers, I saw a lady with a three green stones bag—and I went forward, asking, "How is your husband, the Senator?" She answered my anxious enquiry assuring me that he was in perfect health! and left saying how intelligent I was that I already knew the standing of everybody. But it is nervous work, this taking of long shots—and one is so likely to be found out.

For several months it was either entertaining or being entertained and I found no time to follow the debates in the House. But I got to know most of the Ministers and members; and found real friends in such men as Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Mr. Fielding, the Minister of Finance. Many people have a superstition as to the wearing of anything green. In France, though, one is told that green means "hope." However, without thinking, I got a new evening frock of bright green—the first colour I had worn for eighteen months, having been in mourning for my father. My aunt, uncle and I were bidden to a dinner-party at Government House on March 17th. Lord Minto was then Governor-General. I was delighted to be able to wear my frock for the first

time on St. Patrick's Day. But about four o'clock that afternoon a telephone message came from Government House, saying that on account of the Duke of Cambridge's death the dinner was postponed. The next day the usual official announcement was in the papers that "the following had the honour of being invited," etc.

When the term of Court mourning was over, again we were invited—and again I prepared to wear my green dress. But the night before a wing of Government House was burnt down, and the second dinner was postponed. Next day the Press announcement came out. The same names exactly were among those invited. A third time the dinner was arranged and the same people bidden, and that afternoon Lady Minto fell while skating, and broke her leg. So we seemed doomed to postponement. We went to Government House, though, to other entertainments, luncheon and some private theatricals. And I thoughtlessly told the history of my green dress, even to Lord Minto. Shortly after we saw in the papers "the following had the honour of being invited," and there was the same list as that of the three former dinners, but our three names were absent! And that dinner-party came off. We were invited later with entirely different people—and this party too was not postponed.

During the session the Governor-General and his Consort hold several drawing-rooms. These take place in the Senate Chamber—then a beautiful, long, red-carpeted hall. But there is a new one now, as the Parliament Buildings were burnt down during

the war. Opposite the main doorway was a dais—where their Excellencies received. And on either side of the centre isle were gaily uniformed soldiers. Lord and Lady Minto, in court robes, looked very regal. They always looked the part, both of them. It was one of the reasons why they were so popular in Canada. For the people of that country may cry aloud their democratic spirit, but they love pageantry—and the full splendour of State functions. At each drawing-room, the Cabinet Ministers and their wives are presented first, before the main door of the Senate Chamber is opened. At each side of the dais was a door. Outside one of these the small group of people were waiting to be presented, on the night that I made my curtsey to the Representatives of Royalty.

One is given no instructions, but my aunt, who had been at so many drawing-rooms, told me what I should do. “ You follow me,” she said, “ and don’t forget when you have curtsied to both their Excellencies you must walk backwards.” Sir Wilfrid and Lady Laurier were the first to enter, and I began to get nervous ; the veil, feathers, and train altogether, I found unwieldy. Then we went in. My aunt first. But what put me off most, was that one heard one’s name called out at least four or five times. As “ Lady Mulock ” was being announced I was quaking, and then came that awful chorus, it seemed to me, of “ Miss Rosamond Boulthees.” I went forward and looked at his Excellency, and he smiled, which brought me to my senses, and I curtsied, praying that I wouldn’t fall. I moved on

and curtsied again to her Excellency, and felt, "Well, now that's over," and forgot all about walking backwards! My aunt was bravely "reculing," and I rushed right into her. She tried to turn me round. But all I wanted was to get out of the picture.

In the confusion, my uncle, who was through his bows by now, ran into the two of us. "What are you doing?" he questioned. "Get into your places." Which we did in some seats near by allotted us.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier and my uncle formed part of the Government circle on the dais with their Excellencies. Shortly after, the main door opened, and several hundred people came up the aisle one by one. And I watched with delight, thinking what would I have done if I had had to come all that way up instead of only the half-circle around the dais. But perhaps if we had done so, I would have had time to pull myself together. As it was we seemed to be outside one second, and the next in front of their Excellencies.

I feel that, were I to try to describe the members I met, I would give but a confused idea of them. There were so many. I have one clear-cut remembrance, though, and that is of Sir Wilfrid Laurier's charming personality, and of the wonderful oratory of his speeches. I know that I used to say that I didn't think women needed the vote. Because if they would just use their womanly tact they could get all they wanted. A note, I remember, to one member or another, asking some special favour, always had satisfactory results. It may have been

that I was the niece of an influential Minister, who knows? Not that I don't think that a vote cannot be used just as discreetly by a woman, as a man, perhaps more so. But of what use is a vote to anyone?

Those six months in Ottawa taught me many things. For instance, the city of Toronto at that time sent five members to the Dominion House. Also, in 1904, those five men were all Conservatives and the Government was a Liberal one. Not much chance for Toronto, was there? And indeed I knew of several cases then ripe for advancement in Dominion Government offices, in Toronto, that were overlooked—one cannot be too altruistic in voting. Better to have a member or two, in the ruling party, than to be side-tracked.

Canada was then greatly concerned over the Alaska Boundary question. They felt that the judgment in London had favoured the United States too much. A man wrote to me from Montreal saying he supposed that I had now great influence in Ottawa. And although it was too late to change things, yet it would give satisfaction to Canadians to have an opinion expressed in the House of Commons. I replied saying that I did not see what I could do, but that, if I got a chance, I would give a hint. “But don't expect anything of me,” I added. I never mentioned it to my uncle. But I saw Sir Wilfrid Laurier a few days later. He had the most remarkable way of making people say what he wanted them to. He was so gracious, and had such courtly manners, that one was always at ease with

him. I told him what my friend had written to me, and said, "Of course I told him I could do nothing." Sir Wilfrid looked at me and said in English with his French accent, "You did quite wrong." I felt a momentary fear, but saw from the twinkle in the Prime Minister's eye that this was superfluous. "You will write again to that young mon, and you will say," he continued, "that, at Miss Boulton's dictation, Sir Wilfrid says the Alaska Boundary question will be fully discussed in the Ha-ouse." And so it was.

In 1900 my uncle suggested to the House of Commons that a department of Labour was necessary. And this motion of his was carried through, he becoming the nominal Minister of Labour. But an expert man was necessary, as there was no member to whom the Ministry could have been given to for his efficiency on the subject of labour and strikes. Every department in the Cabinet had a deputy Minister (or, as he is called in England, an Under-Secretary). My uncle had had his mind on Mackenzie King—whose university career he well knew—as he and Mr. John King, Mackenzie King's father, had been friends since their student days. So Mr. King gave up his professorship at Harvard University, and began his political life under the wing of Sir William Mulock, whose duties as Postmaster-General were arduous enough for one man. Consequently Mackenzie King was frequently at our house, on the most intimate terms, my uncle treating him like a son. And I used to get him to help us out if someone failed us at the eleventh hour, for a



Photo by]

[Camplain Studios, N. Y.

*Yours Sincerely,
W. H. Roosevelt, Jr.*

dinner-party. One had thus to make use of the men in my uncle's departments.

I remember asking Mackenzie King, "What would you do if the Liberals went out of power? Although as deputy you could stop, but you might not like to work under a New Minister." He answered quite assuredly, "I would return to my old post, or to some other University, and not regretfully." "I wonder," I said. "Politics may lure you to join them altogether." "Perhaps," was his enigmatical reply. And in 1909 he sought election to the House of Commons, and became Minister of Labour. I don't think anyone who had known him for some time, was surprised to find him Prime Minister of Canada—because of his ability and knowledge. But I do think that few people really foresaw him as such. His line seemed more academical, and one hardly credited him with the desire for politics as a permanency.

But before I go any farther, I would like to tell some more of Sir Wilfrid. I am sure no one who came in contact with him ever failed to be interested by his charm. His wonderful acumen—his French graciousness of manner—his desire that everyone should be happy, were some of his most valuable assets. And he was exceedingly altruistic. He would not desert "the boys," as he called his party. If he had only considered himself, I feel sure that some situations would have been very differently handled.

My relations, both Boultsbees and Mulocks, had always been strong supporters of the Conservative Party. Sir William Mulock was the one and only

Liberal. My father's brother had been a Conservative member of the Ottawa House during the time of that most famous of Prime Ministers—Sir John A. Macdonald.

At a luncheon-party one day at the Lauriers, Sir Wilfrid addressed me—I was at the other end of the table, “Miss Boulton, you are a Conservative—I know you are a Conservative!” I replied, “Between you and me, Sir Wilfrid, I am much more interested in politicians than politics—so that makes me a Liberal by fifty-four”—the Liberal majority at that time. Sir Wilfrid always gave you a chance. He would ask a question that he hoped your answer to would be apt. If it was so, he would repeat it to others and see that you got the kudos. And he would write the most courteous notes in answer to one's requests. I had asked him some years later to get an English connection of mine into the North-West Mounted Police. This had been done but a short time, when that blessed boy wanted to get out so as to do something else. I apologised, when writing to Sir Wilfrid, saying I hoped this was not the one favour too much I was asking of him—and he replied as follows in English, but in his own French phraseology :

“Ottawa,

“*June 18th, 1908.*

“DEAR MISS BOULTBEE,

“I am in receipt of your favour of the 16th instant. I will call the immediate attention of Colonel White to the same.

“ Let me assure you that whether on this or any other occasion it will always be a pleasure for me to be agreeable to you.

“ Yours very sincerely,
“ WILFRID LAURIER.”

As I am writing, the Imperial Conference of 1923 in London is drawing to a close. The position of Canada does not seem to be too clearly defined. And I would like to try and explain, if possible, what I think Sir Wilfrid would have done were he alive now. But first I would say ; if Mr. Joseph Chamberlain had been able to prevail with his fiscal policy—I don't think that the Canadian Liberal Party would have been defeated in 1911. At least they would not have gone to the country on the question then put forward, “ Reciprocity with the United States.” Mr. Fielding was the moving spirit of reciprocity. And I must go back to 1904, and my gleanings from that time. Sir Hugh Gilzean Reed, a distinguished English journalist, was visiting Ottawa. He, Mr. Fielding and my uncle were discussing the Chamberlain policy at a dinner-party at which we were all guests. Sir Hugh got heated in his argument in favour of Free Trade. From the silence of Mr. Fielding and my uncle, I knew they were in disagreement with Sir Hugh. Mr. Fielding, however, put forth some points for Preferential Tariffs. Glass was the only commodity spoken of—and I learnt that it was entirely a German monopoly. Every kind of glass, domestic or decorative glass.

During the war I remembered this discussion on glass, and found it was at a premium, because we produced practically none. To go farther—work was being provided late in 1914 for indigent gentlewomen, and it was then found very difficult to proceed with the making of dolls because there was but one man in the British Isles who could make the glass eyes necessary for the doll's completion. In Russia there was a desperate shortage of glass thermometers, because Germany was the supplier of them. Germany has again pretty well regained her glass trade. For if you have occasion to use an old-fashioned oil lamp, you are almost sure to see on its chimney, "Made in Saxony."

At this dinner I heard a prominent Canadian say, "If I were given the opportunity now of meeting either King Edward or Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, I would be embarrassed." But Joseph Chamberlain did not prevail, and Mr. Fielding persuaded Sir Wilfrid to urge reciprocity with the United States. And the result was that the Liberal party was defeated and Sir Wilfrid was no longer Prime Minister.

But that election led to the inception of the Farmers' party in Canada, which has so much power. Neither Liberals nor Conservatives could have a majority in the House without the Farmer Party's vote. So they have to be courted and satisfied by the party in power. Rather an anomalous situation. And what is a farmer's first consideration? Markets. The rulers must find these or resign power. The existing Government must always provide for

production, its workers, its exportation—and its markets.

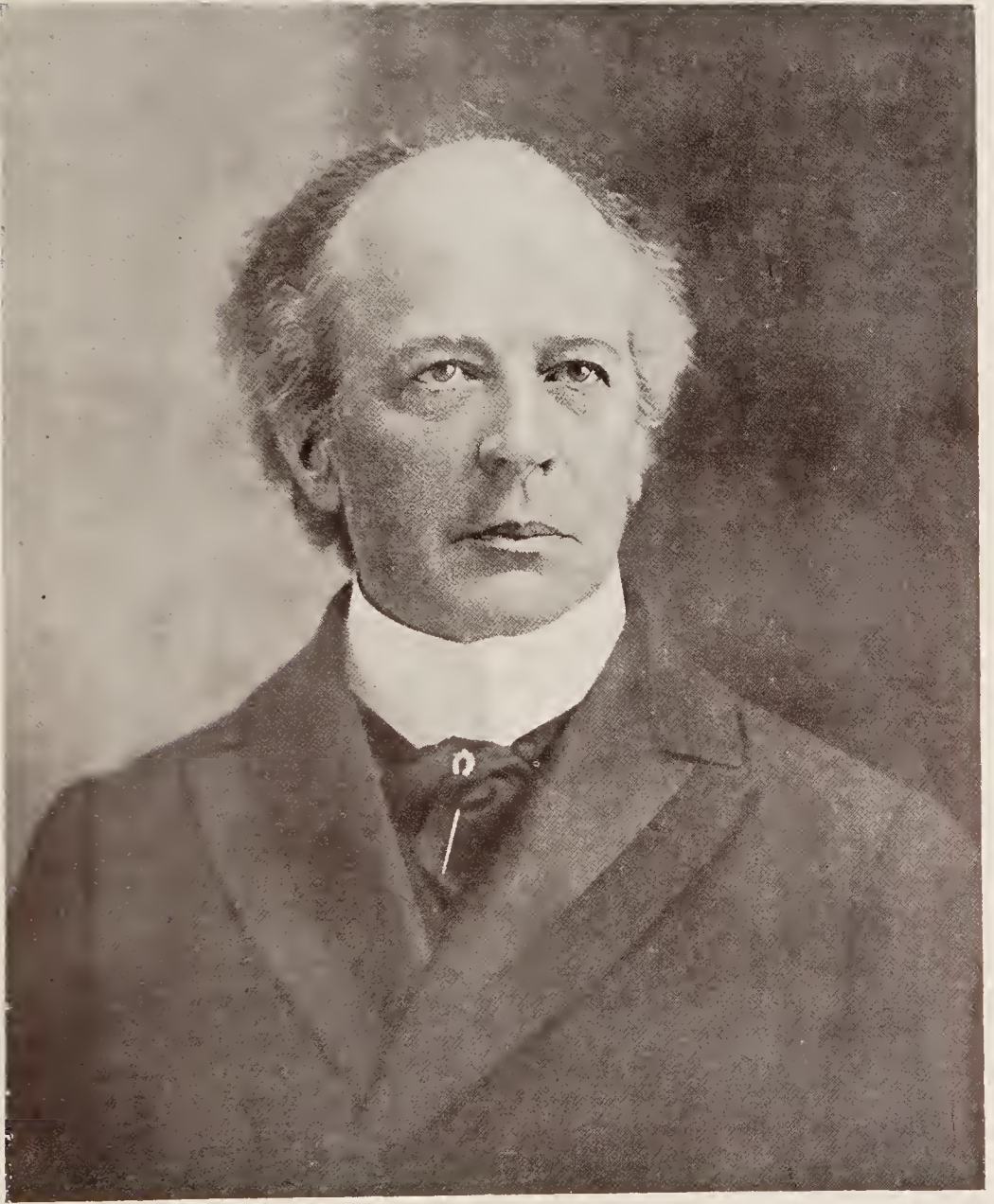
Sir Wilfrid accepted no position in the Coalition Government. He remained always a staunch Liberal, unable to combine with other forces. I know, however, that when Canada was having so much trouble with Quebec, and the war, Sir Wilfrid offered his services to stump that province to aid volunteering. But his suggestion was declined. Reciprocity would mean that, while America has over one hundred millions of inhabitants, and Canada remains less than a tenth of her numbers in population, the Dominion could not eventually remain a part of the Empire. For all her exports would be absorbed in those of the United States. Yet Canada must seek the most efficacious and ready market. With Free Trade such as it is—Canada's main competitor in commerce is the United States. Their productions are almost analogous. Only Canada could produce a supply far surpassing her own necessities, while much of America's production is needed for home consumption. With Canada having a ready Empire market—England, South Africa, Australia, the West Indies, etc.—her adherence to the Empire is a sure thing.

An interesting fact about Sir Wilfrid was that for many years he had not practised his religion. Then for some time before his death he again became a devout Roman Catholic. This undoubtedly influenced him very strongly in favour of the Separate School question. This controversy was a very vexed one, especially in the Province of Manitoba.

The intention was to provide schools in which Roman Catholics would have some instruction in their own faith, as is not done in the public or free-school system in Canada.

During the 1904 Parliamentary Session in Ottawa there was much discussion as to who would succeed Lord Minto as Governor-General. Among the names spoken of was that of the Duke of Marlborough, but this was not popular for one reason only. The Duchess was an American, and many Canadians disliked the idea of doing royal obeisance to anyone but a British-born woman. Among those who held this opinion was Sir Sandford Fleming—a fine old type of gentleman, an eminent civil engineer on the Canadian Pacific Railway. Sir Sandford was an old friend of my mother's family. After one of our dinner-parties, I was sitting at the piano when Sir Wilfrid came over and said, "Are you enjoying yourself in Ottawa?" I smugly answered, "I am doing my duty." "That's all very well," said the Prime Minister, "but are you having any fun—I mean any flirting?" The saying of this type of thing with such an air of detachment, and with his merry twinkle, made Sir Wilfrid the delightful conversationalist he was.

We got no farther, however, for Sir Sandford Fleming interrupted with, "What I want to know is how you—the youngest person in the room, can entertain the Premier so well." I took a hold of the lapels of Sir Sandford's dress-coat and said, "I'll tell you what I was saying! I was telling Sir Wilfrid that an American Duchess would never do



Wiggin Lanes

at Rideau Hall." Sir Sandford became immediately enthusiastic, and with some heat argued, "It will never do, even if, as you think, American millionaires will be attracted to Ottawa . . ."

I slipped away. When the guests were leaving Sir Wilfrid said to me: "I'll pay you out for this! I'll see that you do do your duty!"

At one of our dinner-parties the guests were all M.P.'s, twenty of them—my aunt and I were the only women. Things seemed to lag a bit after dinner. I went to the piano, and began strumming "Mr. Dooley." One or two guests joined in until finally they were all at it—including Sir Wilfrid and two Cabinet Ministers (one of them my uncle). They sang lustily—then the telephone bell rang. A division was being taken at the House. In less than five minutes my aunt and I were alone—our guests had fled! at the bidding of the Liberal Whip.

A London paper reminds its readers how Sir Wilfrid Laurier absolutely refused, some years ago, to join in some small Empire Council that was suggested. That is more than likely. Sir Wilfrid was at heart a complete Imperialist. But his idea was the Empire in its biggest form. Each country (and within that each province) conducting its own affairs. And an Imperial Government at which England would be the senior member, meeting probably at Westminster, for Empire affairs. It is continually argued that this would be too great a burden in expenditure for the nation. But why should it be so? Are not hundreds of pounds spent yearly on conferences? And is not the League of

Nations a very serious Empire expense ? And what does the Empire get out of it ? Why should all the Dominions have separate representatives at Geneva ? If Canada and Australia have a difference of opinion, the present idea seems to be that they would settle that difference through the mediation of the League of Nations ! Surely a sinister suggestion ! The League of Nations is probably a fair medium between two European States of antagonistic nationalities in settling their tangles. Austria's Chancellor, Monseigneur Seipel, has used it very satisfactorily to consolidate the affairs of that small republic.

But would not the British Empire be better served by settling its own disputes at home ? Should not the whole Empire present a united front to the rest of the world ? It looks as if some serious outside influence is trying to undermine the Empire. And as far as I can see the League of Nations is the bait held out to destroy us. If an Empire Parliament should be as yet too much of an expense to be considered—why not use this year's Imperial Conference as a stepping-stone ? It meeting every year.

In spite of the heart-burns which many Canadians had when the United States came into the war, I think it did more to make the individual Canadian (especially the soldiers) wish to remain British than anything else. Before the war many Canadians, who never expected to cross the Atlantic, did manage to cross over the frontier into the nearest American State—there in the cities they saw American hustle, and apparent prosperity—amusements were plentiful and easy to obtain, and the untravelled

Canadians found their neighbours "pretty slick people."

But since then, to those Canadians who have come back from the war, the victory of which they feel they had more than a little to do with, American "slickness" seems less desirable. And to belong to the great Empire gives one a prestige a Yankee can never have. I was away from Canada from 1914 until 1920, and I noticed the change immediately on my return. Especially at the cinemas. American films, which got so much advancement during the first years of fighting, so frequently showed the war always in American settings. One would hear such remarks as, "Oh, look at the dear old flag!" in almost resentment. And then a cheery, "I don't think!" But should the Union Jack be produced, as it generally is at the end of all performances, one heard almost a sigh of contentment. No! Canada's hope lies in being and keeping British, and Canadians knowing that geographically situated as they are—their country is the hyphen of Empire.

CHAPTER III

“THE winter of my discontent ” came after the long Ottawa Session. Only it happened to run into several winters—all of them spent in Toronto. In some ways I might have been called ungrateful for having had such thoughts—as my life was a round of gaieties. But about that time my mother sold our home in “The Street.” My three brothers were all married, and there was only my mother, my youngest sister and myself to live in a large house—and instead of taking another, we three women lived in other people’s houses, my mother and sister with an aunt, and I with a brother. I had to do something to ease the restlessness of my spirit—and so in the meantime I went out to parties night after night, with the unending run of them such as one finds in Canada.

In September, 1908, though, I left again for England, spending much time at Admiral Field’s or my other English relations. Freezing almost to death in an old English rectory—yet, somehow, never feeling any regret at having left Canada and its well-warmed houses, its gaiety, its youth, and its newness. Yet I would be very sorry did I give the impression of any disloyalty of sentiment towards Canada.

That Canada and its people will realise to the fullest the immense possibilities of that country is my deepest wish. To see them very British, very loyal to Empire—for the Canadians to realise and appreciate the greatness of their heritage—is what I most want. But to one of my temperament—desirous of seeing and knowing how other people live and think—Canada without a full purse, is too far away. As, before one could visit in England or any foreign country, one must face the expense of travel. And one must stay some time to make a return voyage across the Atlantic possible.

Since then I have spent more than a year in Russia, where (in spite of the general opinion) before the revolution many desirable customs were in practice. One was that even the poorest there could afford to travel. For they had a fourth class on the trains—and the people used to migrate great distances in their own country for a ridiculously small sum. True, the majority of them never left it! And they hardly knew that there were other countries. Russia was their world. When I was there a friend and I were talking to an Isvortchick, who was conducting us in his droshky about the town, and telling him he must try and go to England. “England?” he queried. “Is that in Russia?” The Prince of Wales recently suggested the advisability of inexpensive Empire transmission. Would not such a scheme pay for itself in the end if the Government were to charter ships, and arrange for cheap train travel, enabling those who wish to know all parts of the Empire possible?

Early in 1909 I went to Bruges, and stayed for several months. That wonderful old city, so accessible from England—and yet so foreign to us—so full of mediæval history, has never ceased to charm me. At that time, especially in winter, life was very pleasant in Bruges. For there were no trippers. And the still, dark canals, the branches of the leafless trees—the lights gleaming after dusk from the windows, gave an atmosphere of romance and mystery altogether delightful. There was a fair-sized colony of Britishers there, mostly retired Army people, who were in Belgium for two reasons—to profit by the cheapness of living, and the wonderful schools for their children. And there was an English club in Bruges, which had rooms in town for winter gatherings, bridge, etc., and a sort of county club at Assebrouck, for summer sports, some three miles from Bruges. There tennis was played, also golf on a nine-hole course. And in the shanty club-house, what good, homely teas the *bonne femme* gave us! The real charm, however, of that little colony was that no one seemed to be better off than anyone else. Everyone entertained a little, and could afford it. It was a simple and really enjoyable life.

My youngest sister married in the spring of 1909, but as her husband was an Englishman, and he was to bring her to London, I did not return to Canada for her wedding. But I did go back again that autumn, staying there a little over a year, and returned to England early in 1911. From then on I have been very little in Canada. And the years

more than ever seem to isolate me from that country. Still, from the pigeon-holes of my memory I often take out some well-treasured incident of the past, and know that the base of all things in my life is the early days of it spent in Canada. Its freshness, the changes in the forming of its destiny. The opportunity that is there to develop on the biggest of lines, all make it a fine background for the events of each year as it comes.

That year 1911, with the Coronation, was an especially gay one for Colonials. The registering of one's name at the High Commissioner's of a Dominion meant an inundation of invitations from all sorts of important and very kind English people. Americans always say that they are "pleased to meet you." At first one is gratified, but it seldom goes any farther and the gratification vanishes. English people say little or nothing, and perhaps one feels a bit chilled—but if they do offer you their hospitality, it is so complete that the gratification which comes later—remains. As well as the invitations which arrive after registration, you get letters offering to house you, dress you, supply you with floral decorations for your banquets, to photograph you, and finally to arrange your return voyage to Canada. As for the photographs, they are generally offered with the tempting bait that you will find no importunity to give an order; you will only be asked to accept a complimentary copy or two, as your portrait is very necessary for inclusion in the chronicles of well-known Colonials.

In August of that year I joined some friends and

went to Brittany. St. Lunaire, a small village with a big hotel, was our destination, about half-way between Dinard and St. Brieuc. Among the people stopping at our hotel was Mr. Owen Seaman (now Sir Owen Seaman), the editor of *Punch*. He was a great friend of my friends, and became more or less attached to our party. We all played golf at St. Brieuc—at least I tried to. I did not break up my clubs because of the disastrous effort I made that summer. But I tried successfully to lose them. I never wanted to see them again. I have always admired sports, and especially golf, but have been hopelessly inept in playing myself. Before my clubs disappeared I played once in a foursome. A woman friend and I, with Sir Owen Seaman and Mr. Bonar Law. These two men often had a game together. Mr. Bonar Law had a villa at St. Brieuc.

As both Mr. Bonar Law and I had been born in Canada, we decided to play England *versus* Canada. And in the autumn of 1911, when Mr. Bonar Law was nominated leader of the Conservatives, I immediately thought of that game, and the characteristics of those two men which seemed to be evinced as they played. Sir Owen Seaman, who has such a glibness and facility of expression, always puzzled me. He takes life so seriously; indeed, he made frequent witty remarks as he chatted, but they seemed rather less a part of himself than to have just slipped out. I have always thought that his remarkably clever verses were in form the result of his brain—but that the humour ran out by mistake with the ink from his pen.

After I had ploughed up enough earth to make an island, I was standing aside feeling humiliated and exhausted. Both men were putting. Sir Owen took aim and nearly hit. But he stopped to say that the shadows of the bystanders disturbed him. So we moved off. But still the grass between the ball and the hole was darkened by our silhouettes. Another gesture from the player and we moved farther away. And there we talked. Sir Owen was really put off. And I retorted exasperatedly, "Perhaps we had better get off the earth!" I knew later that I was in no state of health to be playing at all. For, about Christmas-time, in London, I had to undergo a rather serious operation—the result of that mild typhoid of some years before, and the strain too soon afterwards of the Ottawa Session.

That summer I would have been trying to a saint. Mr. Bonar Law must have been one. For he then played. We all gathered round him, we all talked, and when asked did we disturb him, replied, "I don't mind." In fact, he seemed absolutely oblivious of our presence. He had just one idea for the moment, and that was to get the ball into the hole. For me, ever since I have always thought of Mr. Bonar Law as a gentle golf-player, gentle in everything in life. Only wanting to do the thing at hand completely. If only he had been given the physical strength, he could have got the ball of accomplishment into the hole, as he did that day in Brittany. Even in one shot.

From Brittany I went to Bayeux, in Normandy. There a friend of mine awaited me with our bicycles.

For over a week she and I travelled on our wheels. In this way we went from Bayeux to Caen, to Falaise, Lisieux, Pont l'Évêque, Honfleur, and from there we crossed by the ferry to Havre. We would start our trip about six in the morning, arriving at our destination between ten and eleven, spending the rest of the day investigating the neighbourhood. The weather favoured us. It was a happy, care-free holiday. In the baskets, with all our luggage in them—strapped on to the handle-bars, we used to cram some food and drink—and about 7 a.m. on the roadside we would light our spirit-lamp, make tea and have a jolly breakfast.

I remember especially on that trip the hotel we stopped at in Falaise. A small, rambling place, with a courtyard in the centre. Across this (opposite our rooms) was the *salle-à-manger*. How old the place was I don't know. But one could imagine coaches and four, postillions, gaily-dressed cavaliers, and powdered-haired, satin-clad ladies all assembled in that small square. And as I looked across midday dinner was being served. Madame, who had received us, was asking people their wants. A moment later these were brought in by a chef (all in white, his cap stiff with starch). He might have been a Spanish Grandee with his Vandyck beard and his assurance of carriage. This was "Monsieur le propriétaire." Madame was his wife; and their nineteen-year-old daughter had been educated for two years at Brighton and spoke to us in perfect English. What a wonderful people are the French! So independent, so diligent! And no false pride. Class

distinctions are there so well defined. Master and man each keeping to his own and wishing to do so. Well worth visiting is Falaise, the birthplace of William the Conqueror.

From Havre I again started off alone, and after a few days in Paris went to Tours. I stayed for six weeks there in a convent. Sisters in white uniforms and wide white caps attended to my wants. An impoverished Countess was my only fellow pensionnaire. Monsieur le Commandant, a personage in the town, found me out, and begged to exchange French for English conversation with me. He brought me English papers, and presented me to his wife and daughter. Their only son was a Jesuit priest in England.

One day I went to tea at their flat. Madame was very gracious, and shouted French at me as if I were more than stone deaf. Why is it that when speaking to foreigners we all do that? But Madame soon desisted, for opposite us were two convulsed people. Monsieur le Commandant and Mademoiselle were too far gone with mirth to expostulate with my well-meaning if noisy hostess. We then got down to real conversation. "Was it not terrible," they said, "that they were so poor that it was doubtful if their daughter could find a husband!" "Did I think that any young man could be got to marry a girl with but a thirty-thousand-franc *dot*?" "What about Monsieur Guillaume, the Countess's son?" I ventured. "Ah no," they sang in chorus. "He does nothing, and has nothing; he must marry money." They were dear people, and

I heard a couple of years later that Mademoiselle had, shortly after I had gone, consummated their united desires by marrying. But alas! she was home again with her baby; and her *mari* was at the front. Also the Jesuit priest son had been recalled from England to help rid France of the Boches.

From Tours, delightful city of the Loire, one can very easily see the Chateaux. I visited many of them—Chambord, Blois, Azay, le Rideau—one of the most beautiful—Chenonceau, Amboise, where Leonardo da Vinci is buried—Loches, Cheverny—that little fairy palace—Chaumont. And the town of Orleans on my return to Paris.

And then back to London, and a period of pronounced ill-health. Kind doctors, a still kinder surgeon, and anxious friends. And then convalescence. Wonderful cables from home: "Everything must be done to make you well." And then Switzerland with one of my nurses. A beautiful room in Territet, sitting in the sun on my balcony, looking out on the mysterious depths of the lake, and the grey-blue mountains of the Savoy Alps opposite. From the profundity of their shadows I almost expected to see the "Blue Bird" fly out. The setting all seemed to belong to Maeterlinck's masterpiece.

And yet on the left the still greyer mountain, behind the picturesque town of Villeneuve. And snow-capped above all the noble "Dent du Midi." Tired of all the mental visions which fantastically flitted through my brain, my eyelids would droop—

droop—but not quite close, for could they do so before passing the Castle of Chillon and visualising Byron's romance of its prisoner? A beautiful country, Switzerland, but associated in my mind, always, as a Mecca for health. Never have I gone there then or since that health has not been my search.

And then England again *via* Paris—where I joined some friends for ten days at Easter. We saw that city of light at its gayest. Easter Sunday service at Notre Dame—a bewildering riot of colour—gold and flame of a thousand candles, standing out from the darkness of the interior masonry. Lunch at the Pré Catalan—amidst a forest of green and brilliant flowers. Dinner on Easter Eve at Larue's, where every theatrical celebrity seemed to be assembled. The City of Joy! Yet how well it was prepared for the immediate future which assailed it! A brave people, the French—who know the art of living. Inconsequent in pleasure—resolute in necessity—passionate in both love and hate.

That summer I spent quietly in English country, and August brought to me a great sorrow. My favourite brother died, one to whom I owed much. One who had been so brim-full of life, and who, while yet young, had shown a marked ability in the legal profession. And who had made means enough—to be able to indulge his tastes—to travel—to buy beautiful pictures—to purchase rare bits of china—to be able to cultivate, at his home, hundreds of floral blooms. Roses, violets, daffodils, and jonquils. And who, had he lived, was so well equipped to have

been of real service in the world. But the pitiless hand of ill-health touched him when only about thirty-five, and three years later he passed away. A few years previously my eldest sister, who had lived in Barbados, died, and our home circle, which had been eight, including our father and mother, for many years—now was reduced to five.

In the autumn of 1912, I arranged to join some friends in Brussels, and to spend the winter there. How different was life only such a short time ago ! With but small means, how much one could do ! We went to opera and theatre, restaurants and hotels, a group of about six of us, Canadians and Belgians. And sometimes Brussels did not suffice us. We would go to Antwerp, dine there, go to several cabarets and finish up with two or three more on our return to Brussels.

But a seriousness began to creep into the conversation of the Belgians. The second Balkan war was on, and that little neutral country realised the seriousness of it. Young Belgian men got out their uniforms, and found them generally too small. "But you won't need them," I scoffed. "Were ever people so ridiculous ?" I thought. "Yes, we will," they replied. "England has told us that were we attacked we must be able to defend ourselves for at least three days."—"Three days ! Well, what harm could be done in three days ?" I stupidly answered. "You see !—England will look after you." "Better to be ready to look after ourselves," was the trend of all remarks. "Belgium has been fought for and taken time and again,"

they would tell us. "But we have struggled until we have regained our freedom—and it will always be so."

And the girls were very busy taking Red Cross lessons. "But it is in the Balkans," I argued, "quite the other direction." "Yes, but Russia won't allow any interference there, so any day the blaze which will come this way too may be started." I did a lot of thinking. I was confused and worried by the obvious truths I was being told. I was puzzled at how ignorant I had been as to such a situation in Europe. I pondered deeply for months. I read leading articles in French newspapers, and gathered that all they wanted to know was to what extent England would be with them. Then I became happier. "England," I said to myself, "is sure to go to the very limit for justice, and this seems to be just! We must look after little Belgium." But I began to feel the pain in my heart of impending calamity, which did not seem to leave me for years. In fact, it is just the same pain we all of us had—and none have got rid of it. Some of us are harder, a very few are softer—and all perhaps but little the wiser!—

In the spring of 1913 I went again to Bruges. And I stayed at a pension in "The Street of the Old Bag." Near by is a mean little thoroughfare called the "Vale of Roses." In this the old woman of Bruges is supposed to have lived who found the treasure (a pile of gold) tied up in an old bag, in the "rue du Vieux Sac," hence the name. Again I took up the life of the British colony in Bruges.

The Flemish capital was very beautiful in the green of spring-time. And on most of the "quais" artists were busily at work.

Then one day three of them arrived at my pension. A little man, one of them, in a rather shabby black suit and a huge black silk bow neck-tie. About forty, perhaps. And a woman a bit older, I think, with Titian red hair, a jolly face—she was rather inclined to *embonpoint*—and always wore a bright red blouse. And last, a very fair, good-looking, younger man, about twenty-five. He looked little of an artist but more of a golfer from his clothes. They were all very assiduous in their labours—going out early after breakfast, easels under their arms, working until twilight. But they talked a queer language, which puzzled the other pensionnaires. We guessed every tongue but the right one, which was Polish. These three artists, an Englishman and his wife, a Portuguese man, a Belgian and his wife and myself—formed a group for enjoying ourselves. We went to the cafés in and about the "Grande Place." One night we made a circle and danced beneath the shadow of the Belfry. And then in one line the nine of us, arm in arm, skipped down the middle of the road—right home to our pension.

I suppose I was meant to meet these people, and especially the youngest, the "Pole Boy," as I used to call him. For my life for many years was influenced by that visit to Bruges. They too talked of war, and the Pole Boy used to say to me, "You will come and nurse me when I am wounded, won't

you?" And lightheartedly I promised. He was to return to Russia immediately, as he had spent the previous winter in Paris, studying art. And this was only allowed if he returned in the spring to help his father on their country estate. "But I shall come back in the autumn," he told me, "and I will go to England to learn to speak English." They used to dance Polish Mazurkas, the three of them. And the Pole Boy would dance the Cossack dance alone. A gay party we were. And then they left.

I suppose it was the vagaries of the Slav temperament—but the Pole Boy would write me miserable letters. He did not like Russia. He had been very fortunate, he thought, because he had not had to do his military service. Eldest sons were often exempt and he had broken an ankle when hunting, at the age when he should have begun his service. For some time he was very lame, so he had been excused. But he had to go before the board of examiners every year. However, he kept writing to me of his return "*en automne*." And his mother wrote asking me to visit them that summer. This was impossible for me.

But I stayed in Bruges, and studied French seriously under Mademoiselle Marguerite Coppin, the first woman writer of Belgium, and a most interesting personality. She lived there with her mother and at first her grandmother, *une dame de l'ancienne régime*, who had been *dame d'atours* to the Princess Marie, the sculptress, daughter of Louis Philippe—king of the French. But when I was there only Mademoiselle and her mother were left. Marguerite Coppin's individuality

could not fail to impress one. Both she and her mother were the best looking plain women I have ever met. For they had a distinction of bearing that was delightful to see. And such a fund of anecdotes they had to tell! I put it all in the past tense, for now only Mademoiselle remains. She has had many distinctions awarded her. And is an "Officier de l'Académie Française." And my studying French under her tutelage was intensely interesting. And so I put in the summer of 1913.

For some weeks I heard nothing from the Pole Boy. Then came a more depressing letter than ever. No reason was given for such, only he wrote, "Je ne sais pas où je passerai l'hiver! Mais il me semble que la neige cet hiver sera noire." After considerable coaxing on my part I got at the secret. It appears that with all confidence he had been preparing for his return earlier than he had told me, but he was not allowed to leave Russia, and he had to remain there for three years to do his military service! In the light of future events, one sees the reason of it all. But at the time everything looked black, obscure, unreasonable. So the Pole Boy—irresponsible, gay, temperamental, with the signs of genius as an artist, had to become a Russian soldier at Vasilkoff, about twenty miles from Kiev. I wrote as cheerily as I could, and in October returned to England.

For several months, however, my peace of mind was torn to shreds by two influences. The Pole Boy wrote begging me to go to Russia. And my mother kept writing begging me to come back to Canada.

I was terribly worried. Then my mother wrote to a woman friend, and asked her to persuade me to go home. She had bought a new house, and had had some rooms prepared especially for me. I wanted to go, too, but I seemed too listless to take action myself. So my friend came to London and saw me. She then wrote to my mother and said that she could not advise me to return to Canada, as my nerves were so thoroughly unstrung. And she suggested that I be sent to a clinique (as Swiss hospitals are called) in Switzerland that she knew of, and, after treatment, I could go home.

My mother cabled to her, asking her to make all arrangements. And I went off early in January, 1914. But before I went I got a passport, not telling anyone of my intentions, after I should have gone through my cure. Ten weeks of treatment at Berne, and in the care of Dr. De Giacomi, I was quite restored to health. And—until his death in 1921, dear Dr. De Giacomi proved to be one of the best friends that I have ever had in life. A really great savant. He spoke five languages, and could read several more. His tact and patience, his kindness and sympathy were only a few of the attributes that made him the great man that he was. The world is indeed poorer for his loss. He reasoned, he listened, and he made every patient believe that their getting well was his one desire. And so it was.

From Berne I went to Brussels, and from there started out for Russia. That journey is best told in my own writing of it at that time :

From the moment I thought of going to Russia,

and sought information how to proceed, no one gave me the slightest encouragement. For a woman to go there alone, they believed, was absolute foolhardiness, no matter what protection awaited her at the end of the journey. Women were chloroformed in railway carriages, and all their valuables stolen, especially passports. Men were murdered for no reason whatever. To add to these impossible atrocities, insurance companies would insure one's effects for any country except Italy and Russia. The passport system, and the exclusion of the harmless and often efficacious Cook's system from Russia were impediments in getting off, and getting information. One had to take one's own passport to the Russian Consul to be approved of. There one discovered whether one was Christian or Jew, cross-eyed, or glass-eyed, limp or hump, and learned of other little defects. The passport is secured, and one is off. But not without the greatest surprise at one's own temerity at daring to go.

I stayed at Cologne and Berlin, just to breathe before entering Russia. And then was off from Berlin to Warsaw. At 1.30 a.m. we were turned out of the train for a general inspection. Countless Santa Claus-like figures seemed to grab our hand luggage, and enormous soldiers took the passports. Everyone was locked in one huge room—while everything was searched. Then began the inspection in the trains, where the berths were thoroughly examined underneath and on top. The passports were then returned. It was like a Christmas party, and everyone cried out as their name was

called. The dreadful sounding Russian and Polish names were called without hesitation, but Jones or Smith in good English was too much for them. I saw three fantastically-garbed men in great trouble over something. It was my name. I grabbed the document and made off to the refreshment room, which we were now allowed to enter. Nowhere does food or coffee taste so good as at Alexandrovna—this Russian frontier-town. Warsaw is very curious and quite modern apparently. The Jews there seem to be in a tremendous majority. All have a special form of dress. The men look like Hebrew priests.

From the moment I arrived in Warsaw my anxieties seemed to wane. How kind everyone was to strangers, and especially to the British! In the beautiful home of some Polish Jew friends I was told to have no fear on account of being in Russia. That it was fashionable to be English, and I would be well looked after. They said that in Russia a person could be without money or anything except his passport. One of my friends added, "I believe an Englishwoman could be without that." Still, I was going to Kiev, and it was the most revolutionary city of Europe. Surely there I would meet some of the nightmares described to me so vividly before I left home? At Kiev I was not at the end of my journey. After taking a meal and a rest, I asked the *Maître d'Hôtel* whether I dared walk down the street. He explained many interesting routes I could take. He was a Frenchman, and could not understand what I wanted. Finally I said,

“But is it safe?” and with the greatest surprise he replied, “Mais, Madame, Kiev n’est pas Berlin!”

The Pole Boy’s mother came to Kiev from the country to be with me. We stayed for ten days at the Hotel Continental. And the Pole Boy came in from Vasilkoff to see us. But he was under strict military régime, so his visit had to be a quiet one. Twice, though, we went out to the barracks, a queer experience. The Pole Boy said in Kiev, “Here you are in Europe, but in Vasilkoff you are already in Asia.” A mushroom town. Just barrack-huts and above all the usual big obelisk church. I learnt there to drink tea without milk. For all that seemed to be provided for us to eat and drink was Bologna Sausage, and a big samovar with a very small teapot on the top of it.

But the visit was a happy and successful one. The Pole Boy was not having too hard a time. He asked me to send him all the pictures I could of King George. It appears that King Edward had been Honorary Colonel of the 9th Hussars of Kiev, and that it was their intention to ask King George to accept the same colonelship. As the Pole Boy, whose regiment it was, painted horses especially well, he was to be excused many unpleasant duties and to paint a picture of the regiment. And if King George accepted the colonelship, his portrait was to be in the centre of it.

Within three weeks of leaving Russia I sailed for Canada, and got home early in May. My mother was so glad to see me, and had such pretty rooms prepared for me that I felt touched and sad, as I did

not wish to live there any more. And how short a time I did stop! During July my anxieties were great for the Pole Boy, who did not refer to what he was doing. But I knew that the regiment had left Vasilkoff, and he wrote apparently without reason, "All these fears and uncertainties are unworthy of a Canadian, who must always be brave and calm."—The Pole Boy had become a man.

But how I prayed from the day of Russia's declaration of war until August 4th, 1914, that England would not fail her friends! I not only thought of Russia, but of Belgium, of France, and of all those people whose one hope seemed to be on the backing of England. I spent night after night until past midnight watching the returns flashed on to the walls from the newspaper offices. And then I knew that England too was at war. Dear England! Splendid Great Britain! the heart of you is too true to fail where courage is needed.

CHAPTER IV

AND so it came ! and my one frantic desire was to get back again to Europe. I took St. John's Ambulance lessons. I was determined to be in things. And my people approved of—and helped me. Volunteering was proceeding hysterically. People were singing in the streets. Regiments went off to war. And so many girls were left behind. But not I. I wrote to Madame Achille Foulde, the wife of a prominent French banker. She was one of the moving spirits in the French Red Cross. In time she answered, telling me to come over. That she would probably send me to her chateau hospital at Bar-le-Duc. "If you can get here before the war is over," she wrote.

But I was not meant to nurse. In September, 1914, I was saying good-bye to my friends—and one Sunday a week or so before I left Toronto I had tea at the Willisons'. Sir John Willison is the London *Times* correspondent in Canada, and was at that time also editor of the *Toronto Daily News*. Everyone was saying to me, "You'll write from Paris, won't you?" I answered, "I will write to Lady Willison, and you, Sir John, will put some of it into the *News*, eh?" And I continued, "One letter will do then for everybody." But Sir John answered,

"Send your letters to me, and I will publish them and pay you for them." I counted, "One, two, three, four, five, six, seven!—you are all witnesses as to what Sir John has said." But he interrupted with, "I don't need any witnesses; send me the letters!"

So that is the incident which started my career as a journalist, and at last in life there seemed to be some reason for what I had done. I knew France; I knew the French language; I had travelled a good deal. And *mon but* appeared to have arrived. Dr. De Giacomi's parting words to me when I left the clinique the spring before had been, "You are quite well now, but you must find your *but* in life." "But what could I do?" I had argued. "I can't teach, I can't be a secretary—besides, I don't need to—it would be taking the livelihood away from someone who must earn, wouldn't it?"—"You will find it," Dr. De Giacomi had said, "in some way that will not interfere with anyone." And here it was.

Off again I went, crossing the Atlantic in a ship flying the American flag. So we felt but little fear on the High Seas. On arrival I spent one week in London—a changed place. But how interesting was life everywhere! And how useful was the passport I had got early in the year! Then I turned my face towards France, and got there late in October, 1914. I stayed in Paris for six months. The most interesting period I have ever spent there. So much so that I feel I cannot go on with this tale without telling some of my experiences at that time.

My first one was to stay a night in what seemed

to be the only small hotel that could accommodate me. So many were closed. Next day I searched for and found a room in a pension. Thence I moved all my luggage. It was late in the evening. I had only turned round in my new abode, and the taxi-driver just gone, when I thought of my attaché-case. It was nowhere to be found. It may seem a small thing to lose, but it contained all I had of value. Some letters, my passport, and ten golden sovereigns, tied up in a small bag. I hardly slept that night, and spent the next morning at police-stations and at cab-ranks—but was given no encouragement. And I had but little hope. At lunch-time, however, the *Bonne* answered the door-bell. And there was the taxi-man with my case! He seemed just as pleased to return it as I was to get it, and was overjoyed at the reward. Twice have I lost my passport. It is a dreadful sensation. The other time—but that belongs to later telling.

I immediately set about to find out what Paris was doing. And there was so much to write about, that I completely gave up my idea of nursing—and devoted myself to journalism. For I think the realisation of what the conflict was was greater in Paris than in any other city. It was no longer the metropolis of happy grown-up children. And at night-time one might have been in some country village—the silence was almost eerie.

I went frequently to the Gare Montparnasse, nearby where I lived—as I had heard that British soldiers going through Paris generally left it by that

station. And I found that the Green Cross Society had established itself there. On one of the platforms they had a refreshment room, and in another room there was a small pharmacy of sorts. Later on they made a railway carriage into a reading-room, which was both cheery and cosy. For some time I used to wander about speaking to any British soldiers I would see. But this, I found, led the society people to view me with suspicion. So I presented my credentials and became a Green Cross member myself.

I got many a story out of the men—and generally, when they had a few hours to spare, would take them out to see the sights of Paris. I had no small success when I appeared on the Champs Elysées with six or seven Tommies. I tried taking them to cafés for tea, but found their appetites so enormous that I made arrangements with my landladies (these were two English women, and I was the only pensionnaire in their fourth-floor flat) to bring them back home. There we could give the boys big cups of tea and much bread-and-butter. My telling of these teas to Toronto people led to a nice little sum being sent to me to defray expenses. After that I could offer much more such hospitality—it was really great fun.

But the French mademoiselles were not at all pleased at having “*les soldats Anglais*” diverted from their charms. And I quite unconsciously created some trouble for myself. The culmination came when one day I arrived at the station, to see a group on the platform; and in the centre of them

was a tall, bewildered-looking khaki-clad soldier. When I spoke to him he replied, "Oh, miss, could you help me to get my pal into this train? We must catch it." They were stationed at a Paris suburb. I asked where was his pal, and he pointed to a bench, saying, "Those people are all round him. I don't know what they are saying and can't get to him."

It appears that four of them had had a few hours *cong  * in Paris. And as it happened, at that time—to be in British uniform meant that one was treated too well. These four had thought it best to take a taxi to the station. But when they got near to it, and while the vehicle was still going at full speed, they opened both doors—and walked out, evidently they thought they had arrived at the station. One was quite seriously injured. Two were the worse for the day's enjoyment, and this one, the fourth, was distracted as to how to get this soldier back to their headquarters in time.

"You leave it to me!" I cried, and proceeded to advance. But do you think that French crowd would let me get nearer? No indeed! They told me excitedly, "*Ou ne peut pas y aller! Le pauvre petit soldat, il est bless  .*" No protest of mine was of any avail. So I went and fetched a policeman. This was just a job to that gentleman's taste. His chest expanded, and he flung his cape back over one shoulder, his feet were almost at direct right angles, his whole person was at attention as he listened to me. The crowd told him as he moved forward how the little soldier was wounded—but the

gendarme pushed his way in. "Mais il est blessé," came the cries. "Je m'en fiche!" swore this custodian of civic peace, and we got to our man.

There I saw a dazed person draping the bench, and between the French policeman and myself he made his way to the waiting train. At this moment the third Tommy came down the platform with a Green Cross-capped girl, whom he called "Sister." They had been telephoning to hospital, they said, enquiring about the really wounded one. And he found "Sister" so fascinating that we could hardly get him on the train. When they had gone those French girls turned on me like furies for always (they told me) interfering with their work. And vowed vengeance. I walked off, however, and cemented the acquaintance I had made with the station gendarme. Well to have a friend at Court, I thought.

A few days later, when I returned to the flat, the ladies greeted me with serious faces. "What is the matter?" I asked. They told me that evidently I had been the subject of enquiries from the police of our Quartier. "For what?" I demanded. They had been informed, I was told, by the Green Cross Society that I was endeavouring to get information out of British soldiers to send to my "fiancé," who was an "Austro-Hungarian." That I had represented myself as English, but I really was an American. So, for perhaps a fortnight, the police had been watching our house. First they had asked the concierge from where my letters came. The concierge's office is always the

melting-pot of all the building's doings. But she could only say that my letters were from Canada. Ah! a clue, they thought, an American spy; getting letters sent *via* Canada to allay suspicion.

After this a detective bravely came to our flat. I was out. My two hostesses nearly lost a year's growth with it all. They told him all they knew of me—which wasn't much. Except that they thought I had an uncle who was a prominent Canadian politician. The next morning he came again and saw me. I showed him my passport, and also some letters, several from Canada, and two from Russia written in French and covered with the Censor's marks. I made him read these, and then I started in—and talked. I don't think I stopped for fifteen minutes. I quoted all the important names I could think of, whether I knew their owners or not—telling him to write to them and ask about me. He got very agitated over my tirade and gave me permission to take the whole British Army about Paris should I so desire. “Toute l'armée Anglaise, mademoiselle, toute,” he emphasised. “But,” he added, “mademoiselle, you should register at the Police immediately on your arrival, then you would have no trouble.” I remembered, and asked were the gendarmes at the Gare Montparnasse from this Quartier. On his replying in the affirmative, I said, “Well, then, ask my friend No. —, he'll tell you what I do at the station.”

I went that afternoon and registered. My station friend was loud in his praise of me. Four of the police force shook hands with me, and I left, having

made some real friends. In raids, when they would come to the hotel I went to later, they always saluted me. There wasn't much arresting to do, and a chat with a foreigner broke the monotony of things. But I went over to the Gare Montparnasse and attacked the President for having reported me. "Why *couldn't* you have spoken to me outright," I asked, "instead of listening to the gossip of all your cats? It was a mean trick!" He assured me that when he had spoken to the police, that he had told them that I was "une dame très distinguée." "Well," I replied, "you won't think me so distinguished after this little conversation, will you?" Nothing like a real fight to clear the atmosphere.

I then arranged with the President that when British soldiers came to the station they would send a Boy Scout ("Scoot-ah-buoy" they called them) over for me. So then I would not have to hang about making myself unpopular with the Sisters. A few days later a "Scoot-ah-buoy" came and asked for "la dame Anglaise." And when I appeared he explained that four British soldiers had arrived at the station, and wished to be taken round Paris. When the boy and I arrived at the Green Cross platform not a sign of a Tommy could be seen. But the "Scooter" shot around a corner, and then beckoned to me. It appeared that when these men had heard that they were to be piloted by "une dame Anglaise" they had immediately demanded some place where they could tidy and clean themselves up a bit. And there in a corner of the station I found them. Two were in front of a small piece of looking-

glass, shaving. The third was almost having a bath from a cold water tap which was flooding the platform. And the fourth was half-way under a near-by engine commandeering axle-grease with which to clean their boots !

About this time my articles began to come back from Canada, and I found myself a real foreign correspondent. It is a grand sensation the first seeing of one's own work in print. I then thought the whole situation out. That the *Toronto News* was glad to have a special correspondent of their own in Paris I had no doubt. I met others writing for the biggest papers, and I realised how important was the work. But I thought, "It is what I am seeing that is of value to them ; my writing is sure to be amateurish." I would work hard during the war—and thus serve my apprenticeship. Afterwards—when I had had perhaps a year's experience, I would ask for more pay.

But the year became two, three, four—and I worked on. In every country I went to I experienced its individual hardships. The worst aspect, however, was loneliness. One did make friends everywhere, and met interesting people ; but unless one used all one's tact to get favours—no one would bother with one. It was all high lights, or deepest shadows. I nearly gave up several times. Yet everyone was doing something—and one had to go on. But there were great compensations. However, the making of friends in so many countries perhaps leads to the worst loneliness of all. People may find the living in one place irksome. And so



From *The Graphic*.]

Tommies preparing to "do" Paris.

it may be. But at least they can concentrate. I feel that I can never have the people I want when I want them. In New York I will wish I could talk to someone in Rome, or Bucharest, or (what I knew of) Odessa. And it leads to an altogether undesirable restlessness.

And then on my wanderings I would have an interview with a Cabinet Minister, an Ambassador, or even Royalty. One's sense of adventure is at its highest pitch at all one sees and does. Then the return to an hotel. The shutting of one's door—one is utterly alone. Knowing no one intimately—no one to speak to in one's own language. And then the writing—writing—the sending off of one's precious packet. And then reaction. Often I would go and walk about just watching people, or perhaps drop into some cinema. And there, for a couple of hours, I would find forgetfulness—in following the romances of the screen.

When I got back to Toronto in 1920, one woman said to me, "You must have had just a heavenly time, how I envied you!" I was almost startled at first. And then I thought that probably a good many people had envied me. And the vision came to me of what my life would have been had I not gone away. There are two forces strongest in human beings—creative and destructive. If the first is not active the other is sure to be. I at least had found creative work to do. No! I think that those who could not get away—who had to stop in their ordinary groove during the conflict, had the hardest fight. Yes! I had been lucky. But it was lonely—sometimes.

One day about Christmas time I was hurrying down a side street when I saw a somewhat familiar face. We had even passed, then both turned round exclaiming each other's name. It was Madame d'Ostojá, my Titian-haired Pole of Bruges! But even with the war on how different she looked in Paris! So smart, so little of the Bohemian. From then on my life was much brighter, for Madame was always a kind friend to me. She made me leave the flat—which had been rather dull. I took a room at her hotel. There we had only our rooms, and breakfast. The other two meals we ate at funny little restaurants. Or often, at night, we would make quite a repast in my room, over a small spirit lamp. Tea, boiled eggs, rolls and jam and, sometimes, fat little boiled sausages.—Madame was doing V.A.D. work in a hospital, daily; I learnt much about her life. She was born a Pole. But her deceased husband had become a Roumanian. She had one son in Bucharest. "I say he is sixteen," she told me, "but he really is older—in fact, he is married." And a little later I learned that she was a grandmother. Such a nice woman, and such a good friend.

Sometimes, after our evening meal, she would take me to "Croquis," as she called a sketching class—and made me do some strokes to appear a would-be artist. She enquired after the Pole Boy who, I told her, was fighting in Russia. And it appeared that Monsieur Samlicki, the other of the three Poles of Bruges, was interned in the South of France. He happened to have been an Austrian subject from Galicia.

We used to get the most splendid meals at the restaurants. Now I can hardly believe how little we then paid. There was one little "laiterie" in the Quartier Latin where we often had supper—sausages and pomme de terre sauté, tea, and apple-sauce for about one franc, including the tip. And a really extravagant repast, at the best restaurant thereabouts—consisting of an aile de poulet, salade, un carafon du vin rouge, and dessert, came to about one franc seventy-five centimes—to two francs. Here the proprietor, his wife, his mother-in-law, and his daughter, all worked in the business. One's wants were sedulously attended to. "Gilberte," my waitress, was always hustled over to me did she not see me at once. "Une aile de poulet?" would be her usual question.

Two years later I was passing through Paris on my way to Italy. I slipped into this familiar eating-place. Monsieur recognised me at once, and called out, "Gilberte!" and nodded his head towards me. I felt that I had never been away. Gilberte did not take it in at once, so he called again imperatively, saying, "C'est Madame voyons!" Then Gilberte came over chattering, "Une aile de poulet? But the chickens are very thin these days, and the wings have but little on them." I spied a gold band on her wedding-ring finger. "But, Gilberte," I asked, "are you married?" "Mais oui!" she answered. "Mon mari came here to dine, and he pleased me so I married him!" Gilberte must have had a satisfactory *dot*—for she said with conviction, "So I married him."

The clients at these restaurants were nearly all artists, and through Madame d'Ostojá I learnt that most of them were very poor. The young ones had gone to the war, the others were trying to live. And so canteens were started for them to get food at a minimum price. Through one of these I met Monsieur Avy (a well-known French artist). He was doing all he could for his fellow-workers, and the canteen which he inaugurated was quite the best. Madame d'Ostojá and I went there for dinner on the *jour de l'an*. It was quite a fête. There were Belgian refugees, some Roumanians, some French, a Japanese, and several Poles. They all sang their National Anthems. It was a gay gathering. Monsieur Avy said he would like me to meet his wife when she returned from Rome, where she was with her parents. This led to my meeting, later, Monsieur Albert Besnard, the great French Master. Director of the Villa Medici in Rome, where those students who have gained the Prix de Rome pursue their year of study. Madame Avy, the only daughter of Monsieur and Madame Besnard, spent much of the war-time with her parents.

Madame d'Ostojá made me enter into many activities that I otherwise would not have thought of. We collected together with tin boxes on the "Soixante-Quinze" tag day. For hours we trudged the streets, from the Gare Montparnasse, right across the river and the Place de la Concorde, up the rue Royale, past the Madeleine, and halted at the Place de l'Opera. We took in many sous in the name of the famous French gun. And got back at night weary but triumphant.

But the real and only excitement in Paris that winter was the Zeppelin raids. Our hotel faced on to one of Paris's little étoile's. Seven streets ran out from the circle. When we heard that a raid was on everyone put out their lights and opened their windows. In the darkness we all talked to each other, no one knowing to whom. But what did that matter? Although Paris had gone out like a snuffed candle, the moon could not be so summarily extinguished. I remember on the night of the first raid it looked like some benign beacon shedding its vaporous rays over that beautiful city. Then came the Zeppelin, like a huge cigar in the sky. There were screams of excitement but none of fear. And then like so many misguided shooting stars up rose the wonderful aerial fleet of Paris. I went downstairs to the hotel office. There a number of people were collected together, and Madame (the proprietress) was busy counting out her laundry! "What was the use of losing time?" she argued with her one-armed husband. "The laundry must go in the morning, and as I must stay up until these people are all seen off to their rooms—I shall do it now." "But thou art fatigued," he pleaded. "Get along with thee," she persisted. "Je ferai mon linge."

During that winter in Paris I met L'Abbé Wetterlé. One of the most interesting of people. He had been born a Frenchman, but for forty years had been an unwilling German subject, living in Colmar in Alsace. In 1919 I read, while in New York, that he had been elected to the French

Chamber of Deputies. And yet (I remembered) he had been for more than ten years a member of the German Reichstag. I told this to an editor of the *New York Times*, who commissioned me to write up "From Reichstag to French Chamber" for that newspaper. So I wrote as follows :

" New York,

" November, 1919.

" One would hardly believe that the recent French elections would make one think of three rings of cigarette smoke, yet that is the effect they have had on me. And as I sit now watching those phantom halos fading away into their blue-grey whiff, my mind travels back to the Paris of 1914-15. To its sounds, so different from those of any other city, of the dark, dark nights, and the cries from the gloom of the newspaper vendors calling out their wares.

" For me it was the cry of the people, as the shrill voices came forth with '*La Patrie ! La Liberté !*' Impatient to see the news on the one sheet of information, one would go up to a well-screened but lighted kiosk. There one's eyes would fall on the Paris weekly journal offered for sale, named *J'ai Vu*, with its flaming headlines proclaiming an article by L'Abbé Wetterlé, now the proud member for the Upper Rhine in the French Chamber of Deputies.—Just a son of 'La Belle France' who has come back home—and to serve.

" So, in that first cold, dark winter of war, aroused by curiosity, determined to penetrate into



Photo by]

L'Abbé Wetterlé.

[The Topical Press Agency.

the presence of Monsieur L'Abbé, I finally succeeded in meeting him, after waiting in a queue at *La France de Demain*, another French journal. When I got into his dingy little sanctum the Abbé motioned me to sit down, and told me he could only speak French and German.

"I sat down and he pushed over a box of cigarettes. I took one and played with it. Monsieur L'Abbé took one and smoked it. I said, 'Monsieur, they tell us there is a price on your head offered by the Germans. Is it true?' 'Quite,' he replied, and then he deliberately blew three of the most perfect rings of smoke I have ever seen, saying, 'Vous voyez que je ne m'en porte pas plus mal!'

"I cried, 'You are none the worse for it! You say! I should think not. Monsieur L'Abbé, I don't want to hear any more about your escape from Alsace, or how you sat in the German Reichstag as member for Strassburg. Do please show me how to blow beautiful rings of smoke like that!' Monsieur L'Abbé took me quite seriously. But I could not learn.

"And to-night again I try and have succeeded, not with smoke, but with imagination. I have left busy New York, and am in the little room talking to L'Abbé Wetterlé, hearing of his escape and of his hopes. 'Yes,' he said, 'I lectured in France during the winter of 1913-14, and was accused of treason, in Germany, against that country. I had been ten years in the Reichstag, Mademoiselle. No one knows those people, who has not lived with them. Proud and imperious in success, mean and cringing

in failure. I say you don't know them,' he reiterated, thumping the table with emphasis. 'I was ten in 1870, so I lived with them for over forty years. I returned to Colmar on July 25th, 1914. They were not preparing for war? Why, every corner of the town was alive with soldiers—don't protest! I tell you a German can't be trusted in peace or war!'

"'But, Monsieur, I quite believe you, only please don't get so angry with me,' I pleaded. With this he softened a little, and said, 'Well, don't argue with me as to Germans, or their character.' 'But how did you escape in the end?' I asked. 'I got to Basle in Switzerland in a friend's motor. The banks were closed when I left, but I got through to Paris, and here I am!' 'Yes!' he said, 'I will sit in the French Chamber of Deputies yet, Mademoiselle! And know this, that the day I am elected I will feel that I have accomplished, that I have served! Dieu donne! That it may be soon!'

"And now Monsieur L'Abbé has accomplished, and is serving his own country. The smoke of imagination clears before me, forming again into three rings—my wishes to Monsieur L'Abbé. They are, 'Succès, Monsieur,' 'Au revoir,' and 'Dieu vous garde' for many years of useful service to your country—that needs every loyal son of hers home on the Mother soil once more."

CHAPTER V

TOWARD the end of April, 1915, Madame d'Ostoya left Paris for Bucharest, travelling *via* Vienna, as her country was not yet in the war. I had wished I could go with her—I missed our jolly Bohemian meals together—and her gay companionship. So I prepared to return to England. I had been considering going to Russia for some time, and had thought to do so *via* Italy, Greece, Bulgaria, Roumania. The Pole Boy occasionally got news through to me from the Russian front. He had won several decorations, and seemed very pleased with himself. So much so that he became commanding instead of pleading. I was to keep my promise of nursing him should he be wounded. True, he had not been hit yet—but of what use was I in France? “And bring me . . .” He wrote for many things that he was unable to get in Russia.

But my mother and Sir John Willison were both against my attempting such a trip. Sir John wrote me that while *The News* would be glad of my letters from Russia, he thought, personally, that I would be very lonely so far away. And as at that time one had so carefully to consider funds and how they

were to be got to one, these objections greatly retarded my preparations. But the spirit of adventure had so got hold of me—I determined somehow to go. Or what was it? Had I, during my European wanderings and association with so many peoples foreign to us, become more of their way of thinking than English? Certainly the terrors put before me only amused me. I discounted all of them. I knew—I told myself. But to start off on the southern route was not possible. I had to plan the trip and save for it. So I came back to London.

But what an ordeal one had to go through for passports! All those issued before August, 1914, were called in. My precious document was of no use to me. So I stood for hours in the queues outside the British Consulate. And all I got was a piece of paper to enable me to get to England. There I would have to get the official passport. It was a wearying ordeal. I remember when I got into the sanctum of the employees of the Paris Consulate, I was irritable from fatigue. A young man (I suppose more tired than I) asked me questions such as, "How tall are you?" I had learnt my height for French papers in metres—just as if one was so much material. When I gave these figures, my interlocutor demanded, "In feet, please." Then we read "state peculiarities"; he searched my face as I said, "I have a mole on the left cheek." His answer was that he thought it was a "wart." I wrote, "One mole on left cheek." The young man said, "Put down three moles." I felt my face with

horror. Did I look as if I had three warts? Later, when he returned, I took exception to his asking me did I understand "Bon pour trois jours"? He argued, "We have to ask questions for the authorities. "Yes," I replied, "pertinent, but not impertinent ones." When I got back to London I went to a doctor and had those "warts" removed. During the process of healing, I looked like a victim of small-pox. But no matter, I got rid of those offensive extras on my face.

It took me three months to make my arrangements to go to Russia. So during that time I hunted up all I could write from London. But there was more competition there. In Paris I had had the whole field, as far as Toronto was concerned, to myself. And what a field in which to work! I would avoid the war if I could. But the experiences, the people I met, the effect on my life, are all embedded in a war setting. I cannot extricate them. The war, however, and its incidents, I do not intend to go into here, only those phases of it illustrating my own adventures. The conflict and the chronicles of it I have, just as I wrote them from beginning to end, the story of a wanderer abroad. For, from August, 1914, to November, 1918, I spent my time in Canada, the United States, England, France, Norway, Sweden, Russia, Roumania, Italy and Switzerland. And then I went to Paris for the Peace Conference. I never could have done it had I considered it as a whole in the beginning. It just evolved. This will be my only explanation, "Qui s'excuse s'accuse." But my excuses are my apologies

if I have to use the war sometimes—even if only as a background.

I had read in the English papers, while in Paris, of a young Englishman who had won distinction fighting with the Southern Russian Armies. As the Pole Boy was in the south, too, I could not help wondering if they had met. For the Pole Boy (who could have no time to study) was writing bits of his letters in English almost correctly. Then a few months later when in England I learnt of the Englishman's (Mr. George Schack-Sommer) death in Russia. I had followed news of him so closely since I had read of him in Paris I felt as if I had known him. I thought I would write to his people. Perhaps, I argued, they would be glad to know someone who considered going herself to Russia. I met the father, mother, and sister of the boy. A charming family. This hero who had fallen in Russia had been the only son. Educated at Eton, he became later a mining engineer and had gone to Russia. Since then (though now only mother and daughter are left) all three Schack-Sommers have been good friends of mine. How changed things are since 1914! Would I before that have dreamt of writing to utter strangers? But a mutual anxiety or suffering makes the world very akin, and we act more on impulse.

One day I thought I would call at St. Dunstan's and leave my official card—hoping in that way to see the Institution. I did see it—but not so satisfactorily as on my second visit. The next day I received a letter from Sir Arthur Pearson, saying

that he regretted having been out that afternoon—and that if I would come again and let him know—he would make a point of being there and showing me round personally. I was delighted, and went a few days later. What a remarkable man Sir Arthur was! A card with a Canadian newspaper's name on it—and he was out! Everyone must get the best information as to his marvellous institution, and so I had this opportunity offered me.

I was ushered into a big hall, down the middle of which was a strip of carpet. Towards me, feeling the carpet's edge with a cane, came Sir Arthur Pearson. I could not believe that he was sightless. He asked, "Where is Miss Boulton?" I answered, and he said, "Come, I will show you over everything." We went through the gardens to the poultry houses—then to the boot-repairing shop—to the basket-weavers—into the room where the men were typing. And Sir Arthur explained all to me with the efficiency of complete knowledge. Then he said, "We have a Canadian here amongst the officers. You must meet him." I made my excuses, however, for that day, promising to return and see my countryman.

When I did, he came out the same way as Sir Arthur had, tapping the edge of the strip of carpet. "Who wants Mr. Viets?" he asked; I told him that I had come to visit him, so we sat down and chatted. He came from Nova Scotia, he told me. Such a cheery person. I asked would he come to tea with me at my club. He seemed delighted. When I called for him to go on this promised excursion, I

brought Mrs. Schack-Sommer with me. We three taxied to my club, and went into the lounge already crowded with tea-drinkers. An orchestra was playing gaily. If we had been royalties we couldn't have been better looked after. But we were such a jolly trio. At least my guests were so very gay, that others seemed to catch the infection of their mirth. The orchestra leader would look down on us questioningly. Did we like the music? We nodded our approval, or asked for something special—always getting what we wanted. And as I listened to the two of them I heard, “ Really, Mr. Viets, you may be glad you cannot see the awful pair of legs that a woman is showing opposite us,” from Mrs. Schack-Sommer.

How he laughed ! and I felt a lump in my throat and tried to stifle the pain in my heart. Here was a woman whose boy had fought the great fight—and had gone out, leaving an unfillable vacancy behind him, but a few short weeks before. And here was a man, who too had offered himself, but, instead, the light of life had been taken from him. And they could make—and laugh at each other's—jokes ! Perhaps it was because the uncertainty was over for both of them. Or perhaps they were both thinking of the others—their brightness being their bit. Brave whatever it was. Mr. Viets told us, “ Yes ! we like going to theatres ; you see, we have seen and can hear, and probably the visions we picture of the plays are more beautiful than what you see.” I could reason with myself no further—I was the only sad one of the trio.

But here I must skip a few years and come to 1920. I was visiting my brother, who lives on the outskirts of Toronto. Across some railway tracks I was one day waiting for the tram. Coming from the other tram, which goes right into the city, was the usual crowd of bread-earners on their way home. Among these I saw a blind man walking bravely, but holding the hand of another man. I got near to them, and tried to hear if the seeing one would say the other's name—but no! So I asked, "Would you please tell me is that a Mr. Viets?" "I don't know," the man replied. "He is alone and asked would someone lead him over the railway tracks." "Please ask him his name?" I demanded. And so it was—Mr. Viets as cheery as ever! Living out of town a little way quite near to my brother. "Why did you come to Toronto?" I asked. "I got into an Insurance office here," he replied. And let me tell you—he is doing very well. I sometimes saw him in the busiest part of the city, being piloted about by a small boy—but too busy for me to stop him. Such a prosperous, happy-looking man. And married, too. A very pretty woman, whom he met at St. Dunstan's. Some calamities seem to be inspirations—don't they?

During the summer of 1915 I spent a few weeks at Folkestone. Canadian soldiers were all over the place. I had many talks with them. On "The Lees" one morning I overheard the conversation of some civilians. "Yes," said one. "His people had only just got rid of him, off to Canada, and thought that at last he was settled—and hasn't he turned up

again as a Canadian soldier." I gathered that they were speaking of a younger son of well-known people. They thought this a huge joke, the boy was only fit for the Colonies—nothing second-rate would do for England. Probably a remittance man, which is one type that the war has satisfactorily extinguished. As I think of those men in Canada, who used to invade our cities some years ago—it seems almost another decade, I recall so many incidents in connection with them. Always the smartest of their sex at our entertainments—never doing anything. Too well born to go out to the North-West and fight their way.

Out there the pioneers, mostly from Great Britain, are splendid men. On the prairies many ranches belong to hard-working Englishmen. It was only the very few who stayed in the cities, and who tried to exploit the Canadians, and who made things more difficult for the other men from England. I remember one case, that of a man who gave himself a well-known title. He put up at the best Toronto hotel. He entertained lavishly for a while. And he ordered the manager of a livery stable to have a coachman and footman in uniform, and a special brougham kept for him. When this pseudo-lord was brought up for trial the owner of this business related from the witness-box as to the expense to which he had been put. The magistrate asked, "And how did you address him?" "He told me to call him 'my lord,' so I called him 'my lord,' " came the simple answer from the Hibernian deceived one.

The culprit got six months' imprisonment, and his case did much to clean up a rather unwholesome element in Canada. The people became more and more wary of these "peers." But it led many Canadians to think less of that fine class of people which has been so solid a backbone in Great Britain. As late as 1918, the Canadian Government requested that no more titles should be conferred on people of the Dominion. They would have been right in requesting that no hereditary titles be given to Canadians, but from those honours that last but a lifetime, why should the Dominions seek exclusion? If they are a part of the Empire—why should they not share its honours? If a man has an hereditary title—he can't help himself, I always think. He may be very fine, either from upbringing, or in spite of his name, and the credit is all the more a personal one. But if someone has only a lifetime appendage, I immediately want to know how he got it. There is always something interesting about distinction gained—and, if deserved, the owner has the satisfaction of knowing that it is due to him.

It is to be hoped before too long that the Dominions will be more closely a part of Empire. And that when so their people will request to be again included in the recognition of worth and attainment. However, until Free Trade is cut out of British politics, there can be no hope of any drawing closer of the Empire. I cannot see that Cobden himself desired an isolated Free Trade. His idea seems to have been more for a reciprocal one. But Great Britain was left in her new faith alone.

And even had other countries had Free Trade, surely England (the heart of the Empire) should have had a preferential tariff to increase the nation's ties? Free Trade suppressed—Protection instituted, a colonial preference is bound to follow. There can be no hope of Empire advancement until this comes.

In 1907 Sir Wilfrid Laurier was almost sure that the inauguration of the "All Red Mail Service," or the "All Red Route," as we called it, was a settled fact. The suggestion was that a port for exportation, especially for grain from Western Canada, should be established at the very south of St. James's Bay—which is itself the southern part of the Hudson Bay. This port, about a third of the way across Canada, would have greatly eliminated the drawback of distance from Western Canada to the Eastern sea-port of Halifax, etc. Train-loads are small in comparison to ship-loads. The ships could have skirted around the coast of Labrador and sailed due south-east to England. It is probable that, for a few months in the year, this route would be unnavigable, but so is the St. Lawrence from Montreal to the Atlantic. However, for six months—some years for longer, direct exportation of grain especially—could be shipped from this port in Northern Ontario.

But although Sir Wilfrid thought that this had been agreed to at Westminster—some small council of the Campbell-Bannerman Government let him down. And what was the result? Sir Wilfrid, a man of immense acumen, and Latin intelligence, never forgot the desertion he then suffered. No more

small councils for him—look after ourselves first seemed to become his maxim. And the attempt in 1911 for reciprocity with the United States was the result.

Before I had left Toronto in 1914 Mr. Noel Marshall, of that city, gave me several letters of introduction to Englishmen. Mr. Marshall, a self-made man, a philanthropist and a splendid organiser—was the active spirit in the Toronto Red Cross. He was later on always called Colonel Marshall, and he has the honorary right to that prefix. His letters were to Mr. Walter Long (now Lord Long of Wraxall), Mr. Page Croft (now Sir Henry Page Croft), and to a cousin of his, a General Marshall. I sent the first and last letters to the men they were addressed to, during the week I was in England, before going to France. Sir Henry Page Croft was abroad then—I think. I did see him some time later at the House of Commons. He told me to let him know what he could do for me. But I never found occasion to seek him again.

But in October, 1914, I received a letter from Mr. Walter Long asking me to go and see him—that he would be only too glad if there was anything he could do for a friend of Mr. Noel Marshall's. When I met him he said, "I could of course introduce you to those members I know of the French Government, but they are now at Bordeaux." However, he did the best he could for me, and told me to let him know when I would further need his help. So in the summer of 1915 I wrote to him again telling him that I was planning to go to Russia, and asked

could he introduce me to anyone there. He wrote me a very kind note, and gave me a still kinder letter to Sir George Buchanan, the British Ambassador at Petrograd. To many people, my persistence in planning everything I could to facilitate my travels during the war may seem importunate. But it was very necessary to surround oneself with every protection. And to identify oneself as much as possible to give people confidence.

I got a new passport in London, and, with all the documents I could forearm myself with—late in July, 1915, I set out for Russia *via* Norway and Sweden. A little group of friends, including the Schack-Sommers, were at King's Cross station to bid me Godspeed. Mr. Schack-Sommer gave me last instructions as to what to ask concerning his boy. I regret to say that any intimate news was very difficult to cull out of Muscovy. It was one of the tasks that I tried the hardest to fulfil, and the one in which I was the most thwarted. I did hear through a young Englishman, who had spent most of his life in Kiev (and who it was had helped the Pole Boy with his English writing), that George Schack-Sommer's career had been a brief and brilliant one. But that was all.

When at King's Cross I was told that I would find plenty of porters at Newcastle. They were lacking in London. The train arrived at Newcastle at 11 p.m. My boat sailed at midnight. Not a porter could I find, not a light was burning at the station—and the city itself was plunged in darkness. Finally I found a boy of about sixteen years of age,

who laboured energetically with my enormous boxes, and at last we got to the street. Here there soon appeared what looked like a coal-cart without sides. My trunks were put on to this, with myself on top of them—and we rattled off to the boat. I felt that I must have resembled the pictures one has seen of Madame du Barry going in a cart to her execution.

After a rigorous examination on shore I went on board and immediately below to my cabin. A knock came at my door. When I opened it I recognised one of the men who had been my questioners a few minutes before. He told me he was a Scotland Yard man, and that he had seen from my papers how well I was accredited, so he offered me his services, should I be returning soon. I remembered. But when would I come back? and would it be that way?

The North Sea was a wonderment of smooth water and picturesque-looking fishing-boats. There was a small and rather jolly number of passengers on board. Several of us travelled some of the way together. A Swiss, who was travelling as a diplomatic courier (at all of the seven dreadful custom inspections, I kept as near to him as possible to get some of his prestige), his wife, a Russian girl, a Chinaman (attaché at the Petrograd Chinese Embassy), one Dane, one Norwegian and myself completed the company. But the Swiss, his wife, the Russian girl and I went all the way together.

It was an immensely interesting trip, for from Bergen we went to Christiania—then to Stockholm

—then right up to the north of Sweden, and to the top of the Gulf of Bothnia. Then into Finland, travelling round by the coast, past Helsingfors and ending at midnight in Petrograd, about a week after leaving London. The trip across Norway was a delightful one, all day passing by the fjords, precipitous mountains and the rivers far below. And no talk of war—the people did not seem interested. We spent a night first at Bergen, and were cheated out of much sleep by the midnight sun.

In Stockholm, however, we spent a day. There the Russian girl and I were very much alarmed. We thought we had seen a German officer, then another—then a lot of them marching down the street. After breakfasting at the Grand Hotel (so wonderfully situated in that beautiful city of Stockholm, the river just outside, and across but a little distance is the splendid Royal Palace, standing out in imperious isolation) we went to Cook's offices and asked why German soldiers were in uniform in Stockholm. We put these men into consternation. They all asked each other what could it mean! Then I cried out, "There's one of them now!" Relief passed over their faces, their laughs could be heard on every side. And I could laugh too. For these "German officers" were none other than the helmeted militarily-uniformed policemen of Sweden. It was good to find out one's mistake.

But the Russian girl could not be calmed. In French she told me that the Swedes hated the Russians, and what she wanted was to get out of that country. She became frantic when she saw an

imposing statue of the Swedish King, Charles XII., with his hand pointing to the east. "This Charles douze," she shuddered; "his hand points to Russia, he was our enemy." And she added wistfully, "Ah, Mademoiselle, why do you come to us? We are a so little civilised people, and we have so many enemies?" She had all the neurotic pessimism of the well-educated Russians of before the revolution.

When we got to Karungi and again Happaranda, the two frontier towns on either side, between Sweden and Finland, our trunks were so divorced from their contents that the platforms looked like jumble sales or second-hand clothes shops. And then we travelled comfortably and not too quickly through Finland. I was particularly struck with its order—its wonderful groves of pine-trees—its beautiful little stations. And then Helsingfors, a large, clean-looking town, with the obelisked Russian Orthodox churches rising out of the foreign-looking buildings.

And, on the first anniversary of Russia's entry into the war, at midnight, we arrived in Petrograd. The Russian girl was to visit some friends of hers before going on further. The Swiss couple were going to an hotel, I decided to go with them. Petrograd was overcrowded. When we arrived at our destination, only one room with a dressing-room off it was available. The Swiss couple took the room, and a bed was put up for me in the dressing-room. Then, as always, I found shelter—and I was glad to be in Russia, and anxious to see the New World that was before me.

CHAPTER VI

IT took me less than a week to learn the meaning of some Russian words. I have heard that it takes nineteen years to learn the Russian language properly—and that even then one cannot be said to have complete knowledge of it—and this I can quite believe. But the sounds are so different from those of any other known European tongue, one is struck by the quaintness of them. For instance, what more lovely word to roll off one's tongue than the Russian one for thanks, "pashulst"? I write it as it sounded to me. Then there is "cechass" and "nichevo"—the first, generally said with precision, means "at once." But before long one learns to consider it in its literal sense, which is, "within an hour." One expects some "gariatchy vadi" (hot water) at once. The domestic has said "Cechass"—but the hands of the clock move on. In perhaps half an hour a search is made for the promiser of quick service. One is told that there was no fire in the stove—that it would be ready "cechass." But as yet the fire had not been re-kindled—and one knows that "cechass" means "within an hour," though to a Russian it might mean next week or whenever it suited him. One gets a bit annoyed, perhaps—but of what use?

Shoulders are shrugged and "nichevo" is said. Protesting avails one nothing. "Nichevo" means "It doesn't matter," and to the Russian it doesn't. Other ideas have come into his head. One must be patient in Muscovy.

On the morning after my arrival in Petrograd I was up and out early to search lodgings for myself. It was a brilliant day, so I decided to walk to my destination. I turned out of the little street in which my hotel was situated and walked into the Nevski Prospekt. A remarkable thoroughfare. I had been told that it is the widest, longest, and finest street in the world. These claims I had to accept, for as to its proportions in each direction I did not know. But in all my travels I have never seen a more splendid highway. I walked on, passing gay people and many smart officers—and I looked into attractive shop windows.

There did not seem to be the same anxiety as one had seen in England and France. What was it? Russia was then in great danger. Perhaps it was because Petrograd was so far away from the fighting. Later, when I knew better, I realised some of the sadness with which the Russian mind was so burdened. Their deep mysticism—their reverence for the beautiful—and their profound religious instincts, made the Russian an outsider. He could not understand the war. Yes! he was fighting, but he hardly knew what he was fighting for. And have not many of us since learned to wonder much the same? But in one thing I felt from the beginning that I was at home with the Russians—because they all

asked questions—as I did in my childhood and do even yet. They want to know the “ why ” of everything.

But I am going too fast. As I proceeded down the Nevski I noticed many strange things. First, in each big hotel door, the porters’ garb greatly interested me. These were generally of brown or violet coloured cloth with loose knickerbockers above their high top-boots. Their coats were long, well-cut Russian blouses—and on their heads were, invariably, little round skull-cups trimmed like “ Mary Mary Quite Contrary’s Garden.” But the “ silver bells and cockle shells ” were peacock’s feathers “ all in a row.” And then the coachmen ! They were all so comic and fat ! They wore hats similar to those pictured on our own “ John Bull.” Their cloaks were folded over into the belts around their colossal waists. When they got off the box I felt sure that they were in dressing-gowns. They would hold these up in both hands, taking the awkward steps that men do when walking in skirts. But when on the box these cloaks would fold back again, forming a rug right over the knees—they were tucked in almost like an Indian papoose. The whole costume was lined with a sort of lamb’s wool, the body part being much padded. Even in summer they wore much the same costume, probably with some of the lining removed. But the more padding the more distinction. Thus they sweltered under a mid-summer sun. When driving they would hold the reins one in each hand—and the horses would tear down the street at an awful pace. I often wondered if I were at a race meeting.

In the middle of the Nevski I stopped to look at the Kasan church—a truly fine looking building, colonnaded like St. Peter's of Rome. I walked on past the "Litanie," one of the thoroughfares, and at last arrived at the "Kouznetschny Pereoluk," an insignificant street. "Pereoluk" means "lane." At number "vocemnadset" (eighteen) I mounted four flights of stairs and found myself seeking entrance to the "Princess Alice Home for Governesses," a branch of the Girls' Friendly Society. There, I was told, I might stop for a while. Everyone who could get out of the town had already done so. Therefore many of the Englishwomen earning their living in Russia were away. I was given an enormous bedroom which usually sheltered three governesses at a time.

I did not stay for very long—but I liked being there. The few Englishwomen who were still in the Home, I found very interesting. They liked their life in Russia, they said. The Russians were very kind; when they went to teach them English they would treat them as personal friends, never forgetting them in their entertainments—inviting them to their "datchas" or summer cottages. And in winter many an English governess would be taken frequently to visit at some large country house—driving for miles in a sleigh, behind Troika harnessed horses.

But of what use my telling of the Russia that I knew in 1915-16 when all now is decay and disillusion? We wrote then (we journalists) how the Russian was determined to win the war, or that



they had more to gain than any other country—or anything to make the Russian side real to our readers. These were all quite true—in 1915. For the Russian was wistfully hoping for association with Western Nations. He knew that in the things his allies called advancement—he was backward. He had no idle dreams as to his own country—but he loved it. He realised that the three hundred years of Tartar invasions had left him just that far behind in the world. He was inquisitive without being impertinent. If you said to an ordinary Russian of that time, “You know, you are very stupid, you have got great potentialities here, yet you are incapable of managing them,” he would answer in this way: “Now, you know, that is exceedingly interesting; let us have a talk about it.”—And he would leave you, a bit better informed, but more puzzled at his own impotence, and a little sadder in the depths of his soul.

It is the soul of Russia which has been submerged since 1916. But it is vital and real, deeply crushed at present beneath the cruel fate which awaited it. It was bound to come; just as a new era there is inevitable. The great thinking, simple soul of Russia will yet regenerate. And those who will help her to attain this end will be among the powerful ones of the earth. For the Russian of my time was a dreamer—and never a leader. He pondered everything deeply. He was slow of action, introspective as to himself, which led, not to sensitiveness but to a curious, insistent fatalism, which subjected Russia to being the victim she has become.

If, in the telling of Muscovy, I do not much condemn the Bolsheviks, it is because I am as puzzled as any Russian who has suffered must be as to what they are after. I don't know their aims, so how can I explain them? But I can say that to anyone who has been in Russia, and who loves what they know of that country—that which has happened there is to them so incomprehensibly awful that to think too much of it is beyond endurance. It is unbearable. But of all people it is the Russian who know how to suffer. The Germans pulled down a curtain between them and the world. Barbarians they named them. All the time they were exploiting Russia for their own ends. Peter the Great's city, his "window looking onto Europe," was allowed no perspective of view.

The Baltic provinces, which were originally German, had been for some seven hundred years under Russian rule. There was still (in 1914) considerable pro-German feeling there. The cities were entirely anti-German; the Baltic Finns and Letts, who predominated, were quite loyal to Russia. On the other hand, the large land-owners were German Counts or Barons, who still retained their feudal rights, and formed a privileged class. They were the large shareholders in the banks which were considerably subsidised by German capital. And they all, for the most part, spoke German.

This led to a curious situation. Driven, as these people were, back to Petrograd and Moscow, in the retreat of 1915—one heard German everywhere. Yet at that time that language was strictly for-

bidden. "Ne po Nemerski" (German must not be spoken) was placarded everywhere. Often English people were held up in the streets, and made to show their passports, as our language had been mistaken for German. Yet those in the influx from the Baltic provinces were all speaking the enemy's tongue. And the Russians held up their hands. What were they to do? "Nichevo"—it could not be helped. The Russian, unaccustomed to leadership, always accepted in such cases the line of least resistance.

But there is one fault I think I can safely speak of in the Bolshevist campaign. He has taken the Russian's religion from him. And that is a hurt the Russian won't get over. He loved his church, he loved the beautiful ikons. He loved the religious ceremonies—so full of colour and inspiration. All is now ugly and barren. It is through that side of him that the Russian will rise again. And with his faults so clearly in front of him, and his faith so strong in his heart, Russia (the real one) will one day gain a strength that other nations will find hard to compete with.

I lost no time in presenting my letter of introduction in Petrograd. The one to Sir George Buchanan I left when I called at the Embassy. I also went to the London *Times* office, meeting there their representative, Mr. Wilton. The *Daily Mail* correspondent in Russia used this office—so I met Mr. Hamilton Fyfe there. And shortly afterwards I met Mrs. Wilton and Mrs. Hamilton Fyfe, both such pretty women. I returned to the Home after my second visit

to the *Times* office to find a message for me. I had been telephoned to, and invited to the Embassy to lunch that day. I was too late. The matron of the Home, quite sure that in her twenty odd years spent in Russia she had learned to speak the language, offered to telephone my apologies to the Embassy. I have never heard what seemed to me such execration, or have never seen such an angry woman. Nothing but Russian was allowed to be spoken on the telephone. The telephone girl had said, "Speak Russian, please." "But I am speaking it," protested the Englishwoman. Then there was an awful harangue, and the matron was evidently cut off for her misdemeanour—the using of a foreign language. I felt very sorry, yet I did so want to laugh. "But I was speaking Russian," she said to me; "and that girl said she would have me reported!" A cruel misunderstanding!

The next day, when I was again at the *Times* office, a message came through that the invitation was received for that day. I hurried home, changed my frock, and went to the Embassy. I had already met Sir George Buchanan. And this day, although I was the only outsider invited—I was not the only guest. Lady Georgina Buchanan and I were talking alone in a big sitting-room, when the doors were flung open and someone was announced. I watched Lady Georgina receive her guest, and heard her expressed surprise that he was in Petrograd. She then introduced me. "General Sir John Hanbury-Williams," she said. He looked at me with a puzzled air. "Haven't I met you somewhere?"

he asked. I don't think he remembered, but he could see by my face that I recognised him. "Yes," I replied. "I met you at a reception at Government House, Toronto, which was given for Prince Arthur of Connaught." The conversation, in consequence, was mostly on Canada, and General Hanbury-Williams told many good stories of his life while Military Attaché to the Governor-General at Ottawa. He was at this time the British Staff Representative on the Russian front, and had just the one day's congé in Petrograd.

During our reminiscences, the rest of the luncheon-party appeared. Sir George, several attachés and Mr. Lindley, Councillor to the Embassy. At lunch I sat between the Ambassador and Mr. Lindley. It was a gay meal, everybody was in great spirits. But Mr. Lindley, I remember, bombarded me with questions about Canada, not that I minded, but I felt the responsibility of answering. Evidently he loses no occasion of finding out information about all corners of the world—especially the far-away ones of the Empire. Since then he has been British Minister at Vienna, Athens and Christiania. Sir George and his wife, Lady Georgina Buchanan, were always delightful to me—and were extremely helpful and kind while I was in Russia. Sir George would give me what news he had available.—I was the only Canadian who had his speech (made in August, 1915) to the Russians exactly as it was written. In it Sir George endeavoured to explain England's part in the war.

It did not seem strange, when in Russia, why

those people realised so little what other countries were doing. The censorship there has always been the most rigorous one. On my arrival I felt elated at all I had to tell. "Why, no one knows about Rasputin in Canada," I thought. I would enlighten them. But not one word of that unsavoury person could be got out of the country. One had to hoard up all such information until one was back again. But even then the newspapers were loth to use anything likely to annoy the Russians, as that paper would be boycotted from anything but general news. One had, for one's newspaper's sake as well as one's own, to write only what was good, or at least plausible.

At luncheon I made a little plaint to Sir George. I told him that I had known that the post was a difficult thing to combat with in Russia—but that I had not realised how difficult. He asked me what I had particularly on my mind to worry about. I replied that I had been ordered some pills by a Canadian doctor, and they could only be obtained in Canada—and I did not know how I was going to get a packet of them into Russia.

Sir George said, "Have them addressed to me, if you like—to the Home Office, and then they will be forwarded in a Sac. But," he continued, "I make one stipulation—you mustn't ask me to take the pills!" In due course they arrived at the Embassy at Petrograd. But I had already gone to Kiev. I wrote to an attaché asking if he would see that the parcel was not forwarded to me—as I felt sure they would never reach Kiev.

So they remained at the Embassy for several months. When I was at Odessa, however they arrived at Kiev, having been brought by Sir George and Lady Georgina, when on their way through to the Crimea and left there. Again I dared not entrust those pills to the careless mercies of the Russian post. I went to Roumania and back again. Then Mr. Courtier Forster was going to Kiev, and he conveyed the precious parcel to Odessa—just as I was leaving on my return journey to England, eight months after they had been ordered.

Sir George Buchanan was a great sufferer in Petrograd from rheumatism. The Embassy, situated on the English Quay, right beside the Neva River, cannot have been the best of places for such a complaint. The trip to Yalta in the Crimea was a health-searching one. I believe, had he not thought that he must carry on while needed during the war, that Sir George would have asked to be released from the Petrograd Embassy. He succeeded Sir Rennell Rodd as Ambassador to Rome, and, in 1921, retired from the diplomatic service. Lady Georgina continued her activities in Rome as earnestly as she had carried them out in Petrograd—in spite of serious ill-health. She died in England a short time after their return from Rome.

Lady Georgina had been one of the most active women in Petrograd. Her energy seemed to be inexhaustible. She took me herself to see several institutions in the capital in which she was interested, and I frequently went to sewing parties at the Embassy, which she held every week. Numbers

of British women would gather there, and a splendid tea used to be served for us in the Embassy dining-room. One day I arrived a bit early, and was talking to Lady Georgina when the Grand Duchess Cyril (pronounced Kyril, as there is no "c" in Russian) was announced. She was ushered into Lady Georgina's own sitting-room, and I caught a glimpse of the two—talking.

As I waited for the other workers to come I turned over in my mind who the Grand Duchess was. Yes! She was the second daughter of the Duke of Edinburgh, a sister of the Queen of Roumania. So she would be, I thought, first cousin to the Czarina. But yet she was also her sister-in-law. For had she not married for the first time—and divorced later, the Grand Duke of Hesse, the Czarina's brother? Recently at a meeting of the Romanoffs in Paris they decided that the Grand Duke Cyril is the claimant for the Russian throne. And think what people may—Russia is within three hundred years of being ready for a republic. If Bolshevism is ousted, a monarch will be the cry of the people. A constitutional king they will ask for. And—their precious, beautiful religion.

I went to the Duma while in Petrograd. It was held in the Tauride Palace. A fine building with a splendid interior. The halls sentinelled on both sides with Ionic columns. This palace was erected by Catherine the Great for her favourite, Potemkin. The assembly itself was more picturesque than most that I have seen. There were many ordinarily-garbed men, but there were also a number of the

Orthodox Church priests, in their ecclesiastical robes, their hair falling to their shoulders. And also there were a few peasants.

As the Duma could make no laws, but was only a means of airing grievances—the arguments did not seem to be so heated as one is accustomed to. Very long speeches were made, the orator speaking to the Press—not to the members. Many of these sat looking on solemnly. But about half their number were to be found in the lobby, drinking from high glasses—amber-coloured tea, the national beverage at that time. They chatted a bit to each other in their soft musical language. One heard many “harachos” (all right) and “nichevos.” And then one by one they would saunter back again to the house, and listen ponderously to the speaker for a little while more. Frequently they dozed in their seats. If you had conversation with them (I mean all Russians) they were delightful, agreeing with ever thing you said—telling you that they have never heard anything so interesting as that which you have just said. A truly strange people.

I made some friends while in Petrograd. My letters were all being addressed to the head office of the Russian Bank of Foreign Trade. Here I found everyone ready to chat with or to listen to me. I was introduced to the directors—as they called the managers, and shown up to their luxurious offices. All over the building, the ubiquitous tall glasses of tea were to be seen. If I happened to go into the bank about 11 a.m.—large trays were being carried around—glasses of tea on one, buns on the other, for

the clerks. The directors always looked after me themselves, coming down to the different wickets to transact any business for me—spending much time in courteous attention to my wants.

After I had been in Petrograd for about a month, there were ominous rumours going about. Strikes were imminent. One morning I was told, at the pension to which I had moved, that seventy thousand workmen had gone on strike. I hied me to the bank (I had learned to use it almost as one would a club). I saw Monsieur Sobolief, a director. We were chatting in the rotunda of the bank, when he moved over towards a counter, and spoke to an official. I followed slowly after him, and was waiting for them to finish their conversation.

Then to my astonishment I saw M. Sobolief write down my christian name on a bit of paper and pass it across to the other man! I became really alarmed. Siberia flashed in front of my vision. What had I done? However, I dared to ask what it meant "Oh, I told him that those letters on your brooch spell your name," explained M. Sobolief. I looked down, and there I saw the letters R.F.A. One of my tea soldier boys of Paris had given it to me. And I had had it put on a pin. I laughed with relief, and replied, "You are wrong, you could not get my name out of R.F.A. They are the initials of a regiment's name." They were greatly intrigued, both now were asking questions like two schoolboys, And I added, "But in Paris we used to say it means. 'Russie, France, Angleterre.' You see how polite we are! We put Russia first and England last.

At this they clapped their hands in delight. And outside Petrograd was almost in revolution. But "nichevo, " the story of the brooch was much more interesting.

I begged them to tell what they knew, and they did so in the characteristically ingenuous way that Russians have. "You see," said M. Sobolief (they were both now quite ready to have a little conversation, lasting several hours), "M. Goremukin will not resign from the presidency of the Duma, and he is a so old man the people say that he must go." "If he is so old why does he want to stop?" I asked. "Oh, he doesn't want to—but he is a friend of the Czar, and the Czar never forgives anyone who goes against his wishes, and it is he that wants Goremukin to stay." "How old is Monsieur Goremukin?" I queried. "Nearly eighty—and when I am eighty, I hope I will be dead," said M. Sobolief. "Well, you cannot be both eighty and dead," I said. "Now isn't that very interesting?" was M. Sobolief's rejoinder. "Let us talk some more."

A few days later I heard that M. Goremukin had resigned, and that a man named Stuermer had become president. Again I went to the bank. This time in their private office I argued with three directors. "Goremukin is a Russian name," I contended, "Stuermer is not. Why did you want the change, you Russians—Stuermer probably comes from Riga or somewhere on the Baltic." They all pulled up their chairs, here was a subject to their liking. "Mademoiselle, you are very interesting," said one; "he does come from Riga." "Yes," I said; "born

there too, eh?" They exchanged glances, and shamefacedly told me, "No! he was born in Vienna!" I asked then what they thought was going to become of Russia, if they submitted to its Germanisation. How could they expect Stuermer to be a true Russian?

I told them to look at their police force—what salaries did they get? And was informed that a real official would have about ten pounds a month. And then I ranted, "Ten pounds a month! and most of them married, and have large families—but you say an official! He must keep up a certain appearance." They pondered deeply, but, I continued, "I will tell you how they do it—their pockets are fat with German money—and you said that Gore-mukin was too old! At least he is Russian." "Mademoiselle will write of this?" they asked. And I replied, "That's the pity of it—I can't, none of it would get out of the country—so what is the use?" "Nichevo!" said one of them. "I tell you what we will do—we will all have some more tea, and Mademoiselle will join us."—In the years that have gone since then, I have traced every step from the advent of Stuermer in Russia. The revolution, which was inevitable, became an imminent reality from that time.

I then thought I would go myself to the Censorship office and ingratiate myself if I could with some of the Censors. I was sent from official to official. All were extremely polite—but each thought that someone else would be advisable for me to see. It took me about two weeks to get to the end of the

snowball chain that they started me in. For there was plenty of time, they would tell me. And several fête days came in during my quest. I really wanted to make myself known to one official, so that when I left Petrograd I could address my articles to him, and so perhaps avoid delay and loss. I came across one man who had himself censored several of my articles. I said, "I hope they were all right?" "Oh yes," he replied. "There was nothing in them"! Even now I cannot make up my mind as to just what he did mean—but "nichevo!"

In the end I met the head of the whole censoring department, Monsieur Neliedoff. He was courtesy itself. I was, of course, to send my articles direct to him—he would see to them personally, and make sure that they were posted. Not only did he do this, but he nearly always sent me a postcard telling me that my letters to the *Toronto News* were on the way to their destination. After about six months I received a letter from him saying that he was resigning, and that he had told his successor all about me. His excuse for giving up his post was that he was tired, and wanted to stop. But when he wrote his successor's name to me—I knew the reason. It was General Adabasch. I met this new chief later, and found him exceedingly kind and attentive. But his name—Adabasch—at least it was not Russian.

One day I went with some friends to the "Islands," then the fashionable part of Petrograd. While at a restaurant on the shore by the River Neva we were opposite to a very large mansion—it could

not have been called a palace. It was one of the residences of the Czar's mother, the Empress Marie. The grounds were open to view from where we were sitting, but seldom was anyone to be seen there. On this day, however, we were much interested in four daintily dressed girls and a small boy in a sailor suit. They were running backwards and forwards on a small wharf. The boy was never still for a moment. A grey-frocked hospital nurse came out and spoke to them—whereupon they started off down a pathway. The boy still ran and leaped. Soon they passed out of sight. A lady and an officer who had been sitting on a bench near by disappeared with them. These first were the four Grand Duchesses and the little Czarevitch, who were visiting their grandmother that afternoon. The lady in the uniform of a nurse was their aunt, the Czar's sister, the Grand Duchess Olga.

On our return to Petrograd, the route was lined with people eager to see the Imperial family. We watched for them on the other side of the river just in front of the British Embassy—and saw them again as they came over the great Troika Bridge. A happy carriage-full of insouciant youth—incapable of harmful intent—in no way deserving of the punishment which came to them.

I was told that I would find no difficulty in meeting Rasputin did I wish it. I thought that I did. I mentioned my intention of arranging a meeting to some friends. They advised me very seriously not to do so. Their reasons were so complete and final, that I gave it up. But I saw

him more than once. An evil-looking creature. He wore the robes of a Russian priest, so picturesque, and oft-times becoming. His hair was long and oily looking. But I believe he was not a "Pap," as the clergy were called. He was just a Siberian mujik who came to the University of Moscow to study.

Now, at some of these Russian colleges learning was served out at almost a nominal price; I was told that about the equivalent of ten English pounds would pay all the fees for a whole year's tuition. Some peasants would save up, and manage a few years' study. Probably, before they came, they had had no other education. And—that a little knowledge is a dangerous thing, was there well illustrated. These students, with all the mystic intuitiveness with which the Russian is naturally endowed, would become the rankest kind of Socialists. But they would also learn the suavest of manners, disarming the cleverest in the world except other Russians.

The best description that I can give of Rasputin, as he seemed to me, is—as the exact counterpart of Du Maurier's "Svengali" in his immortal book, "Trilby." Rasputin had just the same magnetic eye, and just the same impeccable exterior. But as almost inevitably happens, and well for the world too—his great weakness—his vanity—was his undoing. How a man with his intelligence could have been led to accept the friendship, as he did, of the young Grand Duke Dimitri Pavlovitch, and Prince Youssulpoff, though—is only explicable when one

knows of his ruling weakness. The Grand Duke Dimitri, a young member of the Imperial Russian family, had served with the greatest distinction in the Russian Army. Prince Youssulpoff, though not of royal birth, had married a niece of the Czar. He had his own palace in the Litanie—the grounds of which ran down to the river's edge.

Rasputin must have sensed that these two meant no good for him in the proffers of their friendship. But the monstrous Russian genius thought that he was all-powerful—that he could himself win out. Perhaps he liked association with young life—perhaps he was tired of the Court, not that he conformed to its ways. He led as he went, prophesying one calamity after another which would befall the Imperial family and Russia were harm to come to him. And he was right. The evil did come, and as he predicted. But the evil of his person had to be got rid of, before daylight could be seen in the darkness.

And how did Rasputin get into the Imperial Court? I met, toward the end of my year in Russia, the Grand Duchess Elisabeth—an elder sister of the Czarina. Of her I will tell later. But now would say: when her husband, the Grand Duke Serge, was blown into eternity by the bursting of a bomb one day as he was driving out of the Kremlin at Moscow, of which he was the governor—the shock so saddened his wife, who had but five minutes before bid him farewell—that she gave up her Court and social life. And she established the Order of St. Martha and St. Mary in Moscow. This was a religious sister-

hood which cared for the very poor especially. The Grand Duchess herself was the abbess of the institution. Rasputin, sensing that this woman had deep religious feeling, planned his campaign through her. He met her. He talked as he could talk—in supreme flights of religious and high-minded phantasy. The Grand Duchess was deeply impressed.

Then the Czar, who was very fond of his sister-in-law, and a man of much superstition, met Rasputin. He too was greatly interested. The more so because the Grand Duchess had sponsored Rasputin.

His rise then was a rapid one. He went to Petrograd—wove his mysterious prophecies into the willing ears of the Czarina. Everyone became his slave. Among the Court ladies he chose his servants and co-operators. The rest was easy. But the Grand Duchess Elisabeth, who had put worldly things behind her, became alarmed. She had not foreseen the ambition of Rasputin. The æsthetic side only which he had so cleverly shown to her, had she counted on. Her alarm became so great that she even protested with her sister and brother-in-law. And for some time there was an estrangement between the Court and herself because of this action on her part.

No! the Russians can be cheated—duped—anything you will. But, sooner or later, they will find out. They can be just as unforgiving tomorrow, as they were eager for what you had to give them to-day. They sense defeat. They will face danger—die almost gladly, have their limbs blown off, or lose their sight. That is God's will. They

loved their "Little Father," the Czar, because they thought he was true to them. They were told he had deceived them. It would never occur to them that it was they who were being deceived. Well then, "He must die." Their fatalism is the biggest fact in their mentality. "It is God's will—we have been deceived. Then those who have deceived us must die—God wills it."

In this way do I see the minds of those millions of Russian people, who are so blindly following the doctrinaires of Bolshevism. Could they be got at by an outside influence they would deal as shortly with their deceivers as they have dealt with others. But they cannot be got at until some means be found of penetrating through the system which grips their country. Possibly, if commerce could be re-established with the outer world, a means could be found to get at the soul of Russia. Perhaps rectification will come from within. Millions are now suffering in Russia. Yet (as I have said) they know how to suffer. They can endure longer than many other people. They will repeat, "It is God's will." And nothing will avail. But somehow—sometime, it will come. A healthier, happier Russia.

Until then we too must be patient and hope that Providence, the one real protector of us poor mortals, will work out its ways in Muscovy. When it comes it will be a complete regeneration. So great a movement can only be turned out by an even greater upheaval.

CHAPTER VII

ON my arrival in Russia I had written to both the Pole Boy and his mother—but fate seemed unkind. They had wanted me to come out the previous February. I had not been able to. And letters had become fewer—more difficult to get through. My letters had not reached Kiev. They had had no idea that I was on my way to Russia. I only arrived in Petrograd at the time the Pole Boy was returning to the front—after several weeks' leave. So I stayed on in the capital—why hurry south? It might be months before he would get home again. And then also the great retreat was on, travelling was very difficult. A million people at least were fleeing from Poland into Russia. The hour was dark—life and its happenings were precarious. One needed all one's courage and faith to keep going.

I went into the churches very often. I found rest and quietness within the grand interiors. The art of the ikons was a never-ending source of joy to me. I could see the reasons of the Russian religion. Everything to uplift—to make one have fine thoughts, was there. I mean in the buildings themselves. The priests did not inspire me. But

then they were just the churches' housekeepers, the leaders of the services. I never heard a sermon in a Russian church. If they are preached, it is only on rare occasions. It seemed to me to be the church of prayer, the religion of the individual, the haven for meditation. But anything more beautiful than a service at which a Metropolitan took part in, I have never seen. There were three Metropolitans—or Archbishops—in Russia then. Those of Petrograd, Moscow and Kiev. And there were three Archdeacons, trained from boyhood for the post. Their voices were deep and rich, like the notes of a cathedral organ.

I went one day to a service at St. Isak's Cathedral. I do not remember what fête day it was. But the Metropolitan was there, and each parish in Petrograd brought its patron saint ikon to the Cathedral. The greatest of these was the Madonna of the Kasan Church, which was credited with miraculous powers. The service was a memorable one for me. It had been raining for weeks, but the sun shone bright again that morning. Enormous crowds assembled in front of the cathedral for the outdoor service. Many hundreds must have passed in to worship, and then out again to wait with the crowds in the open.

First, Mass was celebrated inside the cathedral. As in all Russian churches, there were no seats. And I noticed that the people were either standing or kneeling—or reverently moving about from one ikon to another to offer their prayers. The screen which separated the clergy from the congregation

was pannelled with ikons. It was an inspiring spectacle. The magnificent painted windows lent a rarely beautiful colouring to the scene. A beam of light streamed through from above the altar. On a raised platform were some eight or ten priests in gorgeous robes of gold cloth. Seated in front of these were two Bishops, on their heads were golden mitres, studded with precious stones. Each priest held a long lighted candle. They intoned the responses to the Bishop's prayers.

I was a stranger. I could understand but little of what was going on. Yet I saw old and young, rich and poor, wounded and whole soldiers, Cossacks and peasants all absolutely engrossed in the ceremony of worship. I managed with some dexterity to get outside—and was pausing uncertainly at the top of the high flight of steps leading down to St. Isak's Square below, when some officers spoke to me. They told the policemen that I was an "Anglichanka" (Englishwoman), and they found me a place, just in front of a huge column, commanding a view of the cathedral door, and of the enormous square, which was filled from corner to corner with worshippers. The ikons were held aloft. Colour and sunshine were riotous. From the foot of the stone steps an aisle had been formed by policemen and banner-bearers. At the end of this an open-air altar had been erected. Then the bells pealed forth their message—the service was about to begin.

The cathedral doors were opened—and the procession moved slowly forward. Leading were yellow-robed priests and acolytes, with ikons and lanterns,

followed by banners of silver and gold which were carried before the Bishops, who were in gorgeous costly attire. Behind came the Metropolitan in similar and very beautiful robes. It was a magnificent scene. The mitre-covered heads were brilliant with gold and sparkling precious stones, the Metropolitan's was surmounted by a cross of diamonds. Here and there a blue and gold clad chorister could be seen. The service was opened by the Archdeacon—as he stood to read the Gospel he was a striking-looking figure in a golden-hued robe crossed from shoulder almost to hem by a rich crimson stole. Everyone joined in the singing, even the children—for then in Russia church music was taught in the schools. A shabby little ragamuffin sang out sweetly and clearly just beside me, I smiled at him, and his voice came out even more lustily, his eyes watching me with friendly curiosity. “Ya Anglichanka” (I am English), I whispered to him. People knelt in the square—worshippers said their prayers and performed Church ceremonies undisturbed. Others wept unashamed.

Then the service was over, the bells renewed their chiming. The crowd dispersed in every direction—each group chanted or sang as they filed back to their own districts. Ikons were borne on the shoulders of their guardians—banners waved in unison with the crowds. And I was thinking, “If faith and prayer combined with magnificence of service can save a nation, Russia indeed will be saved.” I heard a voice beside me speaking Russian. The crowd had gone and I was alone with the little

Russian boy—on the steps of the great cathedral. I could not answer him except just to say that I knew no Russian—but I took his hand, and together we re-entered the church. He fell on his knees in front of an ikon Virgin and Child. Again his hand crept into mine, we crossed over to the door and went out into the street.

But there was one thing in which the Russian religious reverence worried me not a little. Whenever the orthodox followers would come to a church or religious emblem they would cross themselves not once, but all the time they were in passing by. The *isvortchiks*, even when driving, were punctilious in this rite. As I have said, the Kasan Church is in the Nevski Prospekt—and I feel sure that its frontage is quite a quarter of a mile long. Often when I would be in a *droshky* I would hope that the driver would not pass the Kasan. But as it is in the main thoroughfare, and the best road, they invariably did go that way. At the beginning of the church, they would commence their genuflections—keeping them up right till it was behind us. Generally they would spur their horses up almost to a gallop, before they began their reverent performance. The horse would keep up its awful pace, the *droshky* would racket along. And I too would offer up a prayer for my safety—and keep praying until the *isvortchik* could give two hands to the managing of his steed.

At the end of September I went to Kiev. The journey in normal times took about twenty-six hours—straight as the crow flies, from Petrograd south. But this time it took forty-eight hours to arrive at

the end. Yet travelling was very comfortable in Russia. The gauge, I believe, of the tracks was much wider than those in other countries—so the carriages themselves were wider too. The sleeping berths were long and comfortable. And over the corridors was a sort of cupboard—almost a small-sized room. I registered my big trunk, taking a couple of handbags in with me, and wondered if I had too much. This I soon got over, for my fellow passengers began to arrive. I think my trunk must have been alone in the van. For everyone brought several valises and cases with them, some of huge proportions.

Then a smartly-dressed lady came into my compartment. She spoke French to me. I had the lower berth, and she asked me when I was going to get it ready. I told her that the porter had been in and had prepared both our beds. She seemed astonished at my answer, and then undid one of her packets, which was nothing but bed-clothes. A pair of fine linen sheets, two linen-covered pillows, and a lovely pink silk eiderdown. This was combined in the most ingenious way with the upper sheet, and buttoned round the edge. All these she put on to her berth. I learned that this was a Russian habit. I became a bit nervous, and asked her why she had done this. She talked of germs, and other company, and gave me a candle, saying, "If you have any trouble in the night just light this."

I put off going to bed as long as I could. I dreaded it greatly. But fatigue is relentless. I slept well and forgot the horrors which had been suggested to me. My travelling companion, when she

had first come into the train, had looked into the cupboard in our compartment over the corridor, and seemed surprised but pleased to find it empty. She proceeded to fill this with her luggage—asking me was I not afraid of losing my trunk. I learned much that night as to travelling in Russia. First, I would bring my own pillows and bed-linen with me. And have as many small trunks or large valises as I could. Everybody did it.

I provided myself at Kiev with wooden and basket valises, and a round hat-box such as I had seen. The top of the hat-box, turned upside down, made an excellent tray for train meals. Then the food we got on that journey! It was good! One did not need to go into the restaurant car often, for waiters in brown uniforms, top-boots and black astrakhan caps would pass through the train about every hour with trays of “chi” (tea) in glasses, and delicious sandwiches of ham or caviare. The engines did not seem to overwork themselves—about twenty-five miles an hour was their speed, with frequent halts. It was more like being on board ship—passengers moved about, chatted and became quite friendly—the time soon passed.

But the stations were sad-looking places on this route. Refugees were in hundreds, not knowing where they were going. Often they stayed just there for a week, waiting to move on. But they had gregarious habits, those Russians, and knew how to make the best of these hardships. Cooking utensils were everywhere. Temporary homes were established right there on the platforms. When the

notice came to go no time was lost, everyone was ready to pop on to a train.

Midnight seemed to be my arrival time during the war. It was ten minutes to twelve when I got to the Hotel Continental in Kiev after this journey. They had but one vacant room—my luck was in. I went next morning to the flat that the Pole Boy's people had taken. I found his mother in, also his three sisters. Two of them only schoolgirls, and the eldest quite grown-up. Like most of the homes, even in the palaces, that I have seen abroad, they had a large square of carpet in one part of the room. On this was a stiff sofa, with a table in front of it and half a dozen upholstered chairs around the table. In some of these the mother, three sisters and I sat. The two pigtailed-hair little girls looked at me with a fixed and terrifying solemnity. The mother talked volubly. Yes! the Pole Boy was doing very well; he had had four St. George's Crosses and other orders awarded him. And she added that his colonel had said that his warrior conduct was "*sans peur et sans reproche*." But they were very curious as to my being a journalist, why was I doing so? Had my family lost all their money because of the war? If I wanted to write to the Pole Boy—I had better bring my letters to them. So I did. But I received no answers.

I discovered very nice furnished quarters in one of the large buildings where either flats or rooms were to be found. The corridors were like streets, they were so wide. And everyone had a numbered front door opening on to this passage. Inside mine

was a little sort of entrance hall, one small room, and one large one. There was a big wood-burning stove in the hall. Down this pseudo-street a few doors away was the "Home Suisse," another governesses' refuge. There I frequently had meals. But I usually cooked for myself on a little oil-stove in my rooms.

I looked round me for companionship, and found (through the Home Suisse) the seven English governesses in Kiev. These all foregathered in the "Chez Soi"—as they named my abode. One of them shared it with me for a time. They were a sad outfit of brave women. Each life was a story in itself. But only tales of the gradations of shadows, hardly a silver edge to suggest a brighter lining. On Sundays they generally managed to come and have tea with me. Mr. Seppings Wright frequently joined the little coterie. Then two more men, war correspondents, came along. They called my digs "the mess." Queer little gatherings of flotsam.

On our Christmas Day (thirteen days before the Russian one, because of the difference in the calendars) the men had left Kiev. But the seven governesses came to my rooms. It is a cherished memory to me. Gratitude is wonderful to the being who receives it. All I had done was to protect myself against too much loneliness, but the seven of them brought me the most charming gifts. Nearly all made by themselves. Dear, kind little women, I wonder where you all are now.

But Kiev itself was the gayest of the gay.

Russians only seem to wake up about midnight. When they were in Kiev the journalists sometimes took several of us Englishwomen out to supper at about eleven o'clock, in the bright restaurants. The Czigane Orchestras would play the weirdest, wildest music. Some of the waiters looked like Chinamen, these were the real Tartars. The Cossacks and Caucasian officers would fling themselves into the salons, their spurs clashing. The women were marvellously gowned, and some wore wonderful jewels. I fed more on the revelry and strangeness of the scenes, than on the food.

I remember coming out one night into the "Nicholievski." The street was covered with a newly-fallen snow. A brilliant moon lit up a sapphire-blue sky—and a posse of mounted Cossacks stampeded in front of the hotel from which we were coming out. And somehow I did not feel lonely. There was so much to write about. Life was so vibrant—so different. Yet my real safeguard was in not thinking too much. If I had, I could not have stood it. Canada and my people were so far away. I had to abide by my own doings. The Pole Boy's mother was in her way very kind. She frequently came to see me—telling me that she had herself no news of him. And she brought me huge indigestible cakes to eat.

But then a few days before the Russian Christmas the Pole Boy himself appeared. Such a changed person. There was such a fierceness about him. "Why did you not write?" "But I did!" "I got no letters." His mother assured us that they

had been sent. I never got to the bottom of the misunderstanding. The Pole Boy would dash in to see me, dash off again, then send me a note by a special messenger to say that he would come at a certain hour the next day. He did as he said, but would again fly away—like an uneasy cricket. But the reason for all this came out shortly. He was medically examined, and had what they called “contusion”—our name for it is “shell-shock.” He was sent to a convalescent hospital in the country. I was glad he went. My burdens just then were a bit too much for me.

My mother, ever faithful in writing to me, had no cheerful news to give when her letters did get through ; she did not disguise in them that both my eldest brother and my youngest sister’s husband were in very precarious states of health. I managed to keep up until I had had luncheon with the Pole Boy on their Christmas Day. Then I collapsed. The doctor said I had nervous prostration. I could not use my arms for over a month. They would not act as my brain wished them to. So I could not write. Then, at the advice of the British vice-Consul in Kiev, I went to a Polish doctor, who had a wonderful clinique. He ordered all kinds of nerve restoratives for me—especially pine-scented baths. These and massage in time quite restored me. But I wanted to go away from Kiev. I had written to the Pole Boy that there was nothing to be gained by my staying in Russia. He replied that he would come to me when the war was over. But I could not get away. Formalities were terrible then—I

thought to go to Odessa, and just rest a while. I was very tired.

Then Kiev had perhaps the saddest side to it of any city I had been in. From there, regiments would go off to war. A marvellous sight to watch. The great wagons of commissariat, and the soldiers marching steadily along. No emotion could be seen in the faces of those who watched them go. But intensely pathetic would be the peasant women, with shawls over their heads, invariably a baby in their arms—running breathlessly beside the departing soldiers. Their sufferings seemed to be like those of dumb animals. And even sadder was the return of a regiment. This would be done in the same form as they went out. Spaces were left to show which were the missing ones. And horses would march along—riderless. “Watchman, what of the night?” When will Russia see dawn?

Early in December, 1915, I saw the most unique of street collections. It was called the Artists to Soldiers Collection. The word “artist” implied anyone who earned their living in the limelight. Most of the animals in the Kiev Zoo were brought out to take part in the performance, and Kiev was like a big circus. Everybody who didn’t want to miss the fun kept circulating the streets for hours. The costumes were amusing and brilliant. Especially the “Little Russians” dresses, as worn by the peasants in that part of the country. Others were garbed as wandering minstrels, toreadors, Circassians, Cossacks, clowns. Men in women’s clothes, Spaniards, Italians. There was much

laughing, and many kopeks were gathered in to buy Christmas presents for the boys at the front. At nearly every hundred yards along the "Krichatic" (the principal street) a long pole would be let down, blocking the sidewalk. No one could pass this without paying a toll. A lady on a white horse (herself dressed in a scarlet jacket, with a long white skirt, and a black silk hat) reached out, touching the pedestrians with her riding crop, as an invitation to join the group always round her.

But it was the collecting animals that were the most unique. Among these was an elephant, a camel, a Zebra and a donkey. They promenaded about, especially fancying the sidewalks. The elephant's man-rider was dressed in bright green. The huge animal waved his trunk, whacking many people, who laughingly would put something into his box. And the camel absolutely refused to leave the elephant's side. The street was almost impassable with the two of them. But I believe that they were the most successful collectors of the day. And I saw one man dressed as a monkey riding a very small wooden horse. Quite a young Frenchwoman, who happened to have white hair, put three kopeks into a box. The young actor who was carrying it cried out, "I say, Baboushka, you only put in one kopek!" "Baboushka" means "grandmother." He got no more kopeks from her. An actress dressed as a Circassian officer entered an hotel where she was accosted by a real officer of the same regiment. He asked her what was her rank. She replied, "Captain." "Very well," said the

officer, "we will go off to the front to-morrow together!"

In such endeavours in Russia the people seemed to become one big family. All were so ingenuously interested in the success of everybody else. Formalities were quite forgotten. Troubles were put aside. The moment's pleasure was profited of with avidity. Then in the churches! they were just as oblivious of frivolities. One frequently saw the abased figures of soldiers, their heads bowed right to the floor in humble supplication. Then they would rise and passionately kiss the glass over an ikon. I often went to a six o'clock service at St. Vladimir's Cathedral in Kiev. Such voices! An organless choir! The Russians seem to have no idea of the wealth they possess just in their voices.

There were at that time in Kiev several American doctors, and some other foreigners helping in the hospitals. One day I was told I would be allowed in the station of Kiev when the Czar would get off the train for a few minutes on his way from Odessa to the front. There were perhaps twenty people—not Russians, on the platform. I kept well in the background; I was not, as the other women there were, in nurse's uniform. The train was two hours late. Then it came in, and the most simple little Russian soldier stepped off. No flaming red staff bands. His tunic was just the Russian blouse worn by his soldiers, an astrakhan fur cap was on his head. The last Czar of all the Russians! The American doctors also wore Russian uniforms, but, instead of the leather belts being around their waists, they

(after the fashion in their own country) had given these a great dip in front, the blouses well pulled out—a sort of Buster Brown effect. They were unmistakably, uncompromisingly American.

The Czar came forward and I heard him speak. He had a voice of silver. He apologised for having been late. And then said to the doctors, “I thought you were Russian officers.” Such a kind-eyed, unassuming man. Even then I felt he needed protection. He may have been incapable of great flights of spectacular heroism—unfitted to control so unwieldy a mass as Russia was then. But there was courage in his bearing. I thought as I looked at him—Emperor of a great country—you have the simplicity of one of your mujiks—the heart of a real man—and—you are unafraid.

CHAPTER VIII

KIEV was, I think, the most uncomfortable city in Europe in war-time. The noise was terrible. One could not forget the conflict. For there were—besides the regiments marching off to war, their bands, the hospital nurses and the soldiers—thousands of them, of every description. There were the very tired-looking men recently back from the front. Fresh young men recently called to service. Gay Cossacks walking or riding—almost standing, as they seemed to, in their stirrups. The Cossack mounted was a very different thing from any other. Nor was that all. For there were officers of every rank, and the personages with whose names we had become familiar. And not least were the very many maimed and wounded. Then the dirt of Kiev! The discomfort and high prices of living. And the noise all day, and nearly all night, of the madly-tearing, hooting and screeching motors. It was well, though, that they did screech, or the loss of life would have been even heavier.

As I had done in Petrograd, I went to the Russian Bank of Foreign Trade in Kiev for my letters. Here I was again looked after by the directors—three of them. One was a Monsieur Nordstrum (a Swede

by nationality) born and educated in Russia. Both his mother and his wife had been Russians. He was very Russian himself. Always, when I arrived at the bank, on his desk there would be three glasses of tea in a row. He said he preferred them like that, luke-warm or even cold. And from the next room a kind-faced, benevolent-looking man (a Pole), Monsieur Zadora, would come in and join us. As he opened the door—if there were any letters for me, he would hold them up high in front of him. Both he and M. Nordstrum would be as pleased as young boys to see my pleasure.

We talked at great length nearly every day. And I must say that they were delightful in the way they interested themselves in me, and advised me. We discussed M. Nordstrum's nationality. "But if Sweden should come into the war against us, you would be interned," I told him. "Yes ! but I do get over the troubles of a Russian passport in normal times," he answered, "and should Sweden join the other side, I would be able to choose where I would go. I could, for instance, continue in this bank at Omsk, or some other of the fine cities in Siberia."

They looked after my sight-seeing also. Amongst other excursions taking me to the "Lavra," one of the greatest of religious shrines. We went down the tortuous underground passages right to beneath the Dnieper River. One of the Lavra monks led the way, holding an unpleasantly flickering candle. One had to continue to the end, there was no turning back, as there was not room enough to pass another



From a Russian painting.]

A Young Russian Gentlewoman.

person. The fossilised relics, which we saw from time to time, were horrible in their grimness. But on and on we went, and I thought of the stories of the pirates I had been told of on the Dnieper River above. How much more preferable their out-in-the-air practices seemed than this pursuance of underground antiquity. But the pilgrim peasants, who were even then peregrinating in numbers, were loud in their exclamations of delight at seeing the bones of the Saints. When we reached the air again M. Nordstrum took out his cigarette-case, offerings its contents to us all (his daughter was with us) and said with a relieved countenance, "The best thing about the Lavra is the getting out of it." To which M. Zadora added, "And then a cigarette."

If any such arrangement could not be fulfilled, I would get the most polite messages written on their calling cards. This is one of them—"C. Nordstrum presents his respects to Miss Rosamond Boulton and begs to inform that his daughter having caught a cold shall not go out of doors for several days"—"Presents his respects"! I wondered so often in my retrospective musings at the kindnesses I have received, when I was only giving trouble. Perhaps they were a little bit sorry for me—being so far away from my own people. But I really think that a great deal of it was the inborn good manners that so many foreigners have.

A Monsieur Sternberg (a black-bearded Jew) was the third of the bank directors. He sometimes joined us—and always was the most argumentative one. Roumania would not come into the war, he

contended. He distrusted Roumania. Afterwards, when I knew of the persecutions suffered by the Jews in that country—I understood why he was so bitter. I asked a Polish friend in Kiev, "Is M. Sternberg a Russian Jew or a Polish Jew?" She looked at me cynically and answered, "He is a Jew." "Yes! but he must have been born somewhere, there are both Polish and Russian Jews." "A Jew is a Jew," she said with finality. I never could fathom the Poles' arguments as to the Jews. But of that later.

I had been ill, I felt that I could not struggle with the discomforts of Kiev. Neither could I make up my mind what to do. So I went to the bank and talked it over with my director friends. They were greatly interested and advised me to try Odessa for a while, and later on in the spring I would begin my journey back to England. So I went to Odessa—on the very blue Black Sea. After Kiev it seemed like an oasis in a desert. The journey of fifteen hours appeared to have taken me right out of the war. It was good to be in that southern Russian city. The streets were so wide—and after Kiev everything looked radiantly clean. In the springtime it was like fairy-land—as in most of the streets were rows of acacia trees all in blossom. The wonderful natural harbour was singularly idle. But at night-time, Odessa was the darkest of places. The *Goeben* and the *Breslau* ever kept the people on the alert, watching for their elusive activities.

I left my big trunk in Kiev and travelled to Odessa as a Russian would, with plenty of hand

luggage. My only companion was an attractive Russian woman. We had great giggles packing our handbags and boxes into the compartment above. She tried to speak English. And like many Russian women, even then, she had short curly hair. I learned that she was a professional singer. She proved that by singing enchantingly much of the journey. She became very chatty after the train started—her manners were delightful and unassuming. She crossed herself as she told me she had a husband—an aviator in the Russian Army. Then she confided her story to me with the simplicity of a child.

“English no afraid war?” she asked. I replied in the negative. “Me afraid,” she said. “Me like English—Englishman come, he say, ‘You very pretty girl, you marry me.’ Mama say, ‘No, you marry officer.’ All right, me marry officer. Officer very nice. He give me money. He kind, he love me. He love baby.” But she seemed to have a lingering affection for her Englishman, who could “sing very nice.” With this last piece of information she gave me an illustration by singing and doing a little “pas seul” in the compartment.

I always look back with gratitude to Odessa. I spent a happy three months there, and fell into kind hands. I met most of the English community, and joined in their activities. Especially among them I found friends in Mr. and Mrs. Picton Bagge and the Reverend Courtier-Forster. Mr. Bagge was the acting British Consul-General in Southern Russia. Mr. Courtier-Forster was the British chaplain of

Odessa and the Russian ports on the Black Sea. He did some writing, as well as his church work, which was a bond of sympathy between us. But he could exceed my productions by illustrating his himself, with the most charming pen-and-ink sketches. He possesses a fund of delightful humour, and good stories which add to his interesting personality.

I had liked being in Odessa so much that I resented the change in Russia, which has made Odessa irretrievably only a memory of the past. I grieved often when I thought that perhaps some of those people who had been so kind to me were still there on the Black Sea. One day in the spring of 1921 I got into a crowded London tube. I was jostling about with the train's unsteadiness when I looked up into the face of a man who was apologising for knocking against me. It was Mr. Courtier-Forster of Odessa!—a very prosperous-looking man. He had only got out of Russia in 1918—having been for over a year under Bolshevist surveillance. For some time he had been imprisoned. His private collection of ikons had been second to none. All of those, with his other delightful treasures, had been confiscated by the Bolshevists. He has since, though, I think, got some of his own back on them, in the enthusiasm with which he has been listened to at his lectures all through England.

The Picton Bagges were wonderfully kind. I went frequently to their charming home. I felt less lonely, and happier, I think, in Odessa, than I had since the war began. And the flowers everywhere

were so lovely. In the main streets, women, with huge baskets filled with luxuriant bloom, sold these to earn a livelihood. Three cities in Europe I considered led in the beauty of flowers peddled in their streets—Brussels around and about the Port Namur ; Rome on the lowest steps of the Piazza di Spagna stone stairway—and Odessa. There were some peasant soldiers in training in Odessa, and Mr. Forster helped me to understand them. He translated some of their conversation for me. I became deeply interested in these children of nature. After I returned to England I wrote of them in the *London Daily Express*. It was early in 1917. Rasputin had been killed, but the revolution had not yet been declared. The article was headed "Singing Soldiers of Russia—Peasants who are Poets and Warriors Too."

"Since my return from Russia I have had an uneasy feeling that all the education and advancement of Great Britain has failed to bring about a completely satisfactory condition of affairs. In Russia, where the peasant population is 80 per cent. of the whole, and but few of these can read or write, they think—and their thinking is simple and straight, resulting in a poetic type of expression which astonishes and almost, I might say, shames the Western European, so struck is he by the forcefulness of it.

"Invariably in Russia large buildings, containing many flats, are built round flagstoned courtyards. At my Odessa abode two of the flats were occupied for some weeks by one hundred and eighty newly-

called Russian soldiers from Samara on the Volga River. I contented myself for some days by just watching them. They were wonderfully quiet and well behaved, and used to go through all sorts of schoolboy play in the square. Leap-frog and walking about three tiers high, were favourite games. At times they were very busy overhauling their clothes and hanging out their washing.

“Just to watch them, however, did not wholly content me ; so I said, ‘Stradsvoutie’ (good-day). From then on we were great friends. They were never ashamed to ask questions ; and I, with my limited knowledge of Russian, tried to answer them. One evening, when I came home with two books under my arm, a number of soldiers took me prisoner, and said they would not let me free until I had shown them the pictures in the books. I did so, and our conversation was something like this :

“ ‘Barignia Anglichanka ?’ (Miss is English ?) they asked. ‘Yes, English, from Canada—Angliskie Colony.—But,’ I said, ‘won’t you tell me your names ?’—and they all wanted to tell me at once, shouting, ‘Yagorie’ (or Little Gregor) ‘Ivanoff,’ ‘Alexander Milahie,’ ‘Mihiel Mihielovitch,’ ‘Bootra Pavel,’ ‘Ivan Misnaenka’ and ‘Alexie Afor.’

“ ‘Barignia will write a book ?’ asked Little Gregor. ‘Yes ? Do you hear that, Bootra Pavel ? Barignia will write a book, and there’ll be lots of pictures and our names in it.’ Then there was a chorus of their favourite expression, ‘How very interesting !’

“ ‘Do you mind going to the war ?’ I asked of

Alexie Afor, and he replied, 'In truth, I can't say that I do.' 'Are you not cold—you wear no coats?' I asked. 'No, it's not cold here; it is cold up on the Volga; there we have thirty degrees of frost, and the little birds'—here Alexie wiggled his clumsy fingers, 'flutter down into the leaves and die.'

" 'The girls do not like us here in Odessa,' said Mihiel. 'Surely you are mistaken,' I cried. 'No, they like the sailors from the Black Sea Fleet with the orange-striped ribbons round their caps.' 'Thank goodness the Black Sea Fleet cannot get up the Volga River or then we'd have no chance at all,' said Little Gregor. At this point a most terrifying command was given by the sergeant. I asked what it was, and it seemed that he had called out to the men to stop crowding too near to the Anglichanka and 'to come and sing for her.'

"I wish I could take all lovers of music out to Russia just to hear those peasant soldiers sing. Such harmonies! Such perfect rhythm! The night was dark, and they formed a circle four deep around the sergeant-conductor and sang their Volga folk songs, their hands in their pockets—their grey astrakhan caps well back on their heads, keeping time as they swayed from foot to foot. It was strangely sweet and caressing music. These Volga folk songs have never been written. The airs are simply handed down from generation to generation.

"I slipped out into the street, nearly knocking over the old bun-woman sitting at the gate, beside a clothes-basket full of her wares. One of her kind

is always to be found near where soldiers lodge. And I bought a box of 'papierossi' (cigarettes). On my return all the boys held out their hands for some of my purchase—and soon the dark courtyard was bright with myriads of little lights flickering like glow-worms. 'We'll sing for you all night if you will give us papierossi,' said Alexie Afor—and willingly would I have stopped to listen.

"These are the men who are fighting as no other men can fight, obediently, willingly, unknown to all but their people 'up home'—a word which has, perhaps, greater significance in Russia than in any other country.

"Here in London, where streets are dark, and war news is dinned in our ears—and one is perplexed by much conflicting information, my mind travels back to the courtyard in Odessa—and to the singing soldiers who taught me how great a thing is simplicity. And I feel that could I see the Russian casualty lists I would scan them as eagerly as the British records—fearful for the danger, hopeful for the safety of Alexie Afor, Bootra Pavel, Little Gregor, and my other soldier friends from Samara—back on the Volga River."

There were many rumours going about in the late winter and early spring of 1915-16 as to Roumania. The frontier into Russia would be closed for six weeks at a time. Later on, many prominent Roumanians came to Odessa, on their way through to Petrograd on political missions. They all called at the British Consulate. The Bagges frequently entertained them at luncheon or tea, and often

invited me too. They are gay people, the Roumanians, so these parties were always lively. It was often suggested that I should go to Roumania. The suggestion became a reality—and to make things easier Mr. Bagge said he would arrange my passports for me. My spirit of adventure was aroused. And then I did want to know what Roumania was doing—and why.

For some months in Kiev the wildest speculations had been about. Just the same as in other countries. The frontier between Russia and Roumania had been closed! Why? Roumania was negotiating with Russia as to entering the war!—Roumania wanted Bessarabia back again! An alliance was being arranged between the Grand Duchess Olga, the Czar's eldest daughter, and the Crown Prince Carol of Roumania.—The contended point was—what would be the marriage settlement? Why, of course—the Czar would hand over Bessarabia with his daughter. So far so good. Then the human element came into these wholly manufactured fictions. The Czar had been to Roumania with his two eldest daughters, the Grand Duchesses Olga and Tatiana. Olga and Carol had seen each other—and she had protested that she found Carol too ugly. Then Tatiana had come forward and had said that she would sacrifice herself for her country, and marry the Crown Prince of Roumania. It had been added that Tatiana had not found him so plain. In fact, an affection was supposed to have come into being between these two. The real history of these proceedings I heard

later on in Bucharest. There is generally enough truth to start a story off, but where it will end is always the most unknown of questions.

I was sped from the Odessa station by several of the British Colony, on the night that I left for Roumania. Travelling had become more difficult. There were no sleeping-carriages on the trains. I tucked myself up in a corner and slept, awakening to find myself looking on to the Plains of Bessarabia. There was no restaurant-car on the train, and it was noon next day before we got to Kicheniev. There I procured some coffee and rolls. But surely, I thought, this was the quaintest city that I had ever seen! In all directions there were flat little bungalow types of houses. A crazy street seemed to run any way it liked, up from the station. A little *colline* (it could not have been called a hill) rose up at the end of this street. And on this stood out, almost like a New York sky-scraper, an enormous obelisked church.

But the foreground near the station was the strangest of all. There was quite a platform and something of a building. But, beyond these, there seemed to be a sort of farmyard. A cow was grazing undisturbed on a little patch of grass. Hens and chickens were cackling about, and just outside a fence a turkey was gobbling. Farther up the street were several pigs. I would much have liked to have had time to explore Kicheniev—and to have discovered whether humans or livestock were in the majority. But after about fifteen minutes' halt we were again on our way.

At three o'clock in the afternoon, we arrived at Ungheni, the then frontier town between Russia and Roumania. The train awaited us on the opposite platform. Porters and other men (on that side) were in Roumanian uniforms. This was a hopeful sign—we would evidently not be long detained. The train from Iassy to Bucharest left at 9.30 in the evening, and Iassy was less than an hour's journey away from Ungheni—there would be plenty of time to arrange everything. But I was sadly out in my calculations. There were only seven passengers going into Roumania. We were put into a large cold barn-like room. We all gave up our passports. I found only one person who could speak any language I knew. He was a Greek, and we talked French to each other. Greece was in disfavour with the Allies at that time—but, however, one had to speak to someone. Then the room began to fill up with a lot of cadaverous-looking people. They were Persians who had been carpet-dealers in Constantinople; as they were starving and without work they were being sent home *via* Roumania, Russia and the Caucasus.

But, as time moved on and no passports appeared, we began to get restless. The Greek told me that he was on a business trip, and that it was necessary for him to get the train at Iassy for Bucharest that night. I did not care very much whether I did get to the Roumanian capital the next morning or not. But I was very hungry—so I asked could I go along to the refreshment room and get something to eat. I was very peremptorily told

that I had to stop where I was. A little after five o'clock a much-uniformed Russian official came into the room with a packet of passports. We sighed with relief. The six other passengers for Roumania began to undo little pieces of paper. I asked what they were. "Had I not got one?" they queried. They had been given them when they gave up their passports. I argued to myself uneasily. Perhaps it was because I was British—we were favoured travellers. But I was really anxious. The official began calling out the names on the passports—but they were not ours. The Persians, who didn't care when they got to Asia, were being expedited first (seventy of them), and we were but seven—all foreigners in Russia.

I was persuaded after much triangular conversation (a Roumanian spoke to another who spoke to the Greek who spoke to me) to ask after our passports. I was so tired and hungry that I would have dared almost anything that in my right mind I would not have done. I went and knocked at an unsympathetic-looking door. A fierce-looking Russian soldier in a comic-opera type of costume, flung it open. I explained haltingly that it was getting late, and that we seven would like our passports. With a grunt he slammed the door. I think from that minute the seventy Persians kept every one of their one hundred and forty eyes upon me. They had never seen a female with such audacious conduct in their lives. They did not appear resentful, but rather sad, and greatly wondering what this extraordinary specimen would do next.

The door opened again with a cyclonic action, and banged, and the soldier came out with our passports. We were all smiling our satisfaction. But to my horror there were only six of them—mine was missing! Before I could even gasp, the door was opened and shut again. I had no passport—and, what was worse, no little white paper to claim it with. I knocked again. Again the same man opened the door to me. I explained that I wanted my passport. He said, “*Ne poygne mietsu*” (I do not understand you). To which I, almost in a fury of wrath, answered in French, English, a few Russian words and some gesticulations: I didn’t care whether he understood me or not, he was to give me my passport, it was mine—not his.

He went inside again, and, after perhaps ten very long and anxious minutes, returned with my passport. The Persians appeared to have become one body by this time. A solid mass of black clothes, black beards, and piercing black eyes, like some enormous nightmare, seemed to be watching me. I rushed towards the other six travellers, and we all made for the Roumanian train.

I had put my foot on a step to mount into a carriage when I felt a tap on my shoulder. I turned to find two soldiers with bayonet-fixed rifles. They signalled me to come with them. I looked at their implements and thought that I had better go quietly. Between them I was marched up a back stairway and into a bare and badly-lighted room. There was a deal table which looked about as big as a Liverpool wharf to my overwrought nerves.

Away off behind it, sitting down, was a Russian officer. Another officer with a malevolent look was making a hideous noise on a typing machine. There were several other men about.

I, with my guard, stood up in the middle of the room. I understood them to say that they had fulfilled the officer's orders. He quite politely invited me to sit down. I said I preferred to stand. One of the rickety chairs was put out for me. But all I did was to rest my hand on it, and to refuse all proffered courtesies. The officer spoke to me in Russian, and I in my turn said, "Ne poygne mietsu." He didn't believe me. But finally, in exasperation, sent for a man from the station. He came—a little person, delighted to show off his superiority—he could speak French! The typing officer must have thought he was beating a drum. His gymnastics were fantastic, and he kept leering at me as he took down pages of information about me.

"Where are you going to?" questioned the little man.

"To Bucharest."

"What are you going to Bucharest for?"

"To write." I was not out to be communicative.

"What are you going to write?"

"I don't know; I can tell you better when I have written it."

"What is your address in Bucharest?"

"The British Legation."

"Your usual address?"

"The British Legation; I have never been in Bucharest before."

They doubted this and had a heated conversation in Russian, in which I understood they were talking of hotels.

“Where will you stay in Bucharest?”

“I don’t know; you can find me through the British Legation.”

They were thoroughly put out with me. And I was told did I not say where I was going to stay—the train would leave for Roumania without me.

I did not know myself to which hotel I was going. I had been given a list of them and intended to go to each, until I found shelter. This list saved me. I had it with me. It was on British Consulate paper from Odessa. I said, “Here is a list of hotels I shall try for a room at. But you will be able to find me through the British Legation.” They talked again for a few minutes. The soldiers were ordered back, and between them I was conducted back to the train. I gave a nasty look to the Chef d’Orchestre of the typing machine, as I marched out of the room. My parrot-like repetition of the British Legation had thoroughly annoyed them. The typist was sure I was not British.

When I got into the train the Greek said to me, “I beg of you, Madam, to say nothing. You were quite right—but say nothing.” But just before we got to Iassy, I gathered from the six of them that the Greek had been asked who I was. His absolute disclaimer of any knowledge of me had only made them yet more suspicious. “Well, tell her,” they said, “that if she doesn’t stop talking we will keep her here for several days, until we find out who she is.”

It was a little after eight when we got to Iassy. I took a carriage and drove to the house of the only Englishman in that city—a Mr. Ifould, to whom Mr. Bagge had given me a letter of introduction. He and his wife were goodness itself. They came with me, arranged for my room in the best hotel—but what a one ! And left me with the promise to look after me the next day. And so I arrived in Roumania and slept the sleep of a naughty—but very, very tired child.

CHAPTER IX

ALTHOUGH Mr. Ifould had no official consulate position at Iassy—yet he looked after Britishers passing through that city. Nothing seemed too much trouble to him to help his own countrymen. He and his wife gave up the day to showing me about Iassy—and Mr. Ifould made all arrangements he could for my journey that night to Bucharest. But I was warned to expect discomfort. Roumania was very short of railway carriages and could get no more, they being supplied to them by the fighting countries, so Mr. Ifould reserved me a seat in a first-class compartment. The few “wagon lits” had been reserved weeks beforehand.

At nine o'clock he took me to the station, and saw me installed in the seat next to the corridor. I remarked that probably I would be alone in the carriage, and could therefore lie down. But Mr. Ifould advised me not to be so sanguine. Then the train began to fill up. Every one of the five other seats in my compartment was occupied, and every one of them by men. They were, however, a nice-looking lot, professional types, and one of them was an officer. Before he left Mr. Ifould spoke to them in Roumanian, telling about me, and asking for their courtesy. They indeed fulfilled the request.

In Roumania French is spoken by the educated people almost as much as the native language. My fellow-passengers talked French, and very volubly. They brought out sandwiches and wine, and we had quite a picnic. About midnight they thought of sleep—and, like all foreigners, were afraid of the “*courants d'air*.” The windows were seen to and bolted down, the corridor door was closed, and the curtains drawn over the light. I am sure that in ten minutes the whole five of them were sound asleep. I alone was awake—indeed, how could I have slept? For no orchestra was ever more persistent in its endeavours to make sound than were the breathing efforts of those five Roumanians! They hissed, they whistled, and they snored. The little cracks of light from the corridor enabled me to see sometimes their slumbering forms. They got more and more comfortable as the train sped on, and the air got stuffier and stuffier. I endured this for about three hours, then to my horror I noticed that the man next to me had changed the course of his head. It was coming my way! Soon it would have been on my shoulder. I got as far into my corner as I could, but, just before that insensible person deposited his head beside mine, I jumped up. Down he went, on to my pillows, still sleeping!

I opened the door cautiously and crept out. At the end of the corridor I saw a huddled-up figure in picturesquely-embroidered clothing. A sort of *bandanna* handkerchief seemed to contain his worldly goods. An enormous umbrella was propped up

against the wall. He was a Roumanian peasant who had only that day been called to military service, and had jumped on to the first train that he could get. I wondered then (and do even yet) why Roumanian peasants invariably carried umbrellas. I never saw a peasant, especially a man, without an umbrella.

Dawn had begun to creep up in the west, and I looked across the plains to the Transylvanian Alps on the horizon. If I could not sleep, at least I could have air. About five o'clock the officer came out and talked to me. He asked me many questions as to the reason of my visit, and advised me whom to meet. He remarked that of course I would see the Queen. I replied that I thought it highly improbable. I did not then realise how accessible Roumanians are, and how very much the Sovereigns had acquired the characteristics of their people. The officer spoke to the sleeping peasant, who jumped up immediately in compliance to the questioner. I learned then of their simple and innocent type of nature. A people of great beliefs in myths and fairies—of love of their children, and unquestioning obedience to their superiors. The peasants I found in all countries the most interesting class of people.

We got to Bucharest early the next morning, and I drove immediately to the first hotel on my famous list. I did not need to go further—at the Imperial I found shelter. But, as it was being renovated, the restaurant was closed. Except for "petit déjeuner" I should have to have my meals

out. All I wanted was rest. I did not attempt to let any of my acquaintances know that I was there until the evening, I just slept the whole day. Two of the Roumanians whom I had met in Odessa said they were coming to take me out to dinner. It was a good thing that I had had sleep during the day—for they took me to many restaurants and to a Cabaret show, it was midnight before I returned. They burst in upon a small dinner-party at Capsa's (the famous restaurant) just to introduce me to the diners. Everywhere we went they seemed to know everybody there. I met many people, and I wondered had I ever lived anywhere else. I learned right off of the gaiety of Bucharest. When I would do as others did—drop into Capsa's about eleven in the morning—I was always greeted by several acquaintances—there for the same reason as I—to have a glass of excellent Madeira, or a before-lunch "aperitif," as they called an appetiser.

I asked many people if they knew Madame d'Ostojá. I had lost her address, and had not heard of her for nearly a year. Most of them knew her, but seemed uncertain where she lived. However, my asking for her led to her finding me. I had only been in Bucharest for three days when she burst into the Imperial Hotel. I was to leave immediately, and go to stay with her. She would not hear of any argument. But for a while I prevailed. I knew that housekeeping was very difficult then in Roumania, so many commodities, like sugar, were almost unobtainable. I said that I would be so glad if she would go out to meals with me, but that I

could not impose myself upon her. She didn't seem quite to understand me, but took no umbrage at my refusal.

But in the end I did go and stop with her for a fortnight. Such a delightful time I had! and Madame d'Ostojă kept me up to seeing everybody that I should. She had a tremendous energy, and was very kind. The houses in Bucharest are of dazzling whiteness, and all stand in their own individual grounds. Madame d'Ostojă had one of these houses, a small one, hardly a bungalow—yet it was all on one (but a much-raised) floor. Except for two bedrooms, the other five rooms in her domain were in a row, one was entered from another. The domestics slept in a little building across the garden, and wore peasant costumes.

I was soon infected with the enthusiasm of these Latin people. The Roumanian sky always seemed to be very vividly blue. I felt gay and energetic—I never had such a round of meeting people in so short a time. The first, and for me the most important, was with Monsieur Take Ionescu. I telephoned to him and asked would he give me an interview. He fixed an appointment for six o'clock that night. I went to his charming home in the Strada Atena. I felt immediately when I got inside that I was in England. I was soon shown into the room of the great European statesman. He got up and came over to greet me, speaking the most perfect English, dressed in immaculate English-looking clothes, a monocle gleaming on his waistcoat. I could not but wonder at it all.

We had a talk, and I gathered (and have since always had what I learned then as the basis of my continental ideas) that Monsieur Ionescu was a great believer in one policy. That the only safeguard for European peace is a friendship between England and France—that France represents the brains and England the sound common sense of Europe. That, because the characteristics of the people of these two countries are so widely divergent, they, in unison, make a complete whole. If these two countries cannot be friends—then the unrest in other nations is bound to lead to trouble. As they, in their international relations, would have to follow either France or England—and a breach commenced would quickly widen. Whereas, if only in foreign policy these two great countries could agree, others would fall into line with them. So that such a combination would always be irresistible, and helpful in European diplomacy.

We were interrupted by a knock on the door, following which a lady entered the room. M. Ionescu said, "Ah, Bessie! here is a countrywoman of yours." And then I knew why the atmosphere was English. Madame Ionescu was English herself. "Miss Boulton must stay for dinner," said M. Take, and Madame warmly seconded him, and took me under her wing. Madame Take Ionescu, "Bessie," as I came to think of her, as her husband's every remark seemed to end with, "Isn't that so, Bessie?" was a wonderful woman. Very gentle, kindly, but very assured where initiative and tact were necessary. Her work for the English prisoners of war in Bulgaria

(helped by the British women in Bucharest) was really efficacious. From Roumania some comforts managed to penetrate into the neighbouring enemy country.

At dinner I sat between Monsieur and Madame Ionescu. Some wonderful portraits of my host and hostess were on the walls. They insisted on showing me all over the house, and begged me to make myself quite at home there. I was greatly touched and elated by the cordiality I received all the time I was in Roumania.

I then called at the British Legation, and met the Minister, Sir George Barclay. Lady Barclay was an American, and very handsome. I went several times to have tea with them. I asked Sir George if he would try and arrange for me to have an interview with the Prime Minister, Monsieur Bratiano. Sir George told me that this was the most difficult request I could put to him. M. Bratiano would not see journalists. His attitude had always been of the most sphinx-like. However, had I stayed longer in Bucharest I would have succeeded in meeting him. I did hear him speak in the Roumanian Chamber of Deputies. A very plain but extraordinarily clever and interesting-looking man. I did not wish, however, to be importunate, and perhaps I cared less because I realised that M. Bratiano would have told me nothing. He never has been informing to anyone. But I pieced together all I heard of him, and, I think, formed a pretty accurate judgment of him.

Monsieur Take Ionescu gave me a letter to

Monsieur Nicholas Filipescu, who had just been on a political mission to Russia. He told me that he was quite satisfied with all that he had seen, and that Monsieur Stuermer had been very agreeable. One can feel very well disposed to a turkey that one hopes to feast upon at the first opportunity. The only way for Roumania to get munitions from us was by way of Russia, and many Roumanians feared Russia. I told Take Ionescu what I thought of Stuermer, and he chaffed me, saying, "Why, you talk like Marghiloman." That settled it for me. Many people had advised me that I should meet Marghiloman, the Germanophil. I decided to do so.

In Roumania at that time there were four political parties—the Liberals, who were then in power, Monsieur Bratiano being Prime Minister; the old Conservative party, whose leader was Monsieur Marghiloman; the new Conservative party, led by Monsieur Filipescu; and the Conservative Democrats led by Take Ionescu. Evidently for two years Monsieur Marghiloman had wavered in his opinion. It was apparent that he intended to be whatever M. Bratiano was not. I puzzled over this situation for some time, then I found out a reason. In Roumania divorces are easily obtained, and the situation arising out of this facility is a curious one. Society is comparatively small in its dimensions, so the divorcees meet each other again and again. Monsieur and Madame Marghiloman had obtained a divorce some years previously. Later Madame Marghiloman became Madame Bratiano, hence the

reason for the two men having opposing political opinions !

Take Ionescu and Nicholas Filipescu joined together in a sort of coalition to engender the idea of war on the side of the Entente. None of these parties really knew what Monsieur Bratiano intended. The Sphinx never said one unnecessary word.

The Military Attaché at the British Legation was then a Colonel C. B. Thomson. I had several chats with him. The impression I have of him is—a clever, keen and extraordinarily analytical-minded man, with a very nice and telling vocabulary which made his conversation agreeable to listen to. Yet in spite of this asset, I could not agree with all his findings. He seemed to spend much time in walking, and I imagine formed many of his ideas while on solitary promenades. One day, when he accompanied me back to Madame d'Ostoja's house, I said to myself, "Why, he doesn't walk, he prowls, and with the agility of a tiger." He constantly saluted passers-by. "Bonjour, mon Colonel," or "mon Capitaine," he would say, always appearing to know just who everybody was. He said to me, "Don't you make any mistake about it, Bratiano is as clever as a bag full of monkeys." He evidently still has the same idea, for in some articles he has recently written, called "Back from the Balkans," his opinion of Bratiano identified the writer to me.

But the changes since 1916 ! Colonel Thomson retired from military life after a brilliant career, and went into politics, finally making his pitch in the

Socialist camp. And as a Brigadier-General became the Secretary for Air in the MacDonald Cabinet. He is now Lord Thomson, being one of the three members of that Government to have been elevated to the peerage. Monsieur Take Ionescu, Monsieur Filipesco, and Sir George Barclay are no more. Yet still Monsieur Bratiano continues his activities. He goes out of power and abides his time—he knows that he will always come back again. It is undoubtedly brains that are the mainspring of his power—but I did not agree with Colonel Thomson that this is all. Bratiano's influence at Court is unassailable. Lady Barclay married again in 1920 Major-General de Candolle, who was at the head of the British Railway Mission in Roumania.

I went to see Marghiloman, and he spent over an hour trying to convince me that then, in the spring of 1916, the Germans had won the war. He quite convinced Madame d'Ostoja—who was with me—by his arguments. He said in time I too would tell him that he had been right. He was one of the richest men in Roumania, and had the finest racing stud in Southern Europe.

“ You must go to ‘ Albatros,’ my country place,” he said. Madame d'Ostoja would not hear of my refusing. Here was an opportunity that she had always wished for. I had to go. When we got back to her house there was a message for me to go to Take Ionescu's. When I arrived at the Strada Atena I found him greatly agitated. He had heard that I had been to Marghiloman's. “ You mustn't believe a word he says,” he commanded me. “ But

I found him very interesting," I replied; "really more interesting than you." Monsieur Take was much upset, but I soothed him by saying, "You see, what you have to tell me is tame because I agree with it all—now I agree with nothing that Monsieur Marghiloman said." He picked up the telephone on his table and asked for the French Legation. In a moment he was talking to the Minister—"C'est vous, mon ami? Bon! J'ai devant moi une Anglaise, une journaliste, elle était chez Marghiloman, il avait l'impertinence de la dire——"

I left him with the assurance that I would let him read any article of mine that he wished to, before I sent it off. He was quite pacified.

I received a message also inviting me to the British Legation the next day for tea. There were just Sir George and Lady Barclay, Colonel Thomson and myself. Sir George was as agitated as Take Ionescu had been, and he tried to dissuade me from going to Albatros. If I wanted a little fun I only had to say "Marghiloman," and I got it.

It was a lovely day that Madame d'Ostoja and I had in the country. Before we went I received a card, written on as follows:

"CHÈRE MADEMOISELLE,

"Chargé par mon Patron j'ai le plaisir de vous communiquer que tout est arrangé pour votre visite à Albatros et la voiture vous attendra à la gare. Agreez, chère Mademoiselle, mes salutations distinguées.

"PANAITI WYZANTI,

"*Avocat.*

"*Secrétaire de S.E. M. Alexandre Marghiloman.*"

What trouble that little card was to me later ! We were met at the station by the manager of Albatros, an American. We drove about the country. Saw all the beautiful highly-bred race-horses. We were fed sumptuously, and were shown into the suite of rooms that the Queen uses when she visits Albatros. Would we not stay at least until the next day ?—but I was firm. Bucharest was too interesting, and there was yet so much for me to do there.

But I cannot go on without telling of Nick. He was the serving-man on my floor of the Imperial Hotel, and a deserter from the Austrian Army—one of the many Transylvanians whose sympathies were all with their own people in the hope they had had for a thousand years—that of belonging to the same fold as those other Romans who had settled in Wallachia and Moldavia, when driven south-eastward by Turkish domination in Budapest. Nick had sent his wife and daughter into Roumania at the outbreak of war, but his son had not been able to leave Transylvania. And Nick was grieving.

Having been some years before in the United States, he thought that he could speak English. It was a laborious affair ; his utterances sounded more like Chinese than anything else. But I wanted to hear of Nick's experiences in the enemy's army, and he wanted to tell me, so, scratching his head, he said, " I say you, Missus, you talk too much upstairs language." I then mentioned " German " to Nick, and that started him swearing, and I had no further doubts as to what he wanted to say. " The

blankety-blanks put we Romans in front. We all get wounded—killed. I fight Lemberg. I get two wounds. I run away. I find my woman—but my boy, Alexandre, he sixteen year—he in Transylvania.”

Never have I heard such a flow of execration as came from Nick. He started off quite calmly, but ended in a high crescendo of blasphemy. If he found me writing he would come and thump on my table, saying—“ I say, you, Missus, write this . . . ”

And he told me : “ I send money for my boy but they not let him come, the blankety blank blanks. I, forty-seven year. I work thirty-one year. I get me nice farm. I now got notting. Soon I fight with Romanie. If I find my Alexandre killed, I anarchist, I go Vienna. I shoot Emperor. I get Hungary mens. I cut their arm. I put in pepper. At night I cry, and my woman say, ‘ Why you cry, Nick ? ’ I say, ‘ I no cry, I got sore eye.’ ” A nice person was Nick.*

One day when I was at the Take Ionescus’ I met a very deaf man. This was Bouchier. I write “ Bouchier ” because I never heard anyone call him Mr. Bouchier. He had been for nearly thirty years the London *Times*’ correspondent in the Balkans. Before taking up journalistic work he had been a master at Eton. Bouchier had one ardent opinion, and to it was ever faithful. And that was his wish to help Bulgaria. He did not care if I did go and see Marghiloman, or what I wrote. All he

* From The *Bystander*.

wanted was to tell me about Bulgarians. "But they are on the wrong side," was his complaint. Yet he loved them. So he came over to Madame d'Ostoj's to instruct me as to that country. He talked much to me about Eastern and Western Roumelia. And as he never tried to hear me—I just had to listen to him.

Eastern Roumelia had been settled, Western Roumelia had not. It has been said of Bouchier that he had been the *raison d'être* for many picnics, at which even Royalty attended. Anything to get him into vast wastes of land, where no one could hear what state secrets were being screamed at him. Bulgaria, little renegade and isolated country, does not at least forget its best friend. Bouchier passed into eternity a few years later, and that corner of the Balkans felt his loss deeply. And a Bulgarian postage-stamp bears a photograph of their champion on it.

I also met several Roumanian editors in Bucharest; they were very helpful to me in giving me copy for my articles. Especially so was Monsieur Constantin Mille, editor of *Dimineata*, one of the leading Roumanian journals. A masked ball was given by the Press Association during my visit to Bucharest. Monsieur Mille, as president of this society, invited me to his box. Confetti and favours were showered upon us. I lived in a whirl of excitements—balls, restaurants, interviews. I enjoyed the brief respite I was having from the pain and weariness of the strife in other countries.

There was one experience, however, that I did

not greatly enjoy—but I felt I had to go through with it, because of Take Ionescu's kindness to me. He wished me to see his brother, a famous surgeon, perform an operation. Dr. Thamas Ionescu was the pioneer of "spinal analgesia," not alone for operations on the lower part of the body—but even for surgical work on the head. They regretted that there was no one just then with a skull needing to be trepanned. However, the two operations that I did see in the clean little operating-theatre in a Bucharest hospital were quite bad enough for me. One was particularly gory—a right breast was removed, cancer having made this necessary. The other was a lesser operation : a goitre was eliminated from a woman's neck. Dr. Ionescu talked to the patients all the time. He injected stovaine, tropacocaine, or novocaine with strychnine—just at the back of the neck, in the upper part of the spine. The patients felt nothing, and were quite conscious throughout the operation. Madame d'Ostoja enjoyed being an onlooker—I did not.

As so many people had advised me to try and meet the Queen—on the Sunday before the Thursday when I intended to begin my return journey to Russia—I left a note at the Royal Palace in Bucharest. It was addressed to the Court Chamberlain, asking him to arrange, if possible, an audience with Her Majesty. This palace in Bucharest, right in the heart of the city, is used mainly for state functions. The Royal family live at Cotroceni, about ten miles out of the capital. On the Tuesday following a policeman type of soldier delivered an

envelope for me, with the widest of mourning borders on it. Queen Elisabeth of Roumania (also known as Carmen Sylvia) had died but a few weeks before. Beside my name on the envelope in the corner was, "Service de la Dame d'Honneur de S.M. la Reine de Roumanie." Inside was an equally wide black bordered card on which I read the following :

D'ordre de Sa Majesté La Reine j'ai l'honneur
d'informer Mademoiselle

ROSAMOND BOULTBEE

qu'elle sera reçue en audience au Palais de Cotroceni
le Mercredi, 23 Mars, 1916, à 2 hres.

HÉLÈNE E. MAVRODI.

Tenue : Deuil avec
voile de crêpe.

Here was a bit of a poser for me. Mourning with a crêpe veil!—right down to my shoe-tops—and crêpe so expensive! But I thought of Madame Take Ionescu, and went to see her at once. She had been at the funeral services for the late Queen and lent me the veil she had worn on that occasion. The rest was easy. A small black toque, with this veil, made me look just like a widow. A black silk coat and skirt, black gloves, and I was complete except for shoes—any I had were too gay, or coloured. Leather was at such a premium just then—but I obtained suitable footwear, and was ready to go and see the Queen.

We hired a motor and Madame d'Ostoja drove out with me through the lovely country. Peasants in their bright-coloured costumes were tilling the



Her Majesty the Queen of Roumania.

land. The majority of the workers were women. We entered the gate, and drove for some distance up a winding roadway through a wood which reminded me of the Bois de Boulogne. Then the palace came into view, a most picturesque building forming three-quarters of the walls around a courtyard. A very galooned-clothed personage with knee-breeches, white stockings and black shoes, came out as we halted at the doorway. I showed him my card, and he waved his hand towards the entrance, still keeping the door of the motor open for Madame d'Ostojá. She nipped out and entered the palace with me, and looked where to wait, in the lower hall. But now other flunkeys were directing us, and she trotted up the great flight of stairs behind me whispering—" *Quel bonheur ! Moi dans le Palais !* " We were shown into an enormous room, with a highly-polished floor. Gold chairs and tables were in a row right around this salon. Many fine paintings were on the walls, and I thought—how should I ever be able to interview the Queen in there !

The door opened and a lady in trailing black clothes came forward. Would I follow her ? She led me up another flight of stairs and into quite a small room. As I entered I could hardly see it was so dark. This was caused by a massive carved wood screen which divided the room in half. When around this it was quite light, and I was told where to sit. I looked around the room. I was evidently in a little private boudoir of Queen Marie's. Such an intimate, charming place. A deep lounge in one corner had many snapshots pinned on to its draperies

—photographs of the Royal family—probably taken by the Queen herself. In front of the window was a big businesslike writing-table—apparently much used. Books, papers and photographs were all over it.

A door to the left from another room opened. The lady-in-waiting stood aside, and I stood by my chair. Queen Marie entered, her hand rested on the knob of the door. She was almost swathed in crêpe and looked wonderfully handsome. She wore a splendid rope of pearls around her neck, a huge pair of pearl ear-rings, and I noticed that she had on but one ring, the pearl in it being the same size as the ear-rings. She glanced at the lady-in-waiting and at me—then she held out her hand, saying, “I am very pleased to meet you.” I came forward and curtsied. As I did so I noticed that a squeak (which I had feared) sounded in those dreadful new shoes!

The Queen dismissed the lady-in-waiting, and gave orders for her motor to be ready for her in twenty minutes. She motioned me to sit down, and sat herself in the other large comfortable arm-chair. Then we began. I did remember I was talking to Royalty, but found it difficult. Queen Marie asked me many questions, and seemed almost envious of my travels. “What an interesting life!” she exclaimed. I found it quite easy to get her to talk of her children. She is a deeply devoted mother. It has been written of her that she is a great matchmaker—I doubt that. She might try to see that her children meet the right people, but even as late as 1918 Monsieur Take Ionescu, talking

to me in Paris of the morganatic marriage made by Prince Carol when he renounced all claims to the throne—said, “Our Sovereigns are too indulgent with their children, they are spoilt.”

The Queen first spoke of the proposed Russian alliance with her eldest son ; he was then unmarried. “Yes ! the Emperor did come to Constanza with his two eldest girls, Olga and Tatiana.” She was very curious to know what the outside world was saying. I told her all I could, and asked her as to the two Russian Grand Duchesses. The Queen continued, “We hoped that Carol and Olga would get attached to each other. But, after a day or two, I said to the Emperor, ‘It seems to me that it is Carol and Tatiana who appear to be mutually attached,’ and the Emperor replied, ‘It seems to me to be like that, too.’” Prince Carol, later on, according to the laws of Roumania, divorced his morganatic wife and married Princess Helen of Greece.

Then the Queen told me about her eldest daughter, the Princess Elizabeth. “It has been reported that she is engaged to Prince George of Greece, but Elizabeth cannot quite make up her mind——” I interrupted, “But, Madame, how charming to hear of Royalties being able to choose.” “I assure you,” she affirmed, “I have no intention that any child of mine shall make a distasteful marriage—we have hearts, you know, just like other people.”

I said that her eldest daughter had been spoken of as one of the possible princesses for the Prince of Wales, to which she quickly replied, “Oh, he is too

young—and Elizabeth has ambitions like I had. To be Queen of England means that one's position is assured, but to be Queen of Greece leaves plenty of scope for an active woman to help in the making of a country." I told her that the Prince of Wales had greatly developed since the outbreak of war. "In fact," I added, "since his return recently from Egypt he has been called 'The Brown Prince.'"

She pondered for a moment, then said, "I never thought of the Prince of Wales. Of course I would be glad if one of my girls were to marry him, but I know it won't be Elizabeth."

I told her how, on every side, I had heard how much she is beloved in Roumania. "Why, they tell me that you *are* Roumanians—no one will let one say that the King is German, and the Queen English." She laughingly replied, "You see, I was imported very young. The King and I together studied the people and their language. As for me, I feel that it is 'my country.'"

And she continued, "My husband and I are always excellent comrades; if we do not think the same about anything—we agree to disagree. . . . We lived at first in the palace in Bucharest. But I managed to get Cotroceni, which was an old monastery, and have much enjoyed converting it into a home."

Over half an hour since I had entered had passed. The Queen rose. She had previously been informed that her motor awaited her. As she stood up and held out her hand to me I began my curtsies, walking backwards. But those shoes squeaked like concertinas as I descended each time. When I got

to the screen that would hide me from the Queen I gave her one agonised look, and I saw almost a twinkle in her eye as she crossed the room, passing out of the same door that she had come in by.

And I turned and slowly walked out into the wide corridor. I thought, as I went downstairs, What a woman! What a Queen! And, above all, what a mother!—As she told me, she has great vitality and health. She has also great enthusiasm, and is full of *joie de vivre*. No! I don't believe Queen Marie is a matchmaker. She cherishes life and happiness too much for that. And where one loves, can one sacrifice the subject of one's affection? Much easier to sacrifice one's self—and Queen Marie deeply loves her children, and their welfare is her first aim.

CHAPTER X

I HAD told Sir George Barclay of my experience at Ungheni when entering Roumania. He thought it serious enough to make special arrangements for my return. He talked it over with Colonel Thomson and they decided that I should take a diplomatic *sac* with me—travelling as courier. But I was only going as far as Odessa, and the *sac* had to be addressed to the British Embassy at Petrograd. Also several people had just returned to the Russian capital as diplomatic couriers—so there was little more to send. However, a few letters were found and put into a holland linen *sac*, which was much tied up, and many good British seals were stuck on it. Mr. Bagge was telegraphed to, advising him to receive the *sac*—and to forward its contents.

I left in the evening, and that day Sir George Barclay had lunched at the Russian Legation. He told the Minister there what he was doing for me and asked him to give me some kind of Russian letter to show at the frontier. In this way I think I have—if not the last—almost the last document of this kind, signed by an Imperial Russian Minister in Bucharest. It was in April, 1916—and Monsieur Poklewski-Koziell, who was retiring as the Russian Diplomat's representative in a short time, was the

last. No successor (I believe) was appointed after him. The Legation was left in care of the *Chargé d’Affaires*. This document which is typed in the Russian characters—translates something like this: “This will be presented by an Englishwoman—Miss Rosamond Boulton, who is returning as a Diplomatic Courier from the British Mission in Bucharest to the British Mission in Petrograd. The Imperial Russian Mission in Roumania has been requested by the British Ambassador in Bucharest that you will accord all courtesies to Miss Boulton on her return voyage”—following with the Russian Minister’s signature.

So with several friends, and especially dear Madame d’Ostoya, to see me off—I began my return journey to Russia. I did feel important with my *sac*. I kept it inside my coat all the night. But there were but few travellers this time, and I had a “wagon lit” compartment all to myself. I again saw the Ifoulds at Iassy—and made a couple of purchases there which I knew would please some of my Odessa friends. Spirits were prohibited in Russia. Not so in Roumania—and a diplomatic courier is not searched.

Again I arrived at Ungheni, about three o’clock in the afternoon. I got off the train at the same station where I had had so much trouble about six weeks previously. But I was very confident now—I had the diplomatic *sac* in my hand, and a large smile on my face. Again I was taken up the stairway, but was not escorted by soldiers with bayoneted rifles. I walked into the same room, the same

officer was sitting behind the table. The same man was typing. But it all looked quite ordinary now to me—and not at all fearsome.

Everybody seemed pleased except the typist—perhaps he was disappointed, as probably he wanted me to hear another tune on his machine. A chair was put deferentially out for me—I consented this time to sit down on it. The senior officer was smiling—almost laughing at me from across the table. Not a big table either—yet the same as had appeared so monstrous to me before. Then he began asking me questions—but curiously they all seemed to know French now. Perhaps they had learned it while I was in Roumania. After several questions which sounded very familiar to me, I glanced over to the typing officer—I was no longer afraid of his leers, he had many papers beside his machine—I said to the officer who was interrogating me, “Why do you ask these questions? There is all the information you took down about me six weeks ago.” As I said this, the typist grabbed up the papers—and stamped out of the room.

The senior officer almost chuckled—got up and came around the table. He bowed, and offered to escort me out to the train. “Would Mademoiselle be returning soon?” he asked. I replied that alas! that was most unlikely, as I would be going back to England shortly. He remarked that this was regrettable, as I seemed to have had a very happy visit—and as for himself and the other officers at Ungheni, he could say how pleased they would be to facilitate my voyages into Roumania. I thanked

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him and said that I was sure what he said was true with the exception of the typist. "He would have preferred it had I been a spy." "Que voulez-vous?" was his reply. It was not an hour that I spent this time at Ungheni. I waved my hand to a saluting Russian officer—I was off again, going back to Odessa. I felt very content (I had been exonerated) I had met so many nice people—and the Ungheni incident had turned out to be such fun.

I arrived early in the morning at Odessa—and after breakfast I went officially to the Consulate. There I handed over the *sac* and my diplomatic papers to Mr. Bagge. I then went and got my letters. None had been forwarded to me while in Roumania. A packet of mail awaited me at the bank. I carried them back to my pension before opening them. I was stunned with the news that they conveyed to me. My eldest brother and my brother-in-law had both passed into the great beyond of rest. My little sister—the baby of our family—was a widow. And I—thousands of miles away—was of no use to any of them. The family group which had been eight—had diminished to four. My black clothes, worn to see a Queen, were now of use to me for everyday wear. I had to work. I was well—and felt vigorous. There was much to be done—best to do it.

I was in Odessa in time for Easter—the greatest religious feast in the Russian Church. For several days before I went to services in the cathedral and churches. On Maundy Thursday, the worshippers took bunches of box-plant with lighted candles in

the centre. These held high made the interior of God's house look like a fairy forest. And from over these symbols and flickering lights wafted (in the Odessa cathedral) the singing of the organless choir, with responses occasionally from the congregation.

On Easter Eve, at midnight, again was the building packed with worshippers. The Golden Gates were opened—"Christus vos Chris"—Christ is risen—announced the priests. But outside something happened that Easter for the first time. Always on that Eve, simultaneously with the opening of the Golden Gates, the cross on the cathedral spire flashed out in lights the same message, "Christus vos Chris." For miles in the surrounding country it could be seen. But, the previous Easter Eve, the *Goeben* had been waiting for the flash—the enemy had intended to destroy the worshippers in the house of prayer. By a miracle that night they had been saved. But, until war was over, no such risk could again be taken.

At Easter masters and servants all joined in the festivities. Food was prepared in large quantities—enough to last for three days for household and visitors. Enormous roasts were prepared from which everyone could help themselves. Piles of plates were put on the tables—no cleaning up would be done until after the feast. The Russians did everything in a big way—"For who knows of the morrow?" might express them all. Gay and happy for the moment, serious and fatalistic in the aftermath of revelry.

I left Odessa early in May. I was reproached

for being so seemingly happy about it—but why should I have been sad? I had left so many places with a heavy heart—but not Odessa—for I had nothing but happy memories to carry away with me of my visit—and of the kindness of the friends I had made there. I stayed a few days again in Kiev, saw my friends, especially the seven governesses and the bank directors. Then I left for Moscow, the most Byzantine of Russian cities.

I wonder if it is possible to describe the heart of Moscow—the Kremlin! To everyone who has seen it it must have its own interpretation—but to those who have not, can a real impression of it be conveyed to them? For me, my mind went immediately back to my childhood's days—to the time of my "hows" and "whys," and to fairy-tales—I remembered my favourite hero in the past—by name Rumpelstiltskin, he of the seven-league boots—I envisioned a picture-city upon which the sun was shining—its roofs were steepled and obelisked, and brilliantly golden. A grim stone wall protected it from invasion. But Rumpelstiltskin was restrained by no fortifications—he had to get to the next city, many miles away. So all he did was to put on his seven-league boots, and to step out of one fairy city into another—across mountain and plain, river and forest.

The Kremlin was to me my memory's picture in reality. And when inside its fortifications, I felt that I was right away from the untidy Moscow of outside. Streets, buildings and churches all there, within. I crossed over to the open square and

looked over the parapet. The Moscow river was serenely flowing past, below. Just over the buildings on the other side were trees, and what seemed to be open country beyond—The City of Rumpelstiltskin! the fairy dwarf of my childhood's fancy. But to me the most cherished bit of the Kremlin was the exquisite little church, the Uspensky Sabor. There the Czars of Russia were crowned, and also, I think, christened and married. I asked what was the meaning of the name, and was told, "It is the Church of the going to sleep of the Virgin."—I thought this over—I was beginning to understand the Russian's way of expressing things. "Is it 'The Church of the Assumption'?" "Yes," I was answered. "The Virgin never died, she just passed.—She went to sleep."

I found a charming home to live in, in Moscow, with a Russian gentlewoman, and her three daughters. Beside myself there was a Polish lady whose husband was a General, then at the front. And a very fashionable young woman came in twice a day for meals. She puzzled us two pensionnaires not a little. She seemed to have plenty of money, and said she was French. But her accent was anything but French, and she made many mistakes in the genders. She did not like our speaking English at table—which all but she understood. So we, out of deference to her—spoke French. She had rooms near-by. Never did she go to see any of the French Community in Moscow. At first we thought that perhaps she was a Swiss—but after about a fortnight we felt convinced that she was



Uspensky Sabor in the Kremlin in Moscow.

German. Our conversations from then on were very difficult, and very guarded. This annoyed her. She began giving us information about the Imperial family; it was astonishing what she knew—and how perverted was her knowledge. But we—in the house were a happy party—and I did not allow the aggressive little German to worry me for long—I knew nothing about anybody.

I loved Moscow. Its barbaric atmosphere delighted me. I went to those picture-galleries that were open—and to the theatre. I have been to theatres in many countries (London, Paris, New York, Rome and other cities), but never have I seen such productions as those at the Moscow Art Theatre. I went only twice. Once when Maeterlinck's *Blue Bird* was given. The other time I saw Tchegov's *Autumn Violins*. I believe the Art Theatre was of Tchegov's instigation. My knowledge of Russian was very elemental, but that did not prevent my revelling in the marvellous acting. In *Autumn Violins* Madame Tchegov herself took the leading part. I was unconscious of the audience when there was a party on the stage, I felt that I was a guest—never have I so forgotten the outside world as at that theatre.

The actors I believe only did one part (or one type of part), they were chosen for this because of their suitability. They received a yearly salary—not a big one—and could be called upon to play their part when required. Between times they were able to pursue other occupations. I talked of this theatre to Mr. Lockhart, the British Consul at Moscow. He

had studied its methods very closely—and was enthusiastic about them. After the revolution was declared Mr. Lockhart remained as the British representative. He was imprisoned in the Fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul, and only escaped with his life by the British holding the Bolshevist Ambassador in London, Monsieur Litvinoff, until an exchange of these two men was effected.

At the time of Kitchener's death, four hundred British soldiers were in Moscow (on their way to the fighting in the Caucasus) with armoured motor-cars. Commander Locker Lampson was in charge. These soldiers were enthusiastically received in Russia, and they all crowded into the Church of St. Andrew for a memorial service to the great English Field-Marshal. There were but few outsiders there; but just before the service began, Mr. Lockhart, in consular uniform, came down the aisle to the entrance. He then escorted up to the front seat a quiet-looking lady in grey nun's costume. With her was a splendid young officer in Imperial regimental uniform. It was the Grand Duchess Elizabeth and her nephew, the Grand Duke Dimitri—who later on helped to rid the world of Rasputin.

I thought that I would try to meet the Grand Duchess, so I wrote to the secretary of the Order of St. Martha and St. Mary and asked might I see the institution. I got no answer for over a week, and I made my arrangements to leave for Petrograd early in July. Then I got a telegram telling me to present myself at the Order of St. Martha and St. Mary at three o'clock in the afternoon on the day

of my departure. I gave the isvortchik the address of where to drive me to. But he failed to understand me. Then I got one of the Russian girls from where I lived to come out and explain. But the man shook his head. Then she said, "Drive to Elizabeth Feodorovna's." And he exclaimed, as he began to speed up his horse, "Oh, to Elizabeth's! Why didn't you say that at first?"

The Russian custom of using Christian names (even when speaking to great people) puzzles outsiders. But it is their polite form of address. I could not understand, when I first arrived in Russia, what they meant. They never spoke of the Czar as such—nor of the Grand Duke Nicholas. They would say, "Nicholas Alexandrovitchy has taken over the command of the armies from Nicholas Nicholaivitch," which means, "Nicholas the son of Alexander," or "Nicholas the son of Nicholas."

My droshky took me briskly along, over the Moscow River, and into the poorer part of the city. We halted at a forbidding white stone wall. I opened an insignificant gate and went inside—where was I? Just a couple of feet away was a drab, untidy street—here was a little bit of heaven, surely! For in front of me at the end of a neat pathway—was a plot of the very greenest of grass. Here and there were beds of the most purple of pansies. And in all directions were buildings of a dazzling creamy whiteness. I went into a doorway indicated to me, and was greeted by a pleasant-faced sister, who asked me to sit on a bench and talk to her. We were thus engaged, when another sister came in almost

hesitatingly. They spoke in Russian, the first sister left us—and the Grand Duchess Elizabeth Feodorovna, daughter of Princess Alice of England, sat down and talked to me.

She told me of her work—of her reasons for the work—of the twelve thousand odd poor who were helped daily. And she told me that she was very happy in the activities she had undertaken—of her sisters—of the Czar. And she asked—“Have you been in Scotland? Ah! how lovely it is—we used to visit our grandmother there every summer, as children.” I did not realise, until after I had gone, that she was speaking of Queen Victoria, and of Balmoral. She talked so simply and so unaffectedly that this time I absolutely forgot that I was talking to Royalty, and I demurred at taking up her time. But she replied, “Oh no! would you care to come around with me?” We went through the hospital wards—I almost wished that I were a wounded Russian soldier. And after our inspection we went into the chapel—a miniature Russian church, its altar encrusted with ikons. Above was a little balcony. I asked the Grand Duchess was a story that I had heard of her, true? And she told it again to me herself.

Her husband, the Grand Duke Serge, had been much interested in the pilgrims of Russia. “I don’t think any other country has pilgrims such as we have,” said the Grand Duchess. “They spend their lives visiting one shrine after another—but the Mecca of their pilgrimage is Palestine.” She continued telling me that her husband had instituted

the Palestine Society. When the pilgrims arrived in the Holy Land, they, being no longer in Russia, often had much difficulty during their stay as to housing. The Palestine Society endeavoured to obviate this difficulty.

After her husband's tragic death the Grand Duchess had herself taken up the leadership of this association. One day a service was about to begin in the little chapel in which we were standing. The Grand Duchess was in her usual place in the balcony above. An old peasant woman was making much commotion at the entrance door. She wished to see the Grand Duchess, but she was told that she must wait until after the service. However, this did not suit the old autocrat, and she cried out in a shrill voice, "Elizabeth told me that when I wanted her I was to come to her. I am going to Palestine. Here I am and I am going to see her." Hearing this, the great lady cried out as she ran down the stairs, "Here I am, little mother, I am coming!" And the peasant woman poured out her tale into the willing ears of the Grand Duchess.

We returned to the hall, and were joined again by the dear sister lady who had for a while left us. I was given many instructions as to what I was to do when I got back to England. I was to see the Grand Duchess's sister if possible there, the Princess Louis of Battenberg. "We were together in the Ural Mountains, on a holiday, when the war broke out," said the Grand Duchess. "We hurried back to Petrograd, and stayed at Tsarskoie Selo with our sister, the Czarina." Princess Louis returned to

England, the Grand Duchess to Moscow, and the Czarina stayed in the palace. Never were these sisters to meet again. Now of the three only the Dowager Marchioness of Milford Haven lives. Her cross has always seemed to me to be one of the greatest, but in this she is not alone, for the sympathy and affection of our own Royal family is so often evinced. At least, so I have felt as I have followed the succession of tragedies since I left Moscow.

While we were talking an elderly Russian officer walked in. He was introduced to me as the Governor of the Kremlin, the successor to the Grand Duke Serge. The Grand Duchess held out her hand, saying good-bye, and left, as also did the sister lady. The Governor of the Kremlin gave me his card, on it I read :

LE PRINCE ODOEVSKY-MASLOW.

AIDE-DE-CAMP GÉNÉRAL.

Tuteur Honoraire.

Chef de L'Administration de la Cour Impériale à Moscou.

He offered to show me the treasures of the Kremlin. The Museum and other buildings were closed during war-time. But it was too late. I had to leave for Petrograd that night. The Prince told



The Grand Duchess Elizabeth, wife of the Grand Duke Serge of Russia.

me, "Write to me when you are returning to Moscow, and I will show you over the Kremlin myself." I felt sure that I would return—I had no regrets in not being able to see it then. I have never thought of that day since that I have not wished that I had been able to go over my fairy city with its Governor Prince.

As I drove back across the river the Kremlin towers were sparkling with the sunshine which had just burst through the clouds after a summer shower. My last glimpse was the best I had. I had just come from the sunshine of a great presence—there was a song in my heart, the world seemed good to live in.

But things are not always what they seem—disillusion comes swiftly. I arrived in Petrograd the next day. I heard much of Stuermer, I felt that there was evil in the Government's intent. I tried to meet one leading politician. I had had his speeches translated to me ever since my arrival in Russia. This was Professor Paul Miliukoff, of the Moscow University, and leader in the Duma of the Constitutional Cadet party. He had always seemed to me to be a friend of Britain. However, my quest was unsuccessful, because we never were both in the same city at the same time.

I went again to the Embassy—Sir George and Lady Georgina Buchanan were busier than ever. I prepared for my return to England. For three days and three nights I travelled again through Finland and Sweden, and arrived at Stockholm. When I got to the Hotel Anglaise, I telephoned to

the British Legation. I spoke to Sir Esmé Howard, the Minister himself—"I have a letter for you from Sir George Buchanan," I said. He asked if I could come to the Legation at once. I replied that I had only just arrived, and was very tired, and arranged to go the next day.

What a lovely home the British Minister to Stockholm has—right on the banks of a lake, and the house is new and very charming. Sir Esmé Howard was delightful to me, and arranged that I should lunch there the following day. He promised to tell me then about Sweden. At luncheon I met Lady Isabella Howard, the Italian wife of the Minister—how much I had to thank her for later! Lady Isabella told me that should I go to Italy I must let her know, and she would write to some of her family for me.

The history of this family is very interesting. Lady Isabella is a sister of the Prince Ginstiani Bandini, who is also (by a former prince's marriage to an English peeress) the Earl of Newburgh. When the Contessa Isabella married the then Mr. Howard, Attaché at the Rome Embassy, she took the English title to which she has right. Sir Esmé, although a relation of the Duke of Norfolk, was not a Roman Catholic. But he became one through the instructions of Cardinal Merry del Val—and is deeply devout in his religion.

After lunch Lady Isabella excused herself as she had another engagement. Sir Esmé, a Swedish-American who had also been a luncheon guest, and I went out on to the lawn, near to the

water's edge, and had coffee under the trees. And I heard much of Sweden's reasons for and against the war. Since then (1916) Sir Esmé Howard has been one of the advising representatives at the Peace Conference, afterwards he became the British Ambassador to Madrid, leaving there to occupy the same post at Washington. I met several prominent Swedes—I was much entertained during my short visit, motored over to the Islands and about Stockholm—a really beautiful city. The people have a capacity for enjoyment and gaiety second to none.

I left Stockholm travelling by day to Christiania. How different are the people of these two countries! The Norwegians are so solemn—and seem to have none of the Swedish lightheartedness. Living in mountainous country must make one thoughtful. Again I went to Bergen by day. The scenery on this trip is much more magnificent than that between Stockholm and Christiania. I spent a night at Bergen. I had planned to get down to the ship early the next morning—before the train-load of passengers came in from the East.

There were many formalities to go through and several Consulate offices to pass, right down on the wharf—but I was the first arrival. An elderly, rather heavily-built man was there, the same time as I. I was rather put out that everywhere he was attended to first, and seemed to have no trouble. He held his passport out, and I saw "Membre de la Duma Russe." I thought, "Bother the member of the Russian Duma!"

The British Consulate men could not see why I

would not return to Canada from Bergen ! I saw differently. Finally I went on board. All the way over to Newcastle the North Sea behaved as only it can in a tempest. It was not until early morning several days later in the harbour that I came again on deck. There were several smart-looking French and Russian women on board—they were laughing and talking to an Englishman. The member of the Russian Duma was near-by. The Englishman annoyed me so by the information he was vouchsafing—I asked him some questions. He came from the Midlands, and had evidently been making pots of money selling motor-cycles in Scandinavian countries. What upset him apparently was that, by the following November, he could get no further exemption from the Army. He roared at me, " If Sir Roger Casement was hung Lord Northcliffe should be burnt." I had been writing for the *Toronto News* (the editor was the London *Times* Correspondent in Canada, so I quibbled a little). " I am a journalist, and write for some of the Northcliffe people," I said. It was ludicrous the change in that man. For the several hours we were still on board he offered me every attention—especially wanted to carry my valises. But I did not need his aid.

The member of the Russian Duma addressed me, telling me that he had been very interested in listening to me—I was in a litigious mood. I asked him what he thought of his own country, with Stuermer as Prime Minister—and of what good was the Duma which could make no laws. I enjoined

him to see that the "mir" system was more developed—that of increasing small-holdings, but to make the peasants owners of their fields. He smiled and listened to me. Then I asked suspiciously, "Who are you, and what are you doing here?" He replied, "I am of no consequence, I am going to Cambridge to give some of their Extension lectures."

I was then called into the salon for inspection. All my papers were looked over. As they could not read the Russian and Polish writing on some of them, they called in the Duma man, and asked him to translate. He smiled inscrutably as he read some of my correspondence, and said, "They are only some instructions to help her learn Russian." I looked at him gratefully. Then the card from Monsieur Marghiloman's secretary attracted them. I was asked many questions, which I answered to the best of my ability. But Marghiloman's and Monsieur Panaiti Wyzanti's cards were not advisable ones for an Englishwoman to have. I was sent down to my cabin with a woman from Scotland Yard. Before her I had to undress. Every particle of my clothing was well examined—and then, in my right clothes, but an upheaved mind, I was allowed to go ashore.

A few weeks later I saw a familiar face in the pictorial newspapers. Underneath I read that the above was Professor Paul Miliukoff of the Moscow University, a member of the Russian Duma, who was in England giving lectures at Cambridge! It was my fellow-passenger. After a whole year spent in

Russia, during which time I had made every endeavour to see Professor Miliukoff—I had met him! But he had interviewed me! Not I him! There are times when the gods themselves must chuckle!

CHAPTER XI

It was good to be in England again. My absence had made me view the home country with satisfaction. Had I not everywhere seen the greatness of the British Empire's prestige? But I have since learnt that the farther away the better the perspective. As yet, however, I was content just to be back. The journey up to London was through a radiant country. There were no signs of havoc. I had arrived before my letters telling of my return, and was unexpected. Soon, however, my plans began to form. A room was found for me at Eastbourne. A friend of mine was Commandant of a big hospital there.

I was pretty discontented. Two years of war had passed. Everybody seemed so busy. I felt that the rest I had promised myself was something that one would rather not speak about—I had no right to be as tired as I was. But I was quite firm in one argument with myself—I would do no more writing. Journalism was finished for me. I wrote to Sir John Willison informing him of this decision on my part. Surely, I argued, I needn't bother about a few weeks. During that time I could make up my mind as to what I would do—for I had to be in things. I walked along Eastbourne's front—I

climbed up to Beachy Head. I saw nothing but busy people—or idle Tommies. But their blue uniforms proclaimed their right to this inactivity. I visited hospitals and camps—but was thoroughly out of tune. I felt stale and unprofitable. I was doing nothing—everybody else was doing so much.

However, in my rather humble lodgings I found a task—though to me it was a light one. The son of the house was fighting. I could listen to his parents. And so one day I got out a pencil, and on some scraps of paper I wrote of them. We will try to get away from ourselves only to find that we are turning round in a circle. Every attempt will prove to be a home run. I had found my work. I could not get away from journalism. In time I would begin again. And so I wrote as follows, but never published :

“THE BOY, MUM, AND DAD

“It was over a little fish-shop that finally I found shelter in Eastbourne. For never in its history had that resort been so crowded as the year of 1916. But I was honoured by being let ‘the Boy’s’ room. He—the only child—twenty years old—had volunteered when eighteen. Was there ever such a Boy? Hardly, I think. Anyway, from my little bed, in the clean little room, I looked up at the honest, manly young face whose enframed portrait decorated the wall on which I gazed.

“And the neat little garden was bright with brave-looking nasturtiums profusely in bloom.

Everything was brave about the small establishment. Father, Mother—no whining—and times are hard now; and there was no Boy to bring home his pound a week.

“ ‘ So it helps us, for me to keep a lodger or two, you see, Miss, even if it only pays for the Boy’s weekly box,’ said Mother. . . .

“ I became much attached to these kindly people who were suffering . . . Well, suffering as only those who have given their ‘ all ’ know how much.

“ Father was out at seven every morning taking round the breakfast orders, working twelve hours until supper-time. And there were no half-days weekly holidays for fish-shop keepers. And every Sunday Father was very smart in khaki, marching twenty miles with other ‘ Home Guarders,’ or having rifle practice, or whatever was the order for the Seventh Day, which was to him no day of rest. And one evening a week Father polished floors in a big hospital; and every convoy of wounded Father went to help in. Yes, Father was doing his ‘ bit.’

“ But no more so than Mother. Two afternoons a week Mother gave her services, an afternoon each to two hospitals, to mend clothes, or to wash and iron—heavy work indeed! And how Mother loved visiting days at hospital! And maybe the nasturtiums were picked to put beside the wounded Tommies’ beds! For Mother couldn’t afford to take cigarettes or sweets to them. But there was no visitor so welcome as the ‘ Boy’s ’ understanding, kind little Mother.

“ And Father bought one London half-penny paper

every evening, and the local paper also—‘It’s not for the interest in it, Miss,’ he explained to me, ‘it’s to see the local casualties.’ . . .

“With my morning cup of tea Mother would bring me the papers, and letters, and quite often—for she knew I was interested—she would greet me with almost a song—‘Got a letter from the “Boy.”’ Such nice letters which ran like this :

“ ‘DEAREST MUM AND DAD,

“ ‘My box arrived yesterday with everything I wanted, and a letter from Mum. Letters from home are worth getting, I can tell you. No grumbling. No asking when the war’ll be over. As if *I* knew! Perhaps some day I’ll be able to show you how much I appreciate how kind and good you’ve been to me . . .’

“And some days a field-card with all marked out but “Am well” and “Letter following at first opportunity,” would come. That weekly box was a joy to behold! How so much was got into it I never could tell—four rosy apples, cocoa-milk-and-sugar tablets, thirst-quenching tablets, medicine tablets, sometimes a razor, or a brush, or any special request from the ‘Boy’ himself. Always a newly-knitted pair of socks. In one toe Mother always hid a shilling. Surely the ‘Boy’ would squeal with surprise every week when he found that carefully-hidden silver!

“And Father’s donation was always cigarettes, and every corner of the box was packed and filled

up with Mother's own make of small cakes. I always liked cake-baking day, for one or two of the tasty results found their way to my room.

" ' We like being busy,' said Mother. ' It keeps us from thinking, you see. . . . '

" And then one morning Mother entered my room. Not being awake, I was startled and said, without thinking, ' Oh, good ! Some mail for me. '

" But Mother put up the blind and I saw her face.

" ' The " Boy's " wounded,' she said.

" Time had blunted one's glib words of sympathy but not one's feelings—I could say nothing. But Mother saw how sorry I was and said, ' I'll go and get the card,' and came back to show it to me.

" Yes ! The ' Boy ' was wounded. Perhaps it was best, for another day or two and they might have killed him. Now there is a good chance that shortly he'll come to ' Blighty,' and Mum and Dad would go and see him. I said to Father—who seemed to need very often to come into the kitchen from the fish-shop that day—' But you won't go to see him in hospital, will you ?—You wouldn't leave the shop surely ? '

" ' Just give me the chance,' said Father. . . .

" But then I asked myself why should this boy—this being so precious to two other beings—be punctured by German bullets ? What had he done, even if saved, to be made an old man of at twenty ? It was the cry of every Mother in the world that woke me that morning with—' The " Boy's " wounded.

" Is there anything too good that we can do for these boys ? Yes, I know Premiers say—' We take

the responsibility.' But do they take the punishment?

"We must not lose sight of our first great aim—Germany must be beaten. But God grant that it may be done with less suffering than has been up to now. . . .

"I've just heard! The 'Boy' is back in 'Blighty' and Mum and Dad have left the fish-shop and the kitchen, even the nasturtiums, and have gone to him."

In September I returned to London, much happier yet undecided as to what to do. But of course!—I would go to Italy. In my impulsive inspirations I never thought of any deterrent to my schemes. I wrote to a Toronto paper of my proposed trip—and asked would they care to have me write for them. I thought I had better write to Princess Louis of Battenberg. Perhaps she would like to hear of her sister. I received an answer saying that the Princess would be in town for a few days, and that, if I were there also, she would like to see me. As the note gave me the address of where she would be staying—I left an answer there saying I was at her disposition, and would call when she commanded.

However, I found a telephone message at my club, saying that the Princess Louis of Battenberg would call on me there at eleven—the next morning. I arrived early and asked the secretary if there was any room which I could have, and told her who my visitor was—I felt that the Princess did not wish to be received with ceremony. Punctually she arrived,

and with her was her husband, Prince Louis. He (after a few words with me as to the time he had spent in Canada) left. I began to lead the way to the stairs. But the hall porter, an ex-soldier, with a tremendous dignity—was not allowing that. He knew who my guest was, as he had taken the telephone message. He put out a commanding arm, directing us to the lift, and saw us to the corner of the lounge which had been allotted to me. Princess Louis chatted very happily of her sisters—of her own family—she was just as unassuming and simple as the Grand Duchess Elizabeth had been. And when she left walked quietly out into the street—telling me that she had some shopping to do in Bond Street.

I began to find England depressing, and London so very dark. The obscurity was not only from extinguished lights, but also from the scarcity of information obtainable. And most people doubted even that little. Everyone seemed to be overdoing, and under-estimating what they did. They did not appear so interested in other countries as the people of those countries were interested in us. They were doubting, yet undaunted—depressed, yet self-assured. Their capability of sacrifice was immense—and their self-depreciation colossal and hard to understand. The British character is very complex, especially if considered in contrast to that of foreigners.

Roumania had come into the war with us. I wished that I could be back in Kiev to say “I told you so” to my bank director friends. I wished I could do the same to Monsieur Marghiloman. But

the news that came from that sentinel country of the Balkans was alarming. I followed every move with apprehension. I had heard, from Take Ionescu and Monsieur Filipescu, that springtime was best for Roumania's entrance. That would be the Hungarian harvest-time; and the Central Powers were very dependent on corn and horses from Hungary. Yet I had great hopes. Then Bucharest fell into enemy hands. The Government had moved to Iassy. Marghiloman had remained to meet the invaders, who made him Prime Minister in the conquered country. It was a dark period.

About this time a friend introduced me to Mr. Carmichael Thomas, the principal shareholder in three journals—the *Graphic*, the *Daily Graphic*, and the *Bystander*. Mr. Thomas suggested that I should meet the three editors. I first met Mr. Bulloch of the weekly *Graphic*. We both agreed that it was hardly a publication that I could write for. But Mr. Bulloch was very cordial, and told me that if I thought of anything suitable, to send it to him. I then met Mr. Vivian Carter, of the *Bystander*. He and I argued a bit, then he told me to write a couple of articles on Bucharest. I did so. Then I saw who I thought was a Mr. Hutchinson of the *Daily Graphic*. He told me that, when I went abroad again, he would be glad if I sent some articles to his paper. I left with a palpitating heart. Surely Fleet Street was the nicest place, I thought—and so easy to get into. Of course I knew that my experiences were my asset, and especially having so recently been in Roumania, which country was then so conspicuously to the front.

I sent in my articles to the *Bystander*, and went to Cambridge for a few weeks. There it was easy to get lodgings. I found vacated students' quarters, and was never more comfortable in my life. A good lady to look after me—a fire in my sitting-room—I was very well pleased. And it was in Cambridge that I had a new sensation. I had been writing for two years—but I had never seen my articles for sale in their publications. How much I had missed! I realised what my mother must have felt as she frequently saw my name heading columns in the Toronto newspapers. I went out one day in Cambridge—and there I saw in every book and paper shop or stall the *Bystander*. And proclaimed on the top was, “The Bystander in Bucharest”—my article! The sense of accomplishment this gave me was very exhilarating.

During that autumn I visited a military hospital in the country several times. A friend of mine was the registrar. He told me that they had several French-Canadian patients, and that it would be kind of me if I would visit them. They could hardly speak a word of English. At one of these visits a couple of big Canadian soldiers, one from Toronto, the other from London, Ontario, came to see me. They were convalescent, and asked if I could not take them out. They told me that they knew me very well by name, and knew that I had taken fellows out to tea in Paris—they had read of this in my articles. They hardly asked—they commanded that I should do the same by them. I asked the Registrar, who gave me permission, and the next day we set off happily

on our jaunt. But the men were spoken to seriously by my friend and promised to stop with me, and to return to the hospital under my escort.

As we were crossing the grounds an Australian soldier came over and asked, "Won't you please take me too?" I told him if he could get permission to catch up to us, that we would go on. We had just got outside the gate when an orderly came running after us. He asked me to come back and see a senior official. The boys sat down on a bench, telling me that they would wait for me there. Just another formality, we all thought. I was ushered into a room—and saw a small man sitting at a big desk. He glanced at me, then went on with some writing. He—in his own good time then said to me, "Is it you that are taking out some of my men?" I said I was. "Who gave you permission?" I told him I had got it from the Registrar. He rang, and ordered that the Captain should come in—I was still standing—this person had never budged from his seat.

When the Captain entered, he was questioned. "Did you give permission for these men to go out?" "Yes, the lady is a friend of mine, sir," was his reply. "That doesn't matter, I don't intend that they shall go," was the staggering answer. I thought of the two Canadians waiting outside—I knew how disappointed they would be. So I pleaded, "Won't you please make an exception this once—the men have already been given permission?" Again I was told definitely, "No." I was very angry, and told the official—still glued to his seat,

that I thought he was making a great mistake—and why, and left.

The soldiers, who were now three—the Australian was there—almost cried ; and the Australian reproached himself, as he thought his asking for permission to go was the reason for the trouble. So I stayed there awhile and chatted. But we were all very depressed and disappointed.

Shortly after my return to town, I was talking to some friends of mine in the Medical Department of the War Office. I asked them did they think it just that wounded soldiers should have such rigid restrictions imposed upon them, especially when they were convalescent ? During our conversation a Colonel said he would like me to meet Sir Alfred Keogh, the Director-General of the Medical Department. “ But why ? ” I asked. “ Just to tell him,” came the response, “ what, in your mind, might be done to make the men happier.”

“ Believe me,” said one of my friends, “ it is the one thing we wish, and are always striving for here. But there is more red tape in the way we are asked to do things than in our carrying out of requests when we find it possible.”

How polite were these War Office men ! Always standing the moment I entered the room. And then one day I was taken to see the Director-General. Hardly had the Colonel (who was escorting me) and I entered his office, before Sir Alfred Keogh was already on his feet. He welcomed me, and begged me to be seated. We talked for some time about soldiers and their treatment in hospitals. He asked

me about my travels—what had I seen? Were our Allies' wounded looked after as well—or better, than ours? He listened with courteous attention to my plea, that the men who had been wounded fighting for us might have some fun when convalescent, before returning perhaps to be killed; but at all events to the grim horrors of war.

I felt that, when approached in the right way, the bigger the man the more is he ready to learn from the least of us.

Before I had left for Cambridge Mr. Carter asked me if I could write an article on Stephen Leacock. I answered affirmatively. Then I remembered that it was years since I had seen him. So I wrote, saying, "Do, like a dear, kind man, let me know something up-to-date about yourself." His answer came too late to be made use of. He began with:

" MCGILL UNIVERSITY,

" MONTREAL.

" *Oct. 30th, 1916.*

" MY DEAR MISS BOULTBEE,

" Very many thanks for your most interesting letter, and account of your adventures.

" I have, I admit, scarcely seen you since a delightful party at your house in 1899. You wore—but no, why should I waste time in proving that I remember such unforgettable things?

" But you needn't have been unkind enough to suggest that I had become such a doddering old creature as to forget my best friends . . ."

A party at our house ! That was in " the street." I can remember it now. Those were parties if you like ! The only strain on the hostess was to find amusement enough for the superfluous men. There were twenty-seven of them that night, I can well recall. The guests in all numbered about one hundred and fifty. There were no " dancing partners " in those days. There was lots of fun enjoyed in groups. Stephen Leacock was always in the running—for he was admired by—and admired too, more than one girl in the street. If he couldn't get a partner, he amused several couples at a time. Their giggles could be heard on the stairs, or in some cornered recess. He talks just like he writes.

" You wore . . . ! " How clever to get out of it in that way—for Stephen B. would not know whether one was dressed in gingham or *crêpe-de-chine*. In 1899 the greater struggles were ending for him, and the success, which only augments every year, had begun. He had been born in England. But when a boy his people went to Orillia, in Ontario. They fell upon hard times—and Stephen B. became a Master at Upper Canada College—the Eton of Canada, as it is often called. Thus he earned his living, and put himself through 'Varsity in Toronto at the same time, but the emolument was uninspiring.

My brothers, who were students at U.C.C., became great friends of his. Our home always had a welcome for Stephen B. For years he came to the street, either visiting us—or courting in another home. There was always a lot of interest taken in

each other's happenings, but never any malicious gossip among that dozen or so families. There were but two elements in the street. Gladness and sadness. I wonder if now Stephen Leacock does not often think of those times ! when he, on the threshold of greatness—joined in with our halcyon days of youth !

Sir Max Aitken had then just written "Canada in Flanders," and as he was a Canadian, I wrote and asked him to see me. I was bidden to go to the Canadian War Records Office. Sir Max and I spoke of mutual Canadian friends, and of our native country. Then I said, "If they have made you a Baronet for what you have written, they should make me a Duchess for what I have done." He laughed and said that I probably would be one some day. He gave several messages while I was there—his capacity for work seems insatiable. One message was to telephone to Sir F. E. Smith—that Sir Max Aitken would be a bit late, but was just leaving for his appointment with him. A remarkable man, I thought—powerful in brain—would be stubborn in argument. And both rebellious of—and sensitive to criticism.

I recalled, after seeing him, something of his career in Canada. I again felt the sort of breathless sensation we used to have, when we heard that Max Aitken was arriving in Toronto for a day or two. He would go through the city like some meteoric rocket. One heard of "cement amalgamations." And other business deals—and knew that the Canadian Cyclone was proceeding on its course. His



Photo by]

[William Notman & Son, Montreal.

Steenleauy

whole career was a series of quick upheavals. I believe that, when about twenty-eight years of age, he was almost penniless—the insurance business he was in had failed. Yet, between that time and four years later, his name was on everyone's lips, who were trying, also, to see him in the cloud of dust he left behind him.

He then went in for business deals on an enormous scale, and was prodigiously successful. He married, in the same hurried fashion, Miss Gladys Drury, a daughter of General Drury, of Kingston, Ontario. Such a pretty fair-complexioned girl, with Titian-coloured hair, who had gone to school with my younger sister. Then we heard that the Max Aitkens had left for England. No more to live in Canada. Within another year he was a member of the British House of Commons, having won a constituency for the Conservative party—and had been honoured by a knighthood. Canadians are certainly full of dash, vigour, and are generally quick thinkers; but if Lord Beaverbrook is still considered as a Canadian, he must be put in the rank of the super ones.

When I returned to London, I got the nicest "digs" near Knightsbridge, and was very happy there. I went to the *Bystander* office, and had some more arguments with Mr. Vivian Carter. He then handed me a piece of paper on which he had been scribbling. "Will you take this on?" he asked. "This" was several lines to mark columns. Above was written, "The World War through a Woman's Eyes, by Rosamond Boultonbee." I demurred a bit,

thinking myself incapable. But I said I would try, and wrote one article. I was telephoned to to send in another—and for several months contributed under the same heading weekly.

The editor of the *Toronto Star* wrote to me about this time, saying that they would be glad to have me write for them. So I prepared to go abroad. But I could not get permission unless I had a contract for not less than six months, also a yearly salary had to be stated. I had got from the *By-stander* a paper saying that I was an authorised correspondent for them. But as all journals were limited as to paper, and didn't know how long they could keep going, I could not hope for a contract in London. But paper was not scarce in Canada. And I had my people there—I had to be patient and postpone my travels. A cable would not do—and letters were so long on their way. I wrote to my mother and my uncle asking them to help me get the contract. They both communicated with the *Toronto Star* immediately. But that had not been necessary. Mr. Bone, the managing editor, wrote to me at once—sending a contract, and saying that it was a pleasure to do so.

I prepared again for my journey abroad. I think that I had been unfortunate the first time in the officer with whom I had come in contact at the Passport Office. For this time I had no trouble, although I saw the same man. But several other officials came and spoke to me, and seemed much interested in my travels. My passports were remarkable with their many visas.

I went to the *Bystander* office again. Mr. Vivian Carter had gone off to the war. I was very sorry for this. He had been so appreciative of my efforts, which had encouraged me. The "comments" in the *Bystander* written by him were very clever. I asked to see Mr. Hutchinson. It was not the same editor I had seen before. A tall, slight man was sitting on the edge of a table. His eyes, which were bespectacled, I noticed were widely set, and fixed one with their gaze. I said, "I want to see Mr. Hutchinson." "I am Hutchinson," he replied solemnly. I showed him that I doubted this. Then I said, "I met a Mr. Hutchinson here and he told me to send some articles from abroad to the *Daily Graphic*." He just went on staring—explained nothing—and I left greatly puzzled. When reading "If Winter Comes," the character of the hero seemed so like the man as expressed to me in the one interview—I asked if the author had been editor of the *Daily Graphic*. It was the Hutchinson of many initials. He had been unable for health reasons I had heard in 1916 to go to the war. This had worried him. Then he had succeeded—and my interview was after his return—I had seen a sub-editor the first time.

Just before I left, however, the Germans declared a blockade on England. America broke off diplomatic relations—and my friends told me that I could not get off. But I argued that if the British Government would let me go—I felt no fear. And I did leave early in February, 1917. My passport

stated that I had but forty-eight hours in which to cross France—so I hurried on my way, and got to the frontier town of Modane with about twenty-four hours to spare. I had passed the Customs, there was only my passport to be viewed. It was a new one, the officials turned it over several times—then they informed me, to my consternation, that I had no Italian visa. I was greatly concerned. I thought that probably I would have to return to London. Would I ever get back again?

The men talked a good deal, then told me that I must get the visa from a Consul-General. The nearest was at Chambéry—about a three hours' journey. I asked could I get back in time. They said that I could just do it. I had until twelve o'clock the next day. I left for Chambéry at three—and arrived at that charming little town at dusk. I went directly to the Italian Consulate. It was closed, but the Consul lived in an adjoining flat. I went there and begged him to give me the visa that night. He came into the Consulate and got the stamps ready, then he asked for my photograph. I hadn't one! And I just had to catch the nine o'clock train the next morning.

The Consul offered to accompany me to a photographer's, and see if one could be got that night. I was frantically turning over the papers in my hand-bag—when he said, "Permit me! What is this?" He had seen a Russian "*permis de séjour*" that I had with me. The Consul cut the photograph out of this—and all was well. How very kind he had

been !—what trouble he had taken ! I got to Modane by noon the next day. My forty-eight hours had entirely expired—the closest shave of my life. But I was in Italy—and ready for new adventures.

CHAPTER XII

SOMETHING seemed wrong to me about Rome when I first arrived there—and this feeling stayed with me for some time. There it was, the capital of a great country—the home of Popes and Kings—of Senators and Socialists. The hunting-ground for the endeavours of the Apostles—the seat of the Cæsars. What was it that at first repulsed me? It was this. By that time (early 1917) we had all become so accustomed to war—that any other life appeared unreal to us. And Rome was so beautiful. There, so little of the conflict was evidenced. There were no lighting restrictions. I felt as if I never would be able to penetrate through its pagan loveliness.

And then the reason for it all came to me. There was no fear of raids on the Eternal City. The Vatican's holy ground saved Rome from that horror of war. No need to move the Capital away from in-rushing hordes. Rome was as far from the fighting as it could be. I had several changes before I found anything like comfort in living. I tried hotel and pension, and starting a flat with an Italian lady. Each was more uncomfortable than its predecessor. All this kept me in a bad humour. Finally, however, I went to the Hotel d'Angleterre, and found

it both comfortable and interesting. I met people there—several of them journalists. From then on my Italian life began to develop. I let those to whom I had introductions know that I had arrived. Everything soon took on a new aspect.

Almost at once, when I arrived in Rome, I went to see the Contessa Colleoni, Lady Isabella Howard's sister. The Contessa—a Grande Dame indeed, with snowy white hair—was very much occupied in nursing her husband (a Roman Senator). I went several times to their house, and the advice given me by the Contessa was invaluable to me. She told me about many people whom I should try to meet—and whom to avoid.

I then met Professor Maffeo Pantalonì, the political economist with a big reputation in Europe. Pantalonì had a flat in a palace near to the Palazzo Farnese (the French Embassy) in the old part of the town. He gave a luncheon-party for me, at which Mr. McClure, the London *Times* Correspondent in Rome, was one of the guests. Pantalonì is one of the oddest men I ever met. His mother was Irish. Why is it, I wonder, that so many Irish women seem to have married Italian men? However, the offspring usually have a rare type of intelligence. The best way to please Professor Pantalonì, I found, was to argue with him and to be almost rude. This always seemed to interest him—and stir him to still ruder response. I asked him to come and see me. He did so once, writing beforehand telling me that he would not dine with me, but would come after dinner. "And I will drink one—

two, three cups of tea, please." He told me to write, or go and see him when I wanted information. I wrote several times. If it didn't please him he would answer that he had been wasting his time with me. How he was going to take anything I asked him always intrigued me greatly.

I also had luncheon at the Excelsior Hotel with the Marconis. I found that in Italy to know Marconi was a great asset. "Marconi is Italian," they will tell you. The Italians are very proud of their inventor. The Marconis' guests that day were the Prince and Princess Teano (now the Duca and Duchessa di Sermoneta), Commendatore and Signora de Martino. Commendatore de Martino was the General Secretary of the Foreign Office—as they call the permanent man there. I couldn't help remarking that English was so much spoken at table. Princess Teano and Marconi never spoke Italian to each other—both of them had had British mothers. In fact, the most Italian-looking member of that party was Signora Marconi herself (and she is Irish). But her vivacious dark eyes—her enthusiasm and gaiety make her appear as one of the beautiful women of the country she has married into. I learned, during the conversation, that if I wished to go to the Italian front, I should have to make arrangements with de Martino. I turned to him at table, and he bowed, saying, "When Mademoiselle wishes, I will arrange it."

I wonder if anyone has been kinder or more helpful to me than Commendatore de Martino?—I never had any trouble in getting what I wanted at

the Foreign Office while he was there. Indeed, I would get notes asking "Would the 'gentile Signorina' please call?" And all I seemed to have to do was to sign papers—giving me all sorts of advantageous privileges. Italians (the aristocracy) are not an easy people to meet, and are less easy to know. They are cold and unresponsive to strangers. But be well accredited with them—by introduction or reputation, and there is no trouble they won't go to to help you.

Since 1918, de Martino has been the Italian Ambassador at Berlin—and later in London. From London he went to fill the same high diplomatic post in Japan. He was reported to have been killed in the earthquake. Happily this was not so.

Marconi and his wife were always very helpful and good to me. I believe Marconi's first wireless station was on the Canadian Atlantic Coast—and he knew many of my friends and people at home. He told me that my uncle, Sir William Mulock, had discussed with him at great length some years before as to the advisability of international disarmament. I told him that I doubted my uncle still holding those views.

I heard that Madame Avy was in Rome with her parents. I left my card at the Villa Medici. Madame Avy, whom I had met in Paris in 1915, came to see me—and invited me to tea the next Sunday. I often went to those charming gatherings. Monsieur Albert Besnard, the great French Master, and his delightful wife, were an ideal host and hostess. The French School of Art in Rome was destitute of

students. Monsieur Besnard had been persuaded to take up residence as Director of the Villa Medici. And to the best of their ability the Besnards tried to give some pleasure to those people still left in Rome, and others who had forgathered there. But what a background for entertainment ! That noble mansion on the Pincio Hill !

Just come to one of those tea-parties with me. We enter the building from the road, into a big institution-like hall. And we take a side stairway, steep, narrow and dark, up to the Director's private apartments. But when at the top of the stairs—what a lovely garden is in front of us—truly Italian, with its paths, its trees, and its statuary. We must go again inside. Oh ! here is a crowd. There is Madame Besnard sitting at the tea-table—intent on her conversation with a guest. She turns, however, soon and beckons to someone else to come and talk to her. She is in a white cloth dress trimmed with fur. She is stout, but very comely—and her white hair is charming.

Monsieur Besnard surely is English ! He, too, is generously covered, is in a sporty-looking check suit—a hand is behind his back, with the other he fingers his watchchain—he is talking to . . . Why, how lovely the colour ! Yes ! it is a Cardinal. Near by are some priests. And that one with the wide purple-red sash ? He is a Monseigneur. The Church is well represented. But Monsieur Besnard is not English, one hears. He has, however, spent some time in India, where he got such inspiration of colour for his pictures. And the Embassies ! Several

Attachés from the Palazzo Farnese are there. Sometimes the Ambassador, too, comes. Englishmen and other foreigners are the guests of France in Rome.

People are strolling out into the garden. A son of the house asks me, would I care to do the same ? " Indeed I would," I respond. We walk down the pathways to the studio of Monsieur Besnard, père. There, on the easles, is the beginning of the large equestrian portrait of the King and Queen of the Belgians—later exhibited in the French Salon—and behind is the finished portrait of Cardinal Mercier. And then again into the open. A walk down the garden under rows of trees—and sitting on the stone parapet. It is twilight now. The air is thick with swallows flying about in thousands. The sun is sinking behind St. Peter's. On the Ganiculum stands out the statue of Garibaldi.

And as we enter again into the dining-room some new arrivals are coming in. What a curious, yet powerful-looking man ! " Oh, that is Destrée." " Do you mean Jules Destrée, the Belgian Socialist ? " " Yes, would you like to meet him ? " I then find myself talking to a very plain man, with rather long hair—and another younger man, Destrée's secretary and collaborator, Monsieur Richard Dupierreux. " But we are at the same hotel," we both exclaim. " Je suis à votre disposition, Mademoiselle," says Monsieur Destrée. " Come to our office when you want our help," he continues. But what a voice has Destrée ! Magnificent and deep with the tone almost of a cathedral organ.

I had several chats with these two men after this

meeting—at our hotel. How little we all know of what was going on in other countries! Destrée had gone to Italy in 1914. He had lectured there night after night, month after month. He had fought with the marvellous power of his oratory the insidious propaganda of Von Bulow. He had hailed his fellow-countryman, Maurice Maeterlinck, to come and help him. To Destrée does Italy owe much.

Then when revolution broke out in Russia, the Belgian Government sent Destrée there, as their Minister. I wrote bidding him farewell, and from Paris received a reply. In it he said, “J’espère que je trouverai à être utile en Russie, et je crois bien que ce peuple me sera sympathique.” When Socialism gives way, as it has in Italy and Belgium—to the country—the most fervent servants to its welfare results. In Destrée’s book, “*En Italie Pendant La Guerre*,” he wrote, “Parole et plume, c’est pour mon pays que je lutte. Et j’entends par mon pays non seulement cette terre belge envahie et opprimée, mais de façon plus humaine et plus large, la patrie même de toutes les âmes libres, éprises d’un idéal de justice, de progrès et de paix.”

I think the hardest task for me during these travels was the adjusting of my mental viewpoints. As I went into each country, I thought that I did so with an open mind. But one had heard of them and their people, and subconsciously an opinion had been formed. The thing that impressed me most in Italy was the people’s immense love for their country. Their “paese” was the word ever on their lips. To the traveller of a few weeks this is rather

boring. Of course it is a beautiful country—but they didn't make it, is argued. Yet the longer one stays does this love of theirs become a fine thing to the foreigner also.

And it is just this passion in their hearts that is making Italy's progress one of the present wonders of Europe. Men may have differences of opinion in private life—but "*il mio paese*" will always be the call to unity of action. It is that sentiment which has turned Socialism into Fascism. It is that which made men fight in the war as Mussolini did. How he is alive to-day is a wonder. He went through the conflict as a simple soldier, and came out almost mutilated with wounds. But the soul is there—the indomitable love of country—which wills to live and to do. And think what people will—bring forth the argument of the Caporetto disaster, abuse the Italian Army and Navy—yet no soldiers fought better. And no army had a more difficult task. It must not be forgotten that in Italy the peasant population, the illiterate, is only two per cent. less than that of Russia. Seventy-eight per cent. of Italians knew nothing of the causes for war. And it was on that class that enemy propaganda was practised.

It was arranged that I should visit the Italian front early in May, 1917. Commendatore de Martino said that he would get my papers ready—and would ask the British Ambassador and Marconi to sponsor me. I was also to visit the Arsenal at Venice—so the Minister of Marine had to be approached for that permission. I called at the Embassy—and met the

Ambassador, Sir Rennell Rodd. I showed him my credentials and asked him to speak as well as he could of me. This he did, and I had no trouble at all in getting to the front.

Of my fifteen days there—I have written elsewhere, they do not belong to this narrative. But I would tell just enough to carry me through to the next period in my adventures. The Headquarters, the “Comando Supremo” (in Italian), were at Udine. A wonderful little Venetian town—on the frontier of the former Austria. There I stayed for the fortnight. There seemed to be nothing but soldiers and motor-cars and bustle by day—and darkness with shadows by night—the never-ceasing sound of cannon—flashes in the sky of falling shells. And a wearying, unending boom—as if of distant thunder.

I had to do just what I was told in Udine. At the “Stampa” (the Press) a Colonel, a Commandant, and a Captain looked after me. All three left their cards for me at my hotel. None of them asked to see me. The Colonel in charge of the “Stampa” would send me a note, advising me to be ready at perhaps six the next morning to motor to some point of the fighting on the Carso front. The Commandant, with two soldiers—chauffeur and mechanic—would accompany me. When I would return, tired out beyond even thinking, I would have to set about writing. Visitors were only there for a purpose—and it had to be fulfilled. The Captain (who was the Censor) was rigorous in asking for my articles. I had to work hard.

But it was a new and wonderful life for me. Yet I doubt if I would ever do it again were I given the chance. The terrible emotion of seeing war—and having no gun in one's hand, is indescribable. Several times I lunched with soldiers very near the front. Never was the air free from those active, screeching shells. I could understand how fighters see red in the struggle. I had to talk to myself—to control my own desire to kill.

I stayed at the Villa Trento, an English hospital which Canadians had subscribed to—for a couple of days. It was several kilometres nearer to the front than Udine. There I saw life among the first wounded. The Italian *contadini* (or peasants) are very patient sufferers.

I then went to Venice, and stayed there for three weeks. I seemed to be about the only person at the Hotel Danielli—which was kept open principally for the Government's guests. I visited the Arsenal, and was shown the fortifications of Venice. This time in a motor-boat, escorted by a Captain of the Navy. I went to the Island of St. Lazarus—inhabited by Armenian monks. Was shown over their institution and their printing-press. Made to sit on the bench Byron had occupied when meditating and looking over the Grand Canal. He had studied the Armenian language there. I also visited on board the British Monitors—in harbour at Venice. And had tea with the English and my Italian escort Captains on one of them on my birthday. But what impressed me most about that beautiful sea-city were the nights. Not a single light was lit. Venice

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was what it must have been five hundred years before. Dark and profoundly mysterious. Yet a full moon was up on my arrival. So we had air-raids every night for the first week that I was there. What queer assemblies of people came into the hotel hall ! Then I saw that I was not the only person stopping there. And the other guests were also like myself—in dressing-gowns.

Maurice Barrès, the famous French journalist, had recently visited Gabriele d'Annunzio, who was being cared for in a red house not far from the Rialto on the Grand Canal. Barrès came to condole with his friend, who had lost an eye during the fighting. D'Annunzio, although then over fifty years of age, had been the inspiration of the Italian Flying Corps. Again " my paése " and the sacrifices committed in its name, were illustrated to me. In response to Barrès' inquiry d'Annunzio replied, " Don't occupy yourself with my eyes, my brother. But think rather to save for other eyes the beauty of the world." This so well expressed the Italian mind, and for why they fought. Visionary words ! practical minds would say. But in analysing the Italian character, their love of the beautiful must be considered. The whole of their long past has been a building up of respect for—and the culture of, beauty. Even in the most violent of agitations the æsthetic influences come first. Their treasures must be guarded. " For other eyes " the beauty of the world must be assured.

From Venice I went to Bologna, still in the war-zone, and visited several institutions there. And

then to Florence. I just revelled in that exquisite city—relieved for a little while from my several weeks' strain.

But I want to tell of the three conquests that I made in Rome. One was Checko, of the Concordia. Another the man who ran the lift from the Piazza di Spagna up to the Pincio. And the third was Francesco the facchino in my hotel. Who is there, who in Rome would do as the Romans—who has not been to the Concordia Restaurant in the Via della Croce? Hotel meals became less and less appetising as rationing became stricter. The only way to get a variety was to have as many meals out as one could. So I penetrated through the Archway—went past the several barrels of oil—in the little courtyard, and thence into the Concordia. Checko soon spotted a newcomer and spoke to me. Very wise in his generation was Checko. He knew well of the many other attractive Bohemian restaurants of Rome. He made his own personal attentions such a drawing-card—that once to enter meant to return often to the Concordia.

Several years before, the fiftieth anniversary of Checko's service as a waiter had been celebrated, and he brought the newspapers with records of that event in them for me to see. As he showed them to me I wondered if he would use his glasses for their legitimate purpose. But I must have been mistaken—they were not meant to assist his sight—but apparently to give his accent a nasal sound. For those pince-nez pinched Checko's nostrils, and stood out horizontally from his nose. His dress-suit was

much too big for him—for Checko got thinner and thinner during the war. Although proprietor of the Concordia, he was also waiter—it was almost impossible to get enough assistants. Checko's face, moustache, and shirt-front were all of the same whiteness. On his bald head he always wore a black alpaca skull-cap. The ubiquitous table-napkin was always over his arm. "Subito" he cried out often. And he would lean over customer after customer every day, writing their orders on a little pad, with a stubby pencil. Each was the most important of commands. For me Checko managed to get eggs poached—not sitting in a small bath of olive oil. And sometimes he got me bacon or fried ham. Checko knew how to please.

I asked him as to some of the permanent customers. That was a general—that a marine captain. "And when you go to the front, Mademoiselle, I will give you some valuable introductions," said Checko. And credit must be given where due. Checko was well known to nearly everyone I met. It was no useless offer that he had made me.

"And who are all those men who sit at that table every day?" I queried. "Those?—they are the bankers from this district. They always meet here." These men were a source of wonderment to me. How they got so much macaroni in—and so much conversation out, of themselves synchronically, I failed to fathom. At the hour appointed for their arrival six or seven plates were placed on the table. On each of these was an enormous pyramid of hot "Pasta Sciutta." It soon was dexterously con-

veyed by a revolving fork from the plates into the bankers' interiors. There was no cessation of action from the start until the supply was exterminated. I dined at the Concordia the evening that I left for the front. I had finished my meal and was walking through the courtyard when Checko cried out. We were standing beside the olive-oil barrels. "Madoiselle," he said, "attendez un moment! ne m'oubliez pas.—Je serai triste jusqu'à votre retour." And Checko kissed my hand.

The lift-man was younger—perhaps only a bit over fifty. Checko was well over seventy. As I would be conveyed aloft—if I happened to be the only passenger, the conductor would question me. From whither had I come?—and to where going? He expressed great admiration for me, and asked me if I were married. I am not sure whether this constituted a proposal or not—or if he was a bachelor or a benedict—but he was always pleased to see me.

The last to tell of was Francesco the facchino. Francesco had been very trying—arguing about everything I asked of him. So one day I lost my temper, and told him in very strong terms what I thought of him. He listened to me with astonished meekness and became from then on my abject slave. He was always knocking at my door and asking for more shoes to clean. Three or four pairs seemed not to suffice Francesco. In fact, I used to wonder if he wouldn't have preferred it had I been a centipede. Finally Francesco got a telegram saying that his wife was ill in the Campagna. He got the hall-porter to tell me that duty called him, but he feared

he would not see the Signorina again—and to express Francesco's ever-ready devotion to her wishes. This was during my return visit to Rome. I was in an hotel now on the Pincio Hill. And, although I have gone back several times since, I have never succeeded in getting into that hotel. I believe Francesco is still there—but in truth he has never seen the Signorina again.

CHAPTER XIII

THERE is good reasoning in the story of the busman's holiday. Several times I have sought to eliminate journalism for a while from my life. Each time I have found the only cure is to go on with it. I told the Grand Duchess Elizabeth, when she asked me what I would do when I returned to England—that I would work hard at anything I could get to do—but that it would not be writing. I said that I would scrub floors in a hospital. We all spoke of scrubbing floors as if that were the last word in self-abnegation—but did we really mean to do it? I wonder! Many splendid women did scrub floors, but I doubt that they expected to do so.

So I chose Sienna in which to have an absolutely quiet holiday—the summer of 1917. I was very tired. I needed a real rest and change. Sienna, with its fine architecture, its beautiful setting—Tuscan plains and distant blue and purple hills—seemed an ideal spot in which to carry out my intentions. I enjoyed myself just pottering around for perhaps a fortnight. I went frequently to the cathedral—wonderful creation of man that it is. I revelled in the paintings, especially those in the Piccolomini Library. I met some people, one an interesting priest, Don Orlandi—who had a school

for boys, a lovely spot on the crest of a hill. I thought that all was well. Peace was here. The summer was not too hot. The wide horned white oxen strolled lazily down the streets—pulling different kinds of agricultural carts behind them. There was no apparent hurry.

But at least Sienna had a post—one could not keep the seclusion for very long. I heard from some of my friends at home, and the Foreign Office at Rome—telling me that, did I wish it, I could go to Macedonia, *via* Vallona in Albania—and stay in camp near Monastir—all under Italian escort. I wrote to Mr. Bone, the managing editor of the *Toronto Star*, and shelved the responsibility of whether I did that trip or not on to him. I was holidaying. But restlessness had taken hold of me. I began to write again, and the last three weeks of my vacation were the most refreshing. Because I rid my mind of its burdens by writing of what I saw—and of the beauties around me. Journalism becomes a habit, as—if one doesn't express oneself in some way—a sort of mental indigestion results.

But the reason for my beginning again was indeed a sad one, and it came from the same source that I had had it from before when I was at Eastbourne. The Boy—the fish-shop keeper's only child—had been killed in action. I thought of this news until late in the night. Then as sleep would not come to me, and electric lights were switched off at eleven—I got up and by candlelight wrote of him. Some of it was as follows: “. . . And I am in spirit in the kitchen, behind the fish-shop, in a little side

road in Eastbourne. Father and Mother are sitting on the horsehair sofa. Neither is saying a word. Father is holding Mother's hand. On the table, with its patchwork cover, is a yellow paper which says, 'Private Smith, Number 728632, killed in action.' That's all he was--No. 728632, who at twenty years of age has paid the great price. And the light of life has gone out for two crushed souls in the kitchen behind the fish-shop. 'A knock! Yes! I'll go.' In the tidy shop are red-backed lobsters and fat sausages—a tumbler filled with nasturtiums, and two or three impatient customers. 'Please, ma'am, where's Mr. Smith? Mother wants three-pen'orth of sprats, and will he come round with them in time for supper? And I'm wantin' two kippers, I see some nice ones 'ere—Well! can't you call Mr. Smith?'—'No, I won't call Mr. Smith, for No. 728632 has gone to meet his God—the shop is closed—I will pull down the blinds.' . . ."

I found a restaurant in the main street of Sienna, in which I got tea, just as I like it. So I went there often. For several days I watched the only other customer of that business during the tea-hour. He was old, and would be brought in by a man-servant—he shuffled in, leaning heavily on two walking-canes. Did I say old? In physical activity he may have been, but the eyes were extraordinarily bright and young. The face and head were very fine—expressive and benevolent. Then he spoke to me—and we tea-ed together after that. He gave me a sheet of paper, as he had no calling cards with him. On it I read the heading, "Oscar Browning, M.A.

Permanent address in England King's College, Cambridge; and Palazzo Simonetta, Via Pietro Cavallini, Roma." I went several times to his flat later on in Rome—in Trastevere (across the Tiber). The last time was in 1922.

What beautiful views everyone appears to have in the Eternal City! I never seemed to be invited to anyone's home in Rome that I was not told that theirs was the finest view of all. Mr. Browning used to receive me in his rather untidy study—or on the terrace balcony where he kept so many plants. It was almost large enough to be called a garden, and the view—it certainly was splendid. On the shelves indoors were some of his own books. I spied "The History of the World," by Oscar Browning. He loved the Italians, and thought them the most beautiful of people. He hoped greatly that the old order of Roman society would be re-established—that the great families would entertain with the same splendour that they had in pre-war days. Also of the students who had worked with him at Cambridge did he speak with the greatest affection—of these he seemed to tell oftenest of the Marquis of Curzon. Now his happy life has closed, and his ashes are reposing in King's College Chapel, Cambridge, which honoured him in life no less than in death. I say "happy life," for I judged that his had been so. He wrote out for me a few lines of his—I sensed from them that they expressed his own experience :

" Love is the mainspring of a happy soul.

" The Flesh is death!

" The Spirit Life and Peace . . . "

One of the most attractive things abroad to my mind is that, no matter what ailment one may happen to have, there always seems to be some sanatorium just suitable for one's cure—and generally not beyond the limitations of moderate purses. From Sienna I went for a fortnight to Rapalanno—and in one of these institutions I had sulphur baths and mud baths, rest and attention, all combined under one roof. From Rapalanno I returned to Rome and took the electric railway which runs from beside the station to Fuiggi. For three hours one voyages in the mountains, sees little towns apparently clinging to the side of a hill, and finally arrives at Fuiggi—a village of small hotels, nestling under a forest of chestnut-trees. Every morning from six o'clock onwards the visitors make for the springs—and drink of the marvellous water. A fine cure for rheumatism is to be got at Fuiggi. And with it interesting people to see. Quaint local peasants, and beautiful scenery.

The autumn of 1917 had now arrived. I had to get back to serious work. I heard from Mr. Bone, who wrote that, although he had no doubt that the trip to Macedonia would be interesting, yet the spot that all editors wanted news from was Switzerland. Its proximity to Germany—the mystery as to what was going on there—and the difficulties encountered by everyone who tried to get in, made it the most desirable country for me to get visas and passports for, if possible. So I again applied to the Italian Foreign Office—and asked would they help me. I was introduced to Senator Scialoja then Minister

of Propaganda—later Foreign Minister, and Italy's representative at the League of Nations. He read some of my articles, and gave me a paper on which was the original of the following :

REGNO D'ITALIA

IL MINISTRO SCIALOJA

CABINETTO

ROMA, Addi 12 Ottobre, 1917.

N. 4466.

OGGETTO

Ho presso visione delle numerose corrispondenze della S.V. dal l'Italia al "Toronto Daily Star" che ella mi ha inviate.

Le porgo sentiti ringraziamenti per aver in tal mode contribuito efficacemente a far conoscere La Guerra e lo sforzo Italiano al Canada, il cui contributo all'impresa comune è così altamente apprezzato in Italia.

Con distinta osservanza

Il Ministro

V. SCIALOJA.

MISS BOULTBEE,
ROMA.

Italians are thorough in anything they do for one—and there is little that they won't do if they believe one to be a friend of "il mio paése." In this he thanks me for "so efficaciously contributing to make Italy known in Canada, which country's contribution to the common cause was so highly appreciated in Italy."

This document, and the aid of the Canadian High Commissioner's office in London, were very instrumental in helping me to get into Switzerland.

But it was in February, 1918 only that I managed finally to enter that neutral country. And I was working for my passport visas all the time. Then the Caporetto disaster happened. It was a dreadful time in Italy. The white faces one would see in the streets!—The pain of being in an enemy-invaded country!—The tales of treachery, of bravery, of danger to come—all made us live in a state of perpetual apprehension.

Then what should come to Rome but a party of forty-six Canadians! Forty non-commissioned officers and men, three chaplains, two junior officers, and a Red Cross man. They had come on leave under the guidance of Colonel Scott, the Senior Canadian Chaplain. Just a kindly, unselfish gentleman, what a time he had herding up his charges! He was never meant to be the organiser of continental tours. But he wanted these Canadian boys to have a good time—and also to show Italians what fine men his country produced. Rome gave them a splendid welcome, and tried to forget the tragedy hanging over it. I dined with my fellow-countrymen nearly every night, and realised how dear anything Canadian is to me. Even their slang appealed to me, as it never had in Canada. They were a splendid lot of men—men who had been through the infernos of frightful battles. All of them keen to fight on to the end. Although, as one of them said to me, “Life is very sweet—I’d like to see something of it after this.” He was the only one of those who visited Rome that was taken, within a few months of peace.

I then took a two weeks' trip in Italy—Rome to Florence, to Pisa, to Genoa, to Turin and to Milan. Very rarely did one get a seat in the trains. There was not even unoccupied standing room in the corridors. Florence was bitterly sad—a brigade from that city had been cut off in the fighting. I hurried on to Pisa, a desolated little town. And then Genoa. There I met many busy and more contented people. Liguria had done well in the war. That province had wanted to fight—and now they were really getting it.

I met several merchants and had some commercial talks with them. I found here an illustration of what Sir Rennell Rodd had told me in Rome. It appears that English business men, especially those of the Midlands, will send shiploads of British commodities say from Liverpool to Genoa. They will sell only the whole supply, or nothing at all. Then what happens? Germany, or any other European country, will send in a train-load, and will sell just a car-full. An Italian buyer might be able to do with a train-supply, but not with a ship-load, and yet he wishes to deal with England. Then as the Genoese merchants told me—Britishers will quote prices in £ s. d. One of them said, "If I put a man to work on it all day, he would only get an approximately equivalent value in lire." In contrast to this Germany comes along with her train-load—quotes prices in lire in the city that the merchandise will be sold in. And so she wins the transaction. Will Britain never have a simplified monetary system?

Sir Rennell Rodd had told me that an arrange-

ment had almost been made between England, France and Italy to have ferry-boats crossing the Channel—similar to those on the Hudson River, on which trains would be conveyed between England and France. So England could compete with continental countries in trade. This ferry-boat arrangement has finally been put into commission. In the spring of 1924—Prince George officiated at the inauguration ceremonies at Harwich, from where the boats will sail to Antwerp. It should be of great financial benefit to the British Isles. But British sellers should quote prices in Italy—not free-on-board or free-in-port quotations.

After, Turin—where I stayed a few days, and saw much the same as in other cities, except in the town house of the Duca d'Aosta; there I saw a splendidly-organised base from which parcels were dispatched to Italian prisoners of war—I went to Milan. I had had no mail for nearly a fortnight, but a packet of it awaited me. In this there was a cable from the *Toronto Star* asking me to cable them five hundred words broad outlook on the Italian situation. Until now I had always posted my articles.

I opened the letters. One of them was Russian, from one of my seven governess friends. This letter had got through before others written earlier. In it I was given a graphic account of the Pole Boy's funeral—and so that bright young life had passed—and for so little purpose. The revolution was now six months old, but General Korniloff had made one big last attempt in Galicia—unsuccessfully—but he

had tried. And the Pole Boy had been with him ! I was too stunned at first to realise it. The sending of the cable to Toronto took me two days to gather together, and to get past the Censor. I had forty-eight hours in which I had no time to think, except of work, and I knew no one then in Milan to whom I could speak.

But Milan was very interesting. I stayed there for three months. It was headquarters for the French troops in Italy, and of the British Flying Corps in that country. The city was always full of soldiers of many nations. Here I met Vico Mantegazza, the Italian writer, mostly on international political economy. Mantegazza and I became great friends. I could so thoroughly sympathise with him. He had been commissioned to write fifteen volumes on the war—from every Entente country's point of view. With his work, only partly completed the paper supply gave out. Except to make notes and keep in touch with things, Mantegazza was almost idle. A vigorous man, well past middle age, he felt the impotence of inactivity keenly.

Before I left Rome several letters had been given me. One was to the Caproni brothers, who built their famous bombing flying-machine at Milan. I was told in Rome that if I wished to fly, I could, although women were not allowed this privilege in war-time, but I did not want to fly. However, among the six British airmen attached to Caproni's was a Canadian, a Joseph Gorman. At Cova's—where we assembled often at the tea-hour—some English girls and the flying men in Milan, there was

much chaff about my letting this opportunity go by. Then Mr. Gorman said, " Will you fly if I pilot you ? Surely you aren't afraid to do so with a Canadian ? " I could hold out no longer. That I never had any desire to fly may have been the cause, but I think it was more fear (at the time) of what I should do when up there—would I want to jump out, and thus embarrass the pilot ?—and above all how would I feel?

A fortnight before Christmas I received a note from Mr. Gorman. In it he said, " If you are not afraid to trust yourself to being piloted by a Canadian, I understand that the appointment is to fly over Milan, after my return from the front, on Christmas Day." But before that time the papers were full of the death, by a crash from the air in a Caproni machine—one of the two he had taken out and tested for British flying men at the front—of one Joseph Gorman, a Canadian. So I did not fly—and felt that I was not meant to. It might just as well have been two weeks later, the day that I was in the machine.

And on Christmas night, after wandering around restlessly for two days, I wrote the following. It was too late in February, 1918, when it arrived in Canada, for publication for the preceding Christmas. I thought to add another year's incident perhaps. But, thank God, there were no more war Christmases to follow these :

" MILAN,

" *Christmas Night, 1917.*

" Would you like to hear of a Christmas among

foreigners ? I was going to say, a lonely Christmas. But on thinking again I don't believe there are any Christmases these days that are without heartache for someone, to everyone except the very young. Yesterday I started out with but little joy to see what I could in the streets. Yes ! there were crowds. I searched the passing faces. All were as dull as I felt. Temporary booth-holders sold gimcrack and cheap toys for the 'bambini.' Bunches of red and blue balloons moved along with the crowd. A monkey sat on top of a barrel-organ, bored to tears with life. Grey-green uniforms passed in thousands ; horizon-blue were nearly as plentiful ; khaki ones were few, but they were always the jolliest. A dirigible flew very low over the cathedral ; people were interested for the moment. Then back again to the monotonous stream of pedestrians. Is it Christmas ? Yes ! but only half of it. Here is goodwill among men, but no peace. We must search yet a little longer before we will have that priceless treasure within our grasp. . . .

" I returned to my hotel. My heart was big with loneliness. Yet why ? I asked myself. I lit my stove, put out the light and opened the shutters, as I am near the cathedral and the streets are in obscurity. The bells chimed forth as usual, ringing the same for days of tears or smiles. The moon was bright, and flooded the streets and cathedral pinnacles with its radiancy. What would to-morrow bring forth ?—who knows ? But the post brought me remembrances in letters from friends in England well timed and happily put. One said : ' Wish you

were with us this year, it would be nice to see your 'old phiz' again!' And another from a friend and sister-writer (Marguerite Coppin) which closed with these words, 'Remember that on Christmas Day I shall be praying for you and sending you ideas of strength, peace and love.' . . .

"To-night I am again beside my stove. I have warmth of body. I have the warmth of true friendships. If for a little while from these I am separated, yet I have the knowledge that they are wishing to see my 'old phiz' again, and are sending me ideas of 'strength, peace and love'; I have these and other messages placed in front of my vision. My Christmas gifts. I have opened the little door of my stove. The wood sparkles and cracks, and the light of the fire takes my mind back to the three other Christmases of war-time. No, I'm not very lonely, for my gifts are ever with me, cheering me on Christmas Days, on black days, on bright days, always the same: the gifts of friendships, well proven. . . .

"It is Paris, and Christmas of 1914. Jean-Baptiste is impatiently waiting for me to go out with him. 'I say, Rose, hurry up,' he says from the outside of my door. 'I'm awfully hungry and want to go to our little restaurant in the rue de la Gaité.' 'Very well, mon ami, but remember you are a flying-sergeant now, and not on a holiday in London from your Oxford school.' 'But why will you always treat me as a kid, Rose? I'm nearly twenty and have been recommended for the Medaille Militaire.' 'Bien, mon cher Jean-Baptiste, I know

from what I am told you are a real man in the air, a splendid pilot. But on earth you are "un gosse," mon fils, rien que ça !' And, 'I'll not unlock my door, Jean-Baptiste, until you promise me you'll not talk to everyone in the restaurant, get every garçon around our table, telling all your stories of hair-breadth escapes. I don't like being made so conspicuous.' 'I'll be a good boy, really, Rose, only please, do open the door. Voilà ! Now we'll get off.' . . . About two hours later, I said at the same door : 'Jean-Baptiste, don't come and see me for a week ; that fight you had for the German helmet has been the worst yet.' 'But, Rose, I thought you'd like the helmet !' 'Well, I don't want it, and you lost the best part of it, the eagle. . . .' 'Au revoir, mon ami ! Come and see me on New Year's Day and if I've recovered my equilibrium after this evening with your upsetting self, I'll see you. Adieu !' . . .

"Christmas, 1915, found me at Kiev and entertaining the seven English governesses at the "Chez Soi" (the home) as they called my digs. Some day I must tell of those seven. Each one a type in herself, each suffering such loneliness through the war. Four of them refugees from Poland. Ah me ! there are many, many tales to tell. And the Russian Christmas, which comes on our 7th of January, thirteen days later, brought back to me a soldier from the Russian front. Such a war-scarred sufferer ! But we had Christmas dinner together at my 'Chez Soi,' caviare, chicken, and orange salad—

a splendid meal. And it was good-bye, too. For since that day I've never seen my Russian soldier-boy. After the war we were to meet. . . . After the war! For how many will that time come? Not for us, however. For about the last shot from Germany into Russia killed him. And a grave in Kiev covers all my hopes in Muscovy. And it covers also all that was earthly of a Russian whose young breast was adorned by every possible honour that could be given to him, won on the field of battle for Liberty. Has Russia forgotten her heroes? . . .

"It was at a country rectory in England that I spent the Christmas of 1916. Of it there is little to tell. Two small boys home from school were the excuse for big sister and myself to try and make things gay. But one big brother had already finished his fight. Since then a second has flown away to God. And twins were born that night at Brinks'. Lizzie Brinks had been the Rectory domestic and had but a year previously married Tom Brinks, the blacksmith and the owner of the one village shop and of the only horse and cart to go to the station; in fact, next to the Rector, the biggest man about. One twin was a boy, the other a girl. Boy, the youngest at the Rectory, always aggrieved at there being no more babies after himself, argued with all of us, 'How can you tell that Lizzie's babies are a boy and a girl? No one knows until they get older, and then if they fight you can easily tell they are boys.' At this, I thought the Rector would explode. Instead, he just left the room. . . .

And this morning I went to the English church. We had a sermon on peace, and were touchingly told to keep brave. A khaki-clad figure was at the organ ; more were amongst the congregation. Now I am back again at my hotel and am content. Many are lonelier than I. I've lost much ; I've suffered much. Yet, above all, I've learnt the value of things that are real in life. And I know that, though life is sweet, there is something that must be sweeter, and that is the sleep that wakes only into a world of peace. . . . And I've got the surety of friendships which have given me on this, perhaps my quietest of Christmas Days, ideas of ' strength, peace and love.' "

CHAPTER XIV

THE ordeal of getting into Switzerland in February, 1918, is still vividly in my memory. It will not sink back into the pigeon-holes of my brain. I only have to think of it to feel tired. It was hard enough to get into that country—and still harder to get out of it. So one of my preparations had been to get the Canadian Government and some friends to write to the Legation at Berne for me, and to give me other letters of introduction.

I left Milan at six o'clock one morning. It was dark as midnight. I could see but dimly my fellow-passengers in the motor-bus which takes one to the station. As the morning lights began to break and as we neared the mountainous districts, I was thinking how easily I had got off. True, I had taken time by the forelock, and had been arranging my trip to Switzerland since the previous September. But my thoughts soon changed—and remained fixed in an attitude of annoyance, from the time I arrived at Como, until I reached Berne, two days later.

I had thought to get to Berne at 11 p.m. on the same day I had left Milan. It was but 8.30 a.m. when we steamed into Como. There I was told that I must wait until the night train, as there was no other

running to Chiasso, the Swiss frontier town, which was but ten minutes away by rail. After making considerable disturbance, I was told that I could take myself and luggage to Pont Chiasso in a carriage—but that my trunk must be examined at once, and my hand luggage at Pont Chiasso, and that there I could get a train at noon to take me right to Berne.

All my books and papers had been censored and sealed by the Prefecture of Milan, and a paper was given to me stating this. I tried to show this paper to the station-master—there was no document of any kind in my trunk. He, two soldiers and another man unpacked my trunk completely. This gentleman would have none of me, or my papers—he shouted at me that he was the most important man there, this I had better understand. Not a pin was left in my trunk, and its sides were beaten to see if anything would issue therefrom. Then I was left to re-pack, the soldiers watching me, and making cheerful remarks about my belongings.

As the station-master had been so uncivil, I went back to his office, and said to him: “Please give me your name.” “What do you want it for?” he asked. “I am going to make a complaint to Premier Orlando. You won’t look at my papers and you have been very impolite,” I replied. He told me that he wouldn’t give me his name—but did then read my papers and enquired, “Why didn’t you show me these before?” “You wouldn’t let me,” I rejoined. He now evinced some anxiety and did everything he could to assist me and advised, “Show your papers first at Pont Chiasso.” Finally

I got off—with my luggage on a weary-looking old vehicle, and a more weary horse—and a half-intoxicated driver.

We proceeded merrily along until we had to climb hills. Then the horse stood still. Nothing would budge him, and I didn't blame the poor beast. The coachman cursed in Italian and scratched his head—but of no avail, that horse remained stationary. Suddenly the man had an inspiration, and disappeared—reappearing in a few minutes with one of those white wide-horned oxen harnessed with ropes. This beast was hitched in front of the horse, and we started again—a Tuscany ox being led by his master, a bedraggled horse being led by the ox, and the driver walking beside, hurling anathemas at his steed. Then came the carriage with trunks on the box-seat—and last of all I—following in the rear. We were nearly as long a procession as that of a funeral we passed—the priests in their linen and lace cassocks in front with the lantern-bearers. And a little choir was singing a mournful dirge.

At about eleven o'clock we arrived at Pont Chiasso, and there I presented my papers again. As one side of the road was Italy and the other side Switzerland—the Customs there were most strict, and also the men in charge had more authority. The Director of Customs looked at my papers and said, "You must go back to Como, because your passport says Chiasso, and this is Pont Chiasso." I asked where was Chiasso; they told me it was across the road! I said that nothing on earth

would make me go to Como—just to take a train back here again. The men were desperate at my obstinacy, and finally decided to telegraph to the Prefecture of Como for permission to let me cross the road. It was granted, but I believe from what I was told that it was a case without precedent.

As I was leaving, the director of the station, with all the kind Italian politeness which they show when they know who you are, said : “ Now, Madame, don’t let us part bad friends. You are an intelligent woman, and you’ve got your way. But you know, don’t you, that I must do my duty ? ” As I had been almost insulting to him I considered that he was most magnanimous. They had completely unpacked my trunk again and all my other luggage. I crossed the road into Switzerland about one o’clock—no chance of getting to Berne that day. And I had yet much trouble ahead of me.

I remember turning and looking back at Italy. I felt lonely and sad, as if I had left a dearly-loved child who has been naughty, but whose place in one’s heart is soft with tender feeling. And I saw, down the winding road leading to the blue, blue lake of Como—a white ox, a horse, and an empty carriage. In my imagination my arms were held out in supplication—and I cried in silence, “ Dear Italy, be brave and true, as you have the power to be—the morrow will bring you more than just the friendship of your allies—it will bring the vindication of many wrongs and a place of honour among the elect of the earth.” And again I turned—this time facing the future—the unknown. I opened a gate

in the middle of the road and closed it with a sigh—I was no longer in Italy.

Having shut myself out of Italy, I entered a temporarily put up wooden building, and found myself in front of two Swiss soldiers, and a man in ordinary clothes. They demanded my passport. I think, without any exception, this was the most unpleasant office I have ever been in. I asked when the next train left, and was told that I could go only a few stations further on that night. I asked if, while they were examining my papers, might I go and get something to eat. I was very hungry—it was after two o'clock, I had only had a cup of coffee and a biscuit at the Milan station at 6 a.m.

No! they told me. So there I was in the hot smelly room, with the three men, and a distracted mother with three, also hungry, children. The youngest, but a baby, was crying at the full strength of its lungs. My patience was at a very low ebb. The men tried to speak German to me, and sneered at my not knowing it. They made no attempt to understand my French. They asked for two certificates, one as to my good conduct while in Italy, which I had and gave them. The other needed one was an explanation of the motive for my journey. This I pointed out to them, very clearly written on my passport in English, "Issued by the Military Control Office at Rome. Bearer is proceeding to Berne, Switzerland, for the purpose of visiting the camps of British interned prisoners of war, as correspondent for the *Toronto Star*."

The men told me with supreme insolence that

they could only speak German and French, and that they could not understand my French, and as they could see no reason for my entering Switzerland—they could not read my passport—they would telephone to Berne. I was in a fix. I could not cross the road again into Italy—perhaps I could not get into Switzerland, and I was famished. The men thought me rather a joke. “But,” I cried, “it is marked clearly on the passport why I am going into the country.” They would not believe my translation, and were waiting to hear from Berne. I asked what town could I get to that night; they mentioned a guttural-sounding name, saying, “It is a German-Swiss town.”

Then I expressed myself, and let all my wrath have vent. I said, walking up and down the room, “You tell me you can only speak German, and that I must spend the night in a German-Swiss town! Will you understand that my country is fighting Germany, and you are insufferable beyond endurance?” They quite understood me now, and became alarmed. I continued, “I’ll put this matter in the hands of my Legation at Berne, and I’ll not be satisfied until you get your deserts. German language! German town! I’m British, I tell you, and it will be well for you to change your manner.” They consulted for a few minutes, then decided to send for the chemist in Swiss-Chiasso, an Italian who had been in both the United States and Canada.

He came and read my papers to the three men, who saw that I had told the truth. They did not wait to hear from Berne. They also apologised to

me, begging me not to get them into trouble—I replied, “ Probably I won’t say anything at Berne, because I have many favours to ask there for myself. But every opportunity I get I will write about you and your impossible behaviour, and if it suits me I will tell Swiss people also.” They asked the Italian to show me where to get some food, and seemed greatly perturbed.

The Italian, kind man that he was, did everything he could for my comfort during my two hours in Chiasso, and was chuckling with delight at the way I had spoken to the men. “ Why,” he said, “ Madame, you have no idea how we Italians are suffering on this frontier. We are spurned and laughed at since the Caporetto disaster. Is Italy as bad as they say, do you think ? ” “ Indeed, it is not bad at all,” I replied. “ Italians are doing magnificently and are accepting every sacrifice.” “ But they tell us here that the French and English despise us, and when the war is over will leave us with a kick.”

I felt sore and troubled, and said, “ My friend, if you could only see what I have—British and Italians, French and Italians, everywhere fraternising together—you would know that all you hear are German lies.” I left him a happier man. I journeyed on to Lugano, where I spent the night.

I had been so apprehensive about Switzerland and the enemy peoples that I would probably meet there, that I decided not to stay in an hotel. I would combine health-seeking and work, I thought, so wrote to Dr. De Giacomi asking him to reserve a

room for me at the Clinique. However, the delay on the frontier upset our plans—a room could not be held for me—I had to put up at an hotel for a night.

I took only a travelling bag with me from the station, and an attaché case containing my papers. And I went immediately to attend to police regulations, *permis de séjour*, etc. I then went to Dr. De Giacomi's flat in the centre of the town. I found him (dear old student that he was) studying a human skull which he told me belonged to the Neolithic period of about fifty thousand years previously. I sat down and listened for perhaps an hour while he explained anthropology and other ologies to me. And I wondered, Is there a war on?—have I for two days been having altercations with disagreeable men on the frontier or not? Was I coming out of an anæsthetic after a serious operation?—and where was I? I returned to my hotel, however, safely, and slept through the night, forgetting that Germans, Austrians, Bulgarians and Turks were plentiful in Switzerland—and that they had as much right as I to be there.

The next morning I prepared to go to the Legation. I carried my attaché case with me. "Never let your passport out of your sight," had so often been said to me. So I took a peep inside—my passport was not there! I began to search the room. The bed was pulled to pieces—every drawer in the bureau was opened—the carpet rolled up from each corner—the chairs felt into their cushioned depths. But no passport reappeared. What would I do? The only person I could think of to take it

was the maid. I would not speak to her, but would tell of my loss at the office. There I found no sympathy. I tore over to Dr. De Giacomi's flat. He looked very grave. "A spy," he suggested. I told him to inform them at the Clinique to expect me when they saw me, that I was off to stop the enemy who had my passport from getting into France.

It was past noon now, and I, half demented, went to the British Legation. I rang the front-door bell, and asked the butler for Sir Horace Rumbold. He told me that the Minister was lunching; but he—evidently seeing how distraught I was—asked me should he tell His Excellency that I was there? I said, "No! but tell him that I will come back later." After being shown the way to the Chancellery—where I would find Colonel Picot, the Military Attaché—I was again off, on my quest. Colonel Picot was out for lunch. I waited until three o'clock, telling every man I saw, mostly officers, that I had lost my passport. Then Colonel Picot came in, a tall, grave and very military-looking man. He listened patiently to my tirade, and said: "You know, it is a very serious thing to lose your passport." To which I replied, "Don't tell me that, I know it—haven't I for three years seen to my passport and papers before anything else?—and here I am with it gone. Please get the spy who has my passport before she gets into France. Then punish me afterwards." This was my cry to everyone. Colonel Picot advised me to go up to the British Passport Office, and ask for a Mrs. Godfrey there. I went.

When I got into Mrs. Godfrey's office I found a very capable-looking woman who said, "Colonel Picot has telephoned about you ; this is pretty bad." Again I said much the same as elsewhere, but Mrs. Godfrey interrupted me with, "Did you say you had been to the police?" I answered, "Why, I do that in every place I go to the first hour I am there." Her pleasant face began to look amused as she said: "I expect you'll find your passport there ; have you a *permis de séjour*?" I showed her that I had. Then she explained. In Switzerland they did just the opposite to other countries—when they gave you your *permis de séjour*, they kept your passport, and only returned it to you three days before you left the country. I cannot describe my feelings—I think I should like to have cried, I was so very, very tired, and had been so overwrought. But I went again to the police offices ; there I was informed that my passport was in their safe keeping.

I think this marked the beginning of a real breakdown for me. I went drearily to the clinique, and was put to bed. But I heard "bitte" and "danke" on all sides of me—I could not hear the enemy tongue calmly. I told Dr. De Giacomi of this, and found out that most of the patients were enemies to the Entente. I stayed there for two weeks, and fought with all the nurses. The only person I trusted was the doctor himself.

However, I pulled myself together and went several times to the Legation. I saw Sir Horace Rumbold, Colonel Picot, and Mr. Goodhart, the first

secretary. Every arrangement was made for my visit to the interned camps, and Colonel Picot gave me the following document :

“ British Legation,
“ Berne.

“ *February 26th, 1918.*

“ THE SENIOR BRITISH OFFICER,

“ *Chateau d'Oex, Murren, Interlaken, Leysin, Vevey and Lucerne.*

“ The bearer of this letter, Miss Rosamond Boulton, the Correspondent of the *Toronto Star*, is visiting the Camps of British Interned. I would be obliged by your giving her every facility.

“ Miss Boulton will be especially interested in her own compatriots.

“ H. PICOT, *Lieut.-Colonel,*

“ *British Officer in Charge Interned in Switzerland.*”

I also had to get an authorisation at Vevey from the chief of the British subdivision, a Major de la Harpe ; and then a card for each camp from a Captain Lopartz.

Before I started off Dr. De Giacomi told me how glad he was that I was going to be for a while among my own people. He said the mountain air would also do me good. I was away just five weeks—and came back to Berne a complete wreck. I had met many Canadians, as well as other Britishers. But all of them had suffered so horribly, their nerves were so unstrung—that none of them realised how trying they were. I said to myself, “They have

been through so much, it is my duty to listen," and I did.

I heard of men in the Regular Army who had had this war against Germany kept in front of them for most of their military lives. And yet, when it came, within one month they had been taken prisoners—prisoners in an insolent, conquering Germany. I heard of the ignominy of the treatment which they had received. One greatly wounded officer was taken from hospital to hospital, none would have him because he was an "Englishman." Finally he was put in one with about eighty Russian soldiers, and, although this was meant for his humiliation, it really was his blessing. Those dear, uneducated men of Muscovy vied with each other to look after him. He had, instead of none, some eighty nurses. They defied all commands, and somehow got sticks of wood—heated water and saw that the Englishman had his morning tub. And a screen was found and put around his bed.

But the spirit of those men in the majority of cases was broken. I visited all the activities that they had undertaken in the camps, and went often to Red Cross huts, gathering Canadian Tommies around. But the depression of over three years of war—the things I had seen, and now the things that I heard, overwhelmed me. I returned to Berne, a very sad woman. The Swiss frontiers would be closed for six weeks at a time. No one received even a card from the outside world. The spring offensive of 1918 was raging. And we in Switzerland were hermetically sealed within.

When Dr. De Giacomi saw me, he said I was much worse since my trip, and must go in for a real rest-cure. But those awful people in the clinique! I couldn't bear it. I would get out of bed, dress myself, and in defiance of the nurses fly into the town. If the doctor was not at his flat I would search for him in the restaurants. He would patiently listen to me, and was always kind and sympathetic. But I was very unmanageable. A special nurse to be with me all the time was decided upon as the only thing to be done. For over a fortnight I babbled to that poor woman of all I had seen and heard—then I would fall asleep in the middle of my muddled-up narratives. Then reason began to come back to me, and I went again to the Legation.

Sir Horace Rumbold I thought rather forbidding at first. But this was only my highly-coloured imagination after illness. I have nothing but the remembrance of everything being done to help me. Of the Minister and Mr. Goodhart arranging for me to be introduced at the French Embassy, and of their being asked to assist me to get to France. Of my papers being sent to the British Embassy at Paris in a Diplomatic *sac*. Sir Horace Rumbold had previously been in Berlin, and since the war has been British Minister to Constantinople. From there he succeeded Sir Esmé Howard as Ambassador to Madrid. He is a remarkable linguist; I believe he knows Turkish and the Levantine languages as well as many European tongues. Above all I would say that he is essentially a courteous English gentleman.

I prepared to leave Switzerland, and went to

Montreux, then Geneva. I regretted, though, hearing that Colonel Picot was leaving for England. He had been British Military Attaché at many Embassies, but had retired before the war. 1914 found him with his wife and daughter in Switzerland undergoing a cure. He was needed at the Legation, and stayed there nearly four years in his official capacity. I had not asked who was to succeed him—but one day I was in the Hotel des Trois Couronnes at Vevey, when whom should I see but General Sir John Hanbury-Williams! We chatted for a while; he was Colonel Picot's successor. Canada, Petrograd, Vevey! As I said good-bye he said, "It is 'au revoir' then, as we are sure to meet again in another corner of the world."

At Geneva I went to the office of that wonderful paper, *Le Journal de Genève*. I had a card for Monsieur Wm. Martens from Major de la Harpe. But that very able French writer was in England. So I asked to see the editor, Monsieur Chapuisat. A delightful man, with a supreme faith in and loyalty to his own country. A member of the Swiss Senate and also a fine writer. I think (outside of his own countrymen) he admired Clemenceau more than any other man. He said with enthusiasm, "He is so young an old man—and his voice, *Madoiselle, c'est une voix d'argent.*"

The Swiss-French frontier—known to be the most difficult one in Europe to cross at that time—was for me (thanks to the trouble which had been taken for me at Berne) got over without one single difficulty. And again I came to Paris. The city of

erstwhile lights and laughter—the city of triumph over tribulation—the Paris of resolution and endurance. I stayed there for five weeks. During that time we had sixteen air-raids. I went down into cellars, I sat on first floors—and, finally, I went for three successive nights to the Arc de Triomphe. There the sense of reality exhilarated me. The air was full of crackling shells. The few stragglers in the Arc sat about on sacks of sand. The sky was alight with a radiant moon. One night, as I stood in the very centre of the Arc, I saw the Champs Elysées as perhaps few people have. The silhouette of it was distinguishable right down to the Place de la Concorde. Yet not one single vehicle or person was in sight. Elysium Fields indeed !

And my fancy took me back to former happenings. To Victor Hugo—whose throne perhaps had been placed right where I was standing—when the crowds acclaiming the genius had pelted him with flowers. A picturesque, gay French crowd. Where were they now ? Behind the grim buildings, from which no lights shone, Paris was keeping her vigil. The beauty of her must be saved.

And I turned right about looking down the Avenue de la Grande Armée—up which Napoleon's conquering hordes had marched. A wonderful, wonderful city. In the daytime we were no less menaced. "Grosse Berthe," coughed herself up in unexpected spots. Parisians developed a new humour. Paris was the front ! And we, within, demanded to be treated as entrenched soldiers ! . . .

CHAPTER XV

News of my breakdown in health had reached my mother. She, despairing of my doing as she wished, wrote to the manager of our bank in London. She begged him to assist her to get me back to England. All my expenses were to be paid—but I was to be sent no money except for the specified purpose. However, I too had made up my mind to return. I profited, though, for the banker paid up the expenses I demanded. I was writing very little. I seemed to have lost all zest for work or play from the moment I had lost my passport in Berne. I visited relations in England. I worked in their gardens—I sawed down trees and made bonfires. I wanted only physical work, and not to think. So efficacious were my sawing efforts, that in one place in Rutland they called me “The Tank.” Nothing, they said, could remain standing if I came along.

In the autumn I again got comfortable digs in town. The elections of 1918 were being inaugurated. War was coming to a close. I read in the papers that Monsieur Venizelos and Take Ionescu were in London seeing Lloyd George. Madame Take had come to England in the autumn of 1916, at the time

when Bucharest fell into enemy hands. And the splendid wife of the great Roumanian statesman had been killed by a fall from her horse, when riding in Hyde Park. I wrote to Monsieur Take—at the Roumanian Legation—expressing my sympathy. His reply was a telegram informing: “Shall come to-morrow by four in the afternoon, Saturday.—Take Ionescu.” He came, and stayed nearly an hour, during which time a taxi was ticking up outside. The chauffeur, not knowing the distinction of his fare, had evidently made several attempts to get paid—and off. At that time we would just be dropped if our drive was too long—never were we waited for. It was an indignant man who took Monsieur Take away again.

During the visit Monsieur Ionescu told me of the dreadful time they had had in Iassy. He said he would like to show me some pictures of his former beautiful home in Bucharest. I did not see them until later on in Paris, when I met him for the last time. They were photographs taken by some Americans. The house had been terribly mutilated. Over the doors were notices in German of the uses made of the rooms. One of the elegant salons had been a shelter for pigs—I mean animals, not humans. Thus had Monsieur Take been paid out by the enemies, who had resented his honesty in returning the honours which had been given to him by the Central Powers, before Roumania had entered into the fighting, and his staunch and unswerving loyalty to England and France.

After he had left me, I saw Mrs. Dacre Fox, the

suffragette. She wished to meet Monsieur Ionescu, so we went together the next morning to the Berkeley Hotel. While Mrs. Dacre Fox got information out of Monsieur Take I talked to Monsieur Marinkovitch, the Serbian Minister to Roumania, who said I must go to his country after the war, and write about it. The conversation then became general, and Monsieur Take expressed his conviction of women's efficacy in all public matters and of his admiration of the sex. About a year later he married again—a Roumanian lady. And he died in Rome in 1922 of throat trouble. I was surprised to hear of his death, he cannot have been seventy. He had told me that his was a long-lived family, that his father was ninety-two when he died. Probably the hardships he endured for two years, and the terrible struggle his country had gone through, hastened the end of one of Europe's greatest statesmen.

Then came the Armistice, and the Peace Conference. Again I returned to Paris—but there was nothing to write of. Journalists were all worried by the difficulty to get news. Paris itself took on a new aspect—it seemed to be like a beautiful lady—convalescent after a great illness. Many distinguished people were in the French capital. I would often see Earl Balfour walking about with an air of dreamy intentness, and then look up as much as to say, “Why, here is a world!” In the Place des Etats Unis, where President Wilson was staying, I counted as many as seventeen policemen at a time. He and his wife were followed everywhere by a squad of bicyclists. It was said that Mrs.

Wilson knew four French words—they were “bonjour,” “charmant,” “merci” and “au revoir.” Quite enough for pleasantness, when on duty at an opening function. Then there was Monsieur Venizelos, followed about by two picturesquely-dressed Greek men-servants. I also saw something of Sir Robert Borden and Sir George Foster—two of the four Canadian delegates at the Conference.

Another Conference had been suggested to take place at the Island of Prinkipo—near Constantinople. Sir Robert Borden was to have been the principal British representative. I asked him what he thought could be done for Russia. After some argument he demanded what I thought. I told him that pills would not cure earthquakes—that the wrong had been done when Stuermer became Premier of Russia. Sir Robert assured me that that could not have been helped, that “it isn’t done”—the demanding of the removal of Premiers in other countries. I replied that at least Russia could have been boycotted then, and I asked why things “not being done” should apply as they so often do to the allowing of disaster to come to nations! “Russia must go under the barred gate of humiliation,” I said. “It must be a gate she cannot get through or over.”

I returned to London late in June, 1919, and began to plan a visit to Canada. During the summer I received a letter from my uncle telling me that my mother’s health was entirely broken—adding that the doctors had told him that she would never be any better. But he warned me not to let my

mother know the state of her health. I wrote to him asking what he thought about my going home, and suggested that I might go as far as New York—and there do some journalistic work. He answered approving of this, and promised that a letter would await me on my arrival at New York, telling me whether I had better come directly to Toronto or not.

But there was one great difficulty—passages were almost impossible to get on the Atlantic liners. I took my uncle's letter to the Cunard office. This and a request from the Canadian High Commissioner's office, were all I needed. I was offered a passage on the *Mauretania*, leaving in two days. I could not get ready in time. I told them, although my mother was in precarious ill-health, I felt sure my leaving in such a hurry might make her suspect her condition, whereas, if I told her that I was going to New York in a few weeks, I knew she had such tenacity of will that she would keep alive, just because she knew that she would soon be seeing me again. They secured me a berth for a few weeks later. But the ship's sailing was postponed four times—finally we got off on September 30th, just after the great railway strike had been declared. I had to taxi to Tilbury to get to the ship. The few weeks of waiting had been among the most anxious I ever remember having to go through.

My uncle's letter which greeted me on my arrival in New York, and one from my mother herself, showed me that I had diagnosed the situation correctly. My uncle advised me to try and do

some writing, as he had told my mother that was what I had come out for. My mother wrote happily, hoping that I would come home as soon as I had made a New York connection. She was much better. But I got held up in New York by some work—and a smallpox epidemic prevented my going to Canada for Christmas. I had an important article to write before I left, so it was January, 1920, before I got back to Toronto again.

I was very worried in the United States, and entirely out of place. I knew that America had not signed the Peace Treaty—yet there were enormous advertisements hung across Broadway and Fifth Avenue, fluttering like banners in a breeze. These told us to “Help Europe’s Starving Millions.” This was puzzling. Why not make peace and co-operate in reconstruction? I thought. Charity surely was unwise! and I doubted it being very acceptable. But I was seeing a new United States—and as yet I had not got hold of its psychology. I was amazed at the picture-palaces—their opulence! their glitter! Indeed, the American “movies” had progressed since 1914! But what I did not like was to see English or European productions with artists that were so apparently American. Princesses were portrayed by pretty young women who had never, probably, been out of their own country. They gyrated about with a sort of “shimmy shake.”

Since then many American film artists have visited Europe, and have learnt much. But allowing the producers their prodigality of expenditure, their

magnificent scenic effects, yet I do not think an American born can ever play faithfully an English or foreign part. If they can produce so much capital, cannot they import English women and men to play English parts? And following the same argument, can an English woman or man play an American part? I think not. So why cannot English producers hold the monopoly of English plays? If an American is needed get an American to supply the want, and vice versa. English plays would always be best in English settings. Bright or grey skies, come as they will, they will be true in their effect—which can never be done in a Californian production—by faithfulness to type and portrayal of surroundings. I believe that the English can compete with the best American productions. And why in England do we have so few European films? That industry is one of the first items in the commerce of Italy. Their plays, produced in the natural beauty of Italian surroundings, are generally exquisite works of art.

I expressed some of my doubts as to the “movie” business to Dr. Carrington, of New York, a student of spiritualism. He suggested my trying to meet a Professor Rees, and explained to me who he was. But I interrupted him, saying that I had already heard of him. I had been told that this clairvoyant was the most dramatic personality in New York. That he had advised such men as Andrew Carnegie, Henry Ford, and was intimately associated with Thomas Edison. I told Dr. Carrington that I should love to meet him, and asked if it could be

arranged. He telephoned through—an appointment was made for me to go to Professor Rees' flat the next morning at eleven.

I went with empty pockets. I knew if I had anything in them Professor Rees would tell me what it was. I was shown into an opulent and very American parlour. The tables and walls were covered with photographs of great people—especially those of the theatrical and movie world. I waited some time, then I saw a rather stout bald-headed man in the doorway. Surely this was not Professor Rees, this fair, small-nosed man! The Professor, I had heard, was a Polish Jew. But this apparition disappeared without having said a word. In a few minutes he returned and said, "You wanted to see me?" I began voluble explanations as to myself. He put up a warning hand. "I don't want to hear anything about you—come here," he said, leading the way into the next room, a dining-room.

He then gave me six slips of paper, and a pencil—telling me to write five questions, and my mother's maiden name on the sixth, and to fold them up tightly. He then left the room and closed the doors. When he returned he put these six slips about his person, holding one at a time up to his forehead, reading all six correctly.

He then began to lose his apathetic manner towards me. He told me that I was not happy, that I was lonely and suffering a great deal. I answered that all he said was quite true. He replied that he had been told to help me. I was very touched. I was staying with a relative; Professor Rees said he

would come to the flat to see me in about an hour. When he came he was deeply interested in the war posters I had about, and the many articles I had written which he saw in several books I have with them pasted in.

Then he got his inspiration. I must do work for the movies. Tell them how things are done abroad—help with the settings—explain to the actresses how to take just such parts as I had complained of. I did not feel that the Professor was right, but I didn't mind his thinking so. A meeting was arranged in his flat for the next week. I was to meet Mr. "Nooman," he pronounced it. "Jo Schenck's" lawyer. It was a funny meeting. I was this time received by Mrs. Rees, and a woman friend. They valued all my clothes. They guessed I had paid a pile of money for my furs—and they looked down at my feet. "But those shoes (they were boots) you bought in New York." I informed them that the surmise was right. Then Mr. "Nooman" (Nieu-man, to be correct) arrived—and the kind old Professor came in.

We sat around the dining-room table and discussed prohibition. The Professor interrupted frequently—he wanted to get to business. But I saw that Mr. "Nooman" was sizing me up. He enquired if I had anything to sell. I told him I had not. He replied that this was a pity—to think it over. A story, perhaps? "But," said the Professor, "she's met a whole heap of swell people—Kings and Queens and Emperors." Mr. "Nooman" refused to give himself away. Then they began to

talk about a party they had all been to the night before. "Do you think Jo likes that kind of show?" asked Mrs. Rees. "Jo" was a really great man, I could see. "Not much," said the lawyer. "Yet as a matter of fact you were rubbing shoulders with notabilities all evening, I can tell you, Mrs. Rees."

"Who was the little blonde that came in late?" asked our hostess. "That was Lilian Gish; the least notable person there was the lawyer, Mrs. Rees." "Now that's very sweet of you, Mr. 'Nooman,'" she enjoined. "Yes! I was telling Mrs. Talmadge on the 'phone this morning, 'You're a lucky woman, Mrs. Talmadge.' 'I suppose I am,' she said. 'There's no suppose about it—there's Norma and Constance the greatest actresses, and Natalie coming on—and then Jo Schenck for a son-in-law!'" And he continued how Mr. Schenck had bought some expensive piece of jewellery for one of them, and so he had bought all of them something. Mr. Jo Schenck (pronounced Skenk), I gathered, was a very generous man. "Is he so wealthy?" I interposed. "He's got \$400,000 a year and believes in spending it, with satisfaction," Mr. "Nooman" asserted. I sighed—and ventured that with \$400,000 one could spend a little and save a little.

Mr. "Nooman" and Mrs. Rees were now worked up in their conversation. "And if you'll believe me, Mrs. Rees, the other day he saw a new butler in his house in Riverside Drive, so he called him to come into his study. 'What wages are you

getting ? ' Jo asked. ' \$100 a month, sir,' was the answer. ' Well, they are \$125 from now on,' said the movie magnate, ' because I want you to be a good butler ! ' ' ' ' Professor Rees rather disappointedly saw me out to the lift. He had done his best, poor dear. But I knew that nothing would come of it. I heard later that Mrs. Rees and Mr. " Nooman " had not approved of me—that I had tried to show off, and that it " didn't go down with them."

About this time our Prince of Wales came to New York, fresh from his conquering visit to Canada. " He's just about the finest boy on earth ! " I heard a Canadian say later. Certainly he looked it in New York. The Americans were quite enraptured with him. I went on board the *Renown* for a tea-party given for one thousand children. What a diplomatic act that was ! One thousand future American voters, all the guests of a Prince from a really democratic country.

I wonder if it is realised how journalists have to work sometimes. I left for the *Renown* at noon on a Friday. I got back to my rooms at 7 p.m. I wrote until 2 a.m.—and again for an hour in the morning, and had the article at the *Times* office by 11 a.m. on Saturday. The Sunday edition was already printed. A corner had been held for my article, which they called :

" THE PRINCE AND THE YOUNG VISITERS "

" When permission was granted to me to go on board the *Renown* to witness the reception for

‘ children ’ given by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, I felt that this was the one entertainment I would have chosen of all others during the royal visit to go to, for I, an Englishwoman, have seen our Prince in London, in Italy, and in France, and have always had the happiest impression of his youthfulness—and I feared that what he had been going through in Canada and the United States would make him too serious. For he was a very serious child, and the war, as he himself said, has given him his manhood. But it has also given him the real comradeship of all kinds of men, an asset which comes to but few royalties, and one, above all others, I am sure the Prince prizes most.

“ While he was on the Italian front he often came into Milan, and was just a British officer. One day at Cova’s—where everyone goes to meet each other—he was having tea with a man friend, but he had too many ribbon decorations on to be overlooked, and the orchestra soon struck up ‘ God Save the King.’ The Prince flushed, and, with the many British and Italian officers there, stood to attention. However, another time he came to Milan unexpectedly and was not recognised at first. Two British captains went into the Palace Hotel and one asked—‘ Have you any rooms ? ’—‘ Only one, sir,’ said the manager. I was standing near-by and recognised the applicant. ‘ That will do,’ he said. ‘ You didn’t expect me until to-morrow, did you ? ’ It was the Prince of Wales. He went out, brought in his kit himself, and until the suite was ready next day shared the one empty room with his brother officer.

“ I knew that his family always called him by his preferred name—‘ David.’ His youthfulness and happy manner have made me wish it were by that name we all should know him. So, to the ‘ children’s ’ party I went, expecting to see ‘ Prince David,’ and hundreds of little Davids and Marys scampering about the grey sea-dog of war. I saw puss-in-the-corner and hide-and-seek being played—and I saw our Prince, very, very young indeed, forgetful of the serious part which he is so well fulfilling.

“ But my dreams were shattered when I arrived at the landing-stage at Eighty-sixth street. As I went down I passed many policemen, a group of which I asked for information, and showed my letter of permission. Between the breaking and chewing of peanuts I got the most cheerful of answers. They pointed where I should go, one remarking : ‘ Wish you could get us an invite on board for dinner.’ ‘ You seem to carry your food about with you,’ I retorted as I went off. Then I joined a crowd of what to me were grown-up people all carrying the American flag.

“ These were the ‘ children.’ So unlike our Prince, who is twenty-five, and, as everyone says, looks about seventeen. These ‘ children ’ were of an average about seventeen and looked twenty-five—a puzzle surely to a British mind. And I thought, these young Americans will talk to me of democracy, and such like. Even though their country’s hospitality to the Prince is marvellous, yet I don’t want to get into argument with them as to the merits or demerits of republics and monarchies. On

the boat going over to the *Renown* I learned that, when the Prince expressed the desire to entertain 1,000 school children, the selection was left to the Board of Education, which decided on the high-school students. So it was a reception of boys and girls rather than children.

"It was a merry boat-load of guests that approached the big battleship, and I heard around me: 'The Prince never was in such a mob as this, but I guess it's worth it.' 'Now, girls, get ready, there's the fella who said he was going to take our pictures—guess we'll see ourselves in the movies.' 'There's Virgie! There's Sybil! How ever did she get here! Hel-lo, Syb!' 'Of course I know how to get off! Do you think it's the first time I've been on a battleship?' . . .

"At the top of the wobbly ladder were many British midshipmen awaiting us. All the decks were hung with red and white bunting, flags of many nations and the white ensign. Tickets for first and second tea were given out. The guests streamed in. 'When's tea?' a boy asked. 'English tea's no good,' came in reply. So I protested. 'It's the great English beverage, don't you know?' 'Guess I'll go and have some then.'

"We were at this moment asked to go aft as the Prince was to come. Two huge guns were raised, and between these the Royal host received an address from the President of the Board of Education. One girl and one boy spoke, the former addressed the Prince very prettily, as if her little speech were a personal conversation. I could not

see the boy, nor hear what he said, but I pressed up closer and I saw the Prince, who never took his eyes for one moment off the speaker's face. Just a young Prince David—a boy among boys and girls. He got up where everyone could see him and said, when the deafening cheers ceased: 'It is a great pleasure for me to welcome so many girls and boys from New York schools on board the *Renown*, which, big ship that she is, is still not large enough to hold all I could have wished invited. I thank you all very, very much and am hoping you will enjoy the box of chocolates that each of you will receive as a souvenir before leaving.' Such a man! Such a boy, with just a little wistfulness in his face as if to say: 'I do so want you all to like me' . . .

"I wished I could have been everywhere on board at once. At the shooting gallery, or watching the drill in the turret, the bringing up of the projectiles, the loading cage rammed into the gun, as is done in action. But there was so much to do, and bugles were calling us to tea. At sunset when the flag was hauled down all the British officers saluted. Life went on the same, guests or no. Shipboard duties are never passed over. The Prince in his naval captain's uniform walked about the decks, saluting here, smiling there, and finally went to his own quarters.

"Tired from trying to see everything, I sought the tea-rooms and sat down at a round table, where about five boys were already seated. A jolly tar got us our tea. I could see that these boys were all immensely impressed with their royal host.—Even

more, they were almost emotional in their affectionate regard for him.

“ So I asked what they had thought when they first heard of the invitation. One replied: ‘ All of us were enthusiastic. Although democrats, we were pleased to meet a young man, who, although older than ourselves, will be someday a sovereign.’

“ ‘ And now, what is your impression ? ’

“ ‘ Why, ma’am, among us he’s called “ a regular guy.” Perhaps you don’t understand that, but it means he’s “ a regular fellow ”—just the best ever.’

“ ‘ But,’ I replied, ‘ the Prince only said a few words, so I am curious to know what impressed you most about him.’

“ Here they looked at each other and then one said: ‘ We feel we’d like to be like him in everything, but if we had to choose we’d wish most to have his voice and be able to speak as he does. We feel that he’s a fellow who gave a party just to give us a good time in appreciation of what America is doing for him.’

“ ‘ And,’ another continued, ‘ just think of his firmness of mind, no fellow but one with a clear conscience could set his eyes as he did.’

“ The band played the British National Anthem, and we began to leave the ship. I kept close to these American boys, who wanted to talk about the Prince as much as I wanted to hear them. And all got boxes of chocolates tied up with red, white, and blue ribbons. And we even received more than the Prince had told us of—for his photograph in the Guard’s uniform, was on every box. And we

got into the smelly, crowded boat again, packed very close together—to return to New York.

“ But what happy faces ! Was it reality or just my imagination ? For there were no more old-young people ! There, all about me, were many ‘ children.’ Going home from a party—a party given by a Prince. Some opened their boxes of chocolates, some said they were taking them home for someone else. One boy said : ‘ I’m going to give mine to a girl I know.’

“ ‘ How old is she ? ’ I asked.

“ ‘ She’s six,’ he replied, ‘ and she’s not very well.’ And the lights of New York twinkled like fairyland ! Isn’t it from that land of sprites that princes and princesses come ? Were they just so many children, or just so many young royalties being conveyed in their barge back to the City of Lights ? Anyway I feel sure that quite a thousand homes therein were happier, because of the cheer brought back from a Prince’s party. Students all of them, each with a destiny to work out. The world in front—careers to be made. Yet I think, as they go through life, they will often reflect upon their young host—who has so big a destiny of his own to accomplish.”

CHAPTER XVI

HOMECOMINGS may be sad, as well as leave-takings. My return to Toronto was one of the former. My mother had always been such a magnificent woman—so capable, so self-assured—no one who knew her could imagine her otherwise. But a haggard, frail, and infinitely pathetic mother greeted me in January, 1920. She tottered towards me, her arms outstretched. A thin, almost little mother, and so glad to see me again. I went upstairs and into the familiar rooms. They seemed lonely and full of ghosts. I had a lump in my throat, tears were hard to restrain.

For a week my mother seemed cheerful and happy. Then one morning early she sent for me—telling me that the end was very near. She gave me the household keys—for the first time she had handed over those duties to another. I turned them about in my hand, and thought of the years of my mother's meticulous care of all her "lares et penates"—of her order and method. I felt small and inadequate. The following week was one of anxiety—of an anxious sister and brother, Mrs. Monk and Sir Wm. Mulock (these two and my mother had always been greatly attached to each other) coming every

day to our house—the installation of day and night nurses, and consultations of eminent physicians. And my mother, thin almost to transparency, lying so patiently in her bed of suffering. I wired for my sister. The numerous grandchildren came daily to hear of “granny.” And my sister, brother, and I waited for the end of one who had loved us all so well.

At this time I got a letter from Ottawa asking me to address the Canadian Women’s Club there. The invitation was a flattering one—but I never considered acceptance of it. My aunt, however, told my mother, and I heard that she had said, “I do so hope she will accept.” Then the visiting doctor was told, he said I must go through with it to satisfy my mother. The date was fixed for March 12th. I just went on not thinking about it—I couldn’t. It was a hideous nightmare to me.

During these weeks of watching my mother seemed to develop a surprising sense of humour. Her fault had been perhaps that she had taken life too seriously. My aunt, sister, and I were often allowed in for a few minutes, the nurses said we helped the patient. We joked and joked, and my mother told almost *risqué* tales. And how she loved her brother’s visits! We would leave them alone—when he had gone she often wandered into paths and byways of the past. But I think, in spite of the suffering, those last few weeks were the happiest of her life. I heard her asking the doctor as I passed by her door one day, “Aren’t my two girls the finest women in the world? There never

was a house so full of love as this." This had not been so. We had all felt the strain of my mother's too-well-kept home. But in the end her only thoughts were of love—of happiness and of the peace to come.

March 12th came; our doctor promised me it would be all right. I went by night to Ottawa. I addressed a meeting of perhaps a hundred women in the Chateau Laurier, that magnificent hotel. And so it was over. I was to be away from Toronto for three days. The strain I was going through, after so much abroad, was telling on me. I got to my room about 10 p.m. The telephone bell rang as I entered. A friend began putting my things into a valise. The message was a wire from Toronto: "Mother much weaker." I tore through the tunnel leading to the station, and got on board the train almost as it was leaving at 10.35. I arrived in town the next morning.

My mother was still alive—but unconscious. She had said, when they whispered the news in the wire I had sent that the address had gone off all right, "Isn't she grand!" During her illness she had wanted me to play and sing for her. Before she had always called my music "strumming." She regained consciousness the day before she died, and asked for her girls. My sister was with her when I got down, and said, "You sing, I can't do any more."—I sang a Russian gipsy song, "You Are My Darling," and with a cracked, thin sound my mother thought she was singing too. I then left her, I couldn't bear it. But I was called twice, to

play the piano for her. I played something she liked, and her last conscious words were, "God bless those chords." On my father's birthday she went to join him. He must have been so glad—he had cherished her so very well.

My sister and I stayed on in the home for a month. Then we both went to New York. I to finish up some work, my sister to sail with her daughter for a few months' trip in Europe. I returned to Toronto later, to find that my brother was living alone. His wife and family having gone away for the summer holidays. I went up to stay with him—in his home on the outskirts of the city. I had a happy few months there. My brother and I were quite alone at first, there were no servants. I cooked and swept, and went to bed every night physically tired out—so much so that I could not think. It was the best antidote for the weariness I felt after the years of war and my mother's passing that I could have had.

Late in the autumn I left for Rochester, in the State of New York, to visit my sister, who had returned from abroad. I stayed there until the middle of January. I think the Christmas of that year was the most picturesque that I have ever seen. On Christmas Eve snow began to fall. The thick white flakes came down so fast that soon the slanting roofs of the buildings seemed to have too great a burden of soft white on them. The streets were pathless—for should a stray pedestrian or sleigh penetrate an onward progress, their tracks were soon covered by the snow. My sister and I

went to a midnight service in the Anglican Church in East Avenue. As we came out the chimes were pealing forth the message of Christ's birth. We plodded through the snow, which by now had ceased to fall. In every window of every individual house I noticed one solitary flickering candle. One shone from a window in my sister's house, on our return. This is an old time and such a pretty custom, carried out especially by the people in Rochester. The legend is that, if a candle is placed in a window and left to burn itself out, peace will come to that house for the year. But its deeper significance is, that the Christ-Child, being borne earthwards to fulfil His earthly pilgrimage to mankind, will be shown the way as He passes, leaving His blessing to the faithful who have guided His infant steps.

I returned to England in April, 1921. I flitted back and forth between London, Paris, and the northern French coast. Then I again began my pilgrimages. I went to Rome in the autumn of 1921. I renewed old acquaintances. Especially did I go to see Professor Maffeo Pantaleoni. I wanted to hear his latest ideas on Italy. During the four years that I had been absent from Rome, Communism had been suppressed, and Fascism had become the most formidable power in the land. Socialism had given way to the saner passion—that of love of country.

Pantaleoni's only daughter had married; she, her husband and baby were all installed in the enormous flat in the Via Guilia. As I went one day

through room after room to get to Pantaleoni's study I caught sight of unfamiliar objects—a baby-carriage, and a librarian cataloguing the enormous quantity of books, both in the same room. But the Professor's own sanctum was the queerest of all. He, thinner than ever, was sitting at a table writing ; over his shoulders was a crocheted white shawl. He got up to greet me, and led the way to the fireplace which, when one could see it, contained a blazing log fire. But over it and hung about the furniture, on chairs, etc., were drying many funny little bits of clothing. Pantaleoni grunted a few words to me, informing me that of course it was no use to tell me anything—I would probably not take it in. I replied that I was glad I had irritated him to rudeness, as, when he had got it out of his system, he might become informing.

“ I like that,” he said ; “ show me spirit, it is more interesting.” Then, “ My daughter is married.” “ So I perceive,” I replied as I glanced at the laundry about. “ You appear to be an indulgent grandfather.” “ I'm very proud of my son,” he continued ; “ he is in prison.” “ It seems commendable,” I answered. Then he told me that his family were all ardent Facisti—that his son had been imprisoned in some encounter with reactionaries. He went on to say how revolution had not been imminent—but actual with them in Italy—but, thanks to Fascism, the country had been saved. I then told him that I intended going to Austria by way of the Trentino, and would be glad if he would introduce me to any people in the re-taken pro-

vinces. He was very kind and gave me all the letters that I needed.

I left Rome on January 21st, 1922. I had before that, though, been often down to St. Peter's in the crowds waiting for news of the Pope Benedict XV. I moved about among the standing or kneeling people. Bulletins were issued—there would be sighs, or hushed whisperings, heard in the waiting throng. But it was a day later, at Verona, on my journey north, that I heard of the late Pope's passing. I then went to Trento. How that little city could ever have been Austrian is unthinkable. Settled in a valley and surrounded by craggy, crimson-peaked Dolomite Mountains, everything proclaims its affinity to Italy. Its streets, its architecture. Even the children, pulling each other home from school on little sledges, I heard chattering volubly in the soft Italian tongue. And into my hotel room at noon came the call of the daily papers being sold. What was it the vendor was saying? I opened a window. Spasmodically he proclaimed his wares, "L'Italia! Corriere! Il Secolo! Avanti!" Again the sounds of a place seemed to convey the country's call to me. "Italy! Courier of the Century! Forward!" is the combined English of what I had heard. And it is true—for Italy will not remain behind. Unfettered by ancient internal feuds—to-day a united country is going forward. One of the Couriers of the Century!

I met some delightful people in Trento—Count and Countess Mancini, and several of their family. They had lived all their lives praying for

the return of these provinces to Italy. So pronounced were their convictions that they were unpopular among Austrians. This they can only have expected. About ten years before the war Count Mancini had been elected Mayor of Trento. The Emperor, Francis Joseph, telegraphed through his disapproval. Another Mayor had to be found.

In 1914, while Italy was still neutral, they were informed that they were not desired in Austria. So the family emigrated to Milan. Their sons, one but fifteen years old, could not be kept from fighting for Italy. They ran away and enlisted. The youngest was sent back again, but managed in a short time to get into the fray again. At the time I was in Trento, both sons were with D'Annunzio in Fiume. And the parents—Countess Mancini, such a cheery, happy little woman. Her husband, a helpless cripple in an invalid chair, he too, in spite of great suffering, smiled and was keen to talk. "Of course," they said, their sons were struggling for the beloved country. In neither their town nor country house had anything been left them. Yet the dream of generations had been realised—they were content. It was one of the happiest impressions I had during my travels—my all-too-short visit to the Mancini's.

In Bolzano, where I next went, I found mixed feelings. Some for Italy—some for Austria. However, all were glad to have Italian lire instead of the then fast-falling kronen. But in Bressanone, formerly Brixen, I found undisguised hostility towards

Italy. I went to see some people I had met before the war—a mother and three daughters. The latter were all teaching, either as governesses or in schools. How changed they seemed to me! “Yes! we are Italians now,” and four tight little faces looked at me. They were undergoing a self-inflicted martyrdom. “Yes, we learn Italian, one is obliged to.” —“Obliged, perhaps, but not forced,” I answered. I got no response, only sad looks. Then I asked, “Do tell me why you have the ‘von’ in front of your surname and then a hyphenated appendix which you never use?” A spark of interest was evinced. “All the nobles of Austria have a second family name.” “And your father, did he do nothing?” I queried. “Yes! father was in the Post Office—mother receives a small pension.” Ah! I thought, a man of letters, and asked aloud: “Who pays his pension?” Grudgingly I was answered: “Italy.”

I was glad to return to the enormous pink hotel at which I was staying, called “The Elephant.” My cameriera (chamber-maid) talked much to me. “We very much feared the Italians, mia signorina,” especially the men. We were told what brigands they were, and how cruel they would be.” “And have they been?” I asked. “Ma Donna!” she exclaimed. “No, they come here, they bring lire, they speak Tedesco (German) to us, and they mend our broken bridges. Has the signorina seen Klausen? Va bene! is that not a task?—And our kinsfolk across in Austria are so poor, they get no milk. We get milk, the Italians are very kind.—

Si! I have a husband. Had I not I would an Italian 'marito' have."

Innsbrück and the neighbouring Tyrolean resorts are trying to compete with Switzerland winter sports, and mountain tours in the summer. If they can keep their hotels a bit cheaper than the Swiss ones, they should succeed in at least attracting many people to the Tyrol.

The first thing that worried me on entering Austria was what amounts I should tip. I soon found out. The kronen was then at about 30,000 to the pound. I arranged to stay at one of the hotels in the big open square in front of the Innsbrück station. I returned later to get my trunk, which weighed heavily. I spied some trucks about and thought that it could be pulled across to the hotel on one of these. Three rather old and bent porters helped me to get what I wanted. They all seemed to make funny noises with their mouths. I knew no German. I was made to understand that one of them would take my burden across the square for me.

But to my horror, and in spite of my almost tearful protestations, two of the porters heaved the trunk on to the bent back of the oldest of them. I could do nothing. So as not to see, I hurried ahead of the man—saying to myself, I must give him one, two, three thousand kronen. When, like Lot's wife, I looked back, I was petrified—for the porter was no longer visible. Instead, my trunk was proceeding to its destination on a pair of legs. I burst into the hotel—expostulated with the hall porter, begged him to make the man relinquish my trunk

—when in it walked. Again funny noises issued from beneath it, and I all but fainted. For I was told that all heavy luggage was forbidden in the lift, so my colossal piece had decided to walk up to the third floor. I chattered inanely to myself, saying, “No money can pay for this, it means funeral expenses—and I wonder how much pension the man’s family will demand?” I was in front again, and had reached my room.

In, too, came my ubiquitous trunk—and, like a performing elephant, the legs knelt down, and again I saw the station porter, smiling and wiping his face. I shoved a pencil into his hand, showing that I wanted to know his price. He wrote down 150 kronen! about twopence! I began to count out the money, and had 200 kronen put down, intending to give him some more, when he (seeing that I meant the money for him and fearing I might repent) grabbed up the sum, telling me (as is customary in Austria) that he kissed my hand, and began walking backwards bowing as if to royalty. I was too exhausted to realise what was happening—and just let him go.

There were many English people wintering in Innsbrück. The principal hotels were filled with them. Winter sports—ski-ing, lugging, skating—were all to be had in plenty—and dancing every evening. I wondered how the Austrian families were managing, and soon met some of them. The Mancis had given me several letters of introduction. I went first to see the Countess Trapp; she introduced me to the Baroness Stenglin, and Frau Mayr,

between them all I saw many sides of Austrian life. At that time, the spring of 1922, and up to the autumn of the same year, Austria was experiencing its most critical period. It was in truth standing at the gate of its fate. What perils would the opening of the barrier prove ?

The Trapps, a fine old family of the Tyrolean noblesse, were less unfortunate than many others, for they have property in Italy (formerly Austria), a castle in the Upper Dolomites, and a fine home in Innsbrück. But this did not protect them from impertinent globe-trotters, who went to the homes of many splendid families asking had they not something to sell, thinking that stricken Austrians would let their treasures go for a few sous. Count Trapp was chairman of the Tyrolean Red Cross. He and the Countess were assiduous in their activities for the unfortunate victims of the kronen's decline. Frau Mayr, a dear brave woman, the wife of a former Chancellor of Austria, devoted her life to suffering people. She took me with her on some of her missions, and I saw poverty which was almost unbelievable.

The Baron and Baroness Stenglin were more apparently prosperous than most Tyroleans, and could afford to entertain. They gave a tea-party for me, at which I chatted mostly to a charming elderly man, not knowing who he was. He asked questions, and listened to my replies with courteous interest. He seemed sad, kindly in thought, but as if hope had gone for ever, and fate had been too much for him. His wife, a very handsome woman, many

years his junior I should judge, appeared to be very devoted to two things—her husband, and having a good time. She had none of the resignation or apprehension of either Countess Trapp or Frau Mayr. When I was leaving her husband said to me, with a perfect French accent but faltering voice, “*Quand aurai-je le plaisir de vous revoir?*” I enquired whom should I ask for, as it had been suggested I might go for a walk with him. He replied, “My name is ‘Conrad.’”

We never had that walk, but he and his wife dined with me a few weeks later. In the meantime I had learnt that I had been chatting to the ex-Field-Marshal Conrad von Hötzendorf, Commander-in-Chief of the Austrian Armies. He was living at the Tirolerhof, and writing his memoirs, which I believe have run since into four volumes. From him I gathered that he considered that the war had been inevitable—a fight for existence. The unavoidable consequences of the dominating will for power—which in various forms influences the world’s progress for good or evil as the shifts of events change its necessities.

To have been successful for Austria the war should have been fought in 1909—but in 1914, the Field-Marshal had a losing hand dealt out to him. Without rancour of words he conveyed the impression that the Germans had not always fulfilled their obligations, that he was powerless at the conferences between himself and German Generals. Also that he never had a chance to work out any action as he wished—for he had had a badly-

prepared army, with but little organisation, and he was not entrusted with full power in the disposition of his forces. In fact, the suggestion was that Austrians were running about like sheep from one front to another, being killed like flies—and von Hötzendorf was not considered by the all-powerful masters in Germany.

Perhaps much of what I have here written was also gathered from other people, for never did the ex-Field-Marshal try to convince me to his way of thinking, or that he had been a victim. I never met anyone so resigned as the former Austrian leader. "We come from nothing, we return to nothing," he told me. "And I only want 'mon repos.'" From others I learnt, however, that Conrad's military knowledge and diplomatic finesse were the finest that the Central Powers possessed. But he was always frustrated in his plans by Von Mackensen, Hindenburg—Ludendorf and other leaders of the German Armies. Austria's greatness has disappeared. And the former arbiter, forced into impotence by a more dominating people, awaits the end of his trail. Walking in the mountains—pondering over what might have been. Kindly—intelligent—a frail human of past magnificence.

An Englishwoman and I decided to go as far as Munich from Innsbrück, accompanying some friends on their return journey to England. We had heard from enraged Britishers of the difficulties they had had with the Munich police. The visa for Germany was evidently not sufficient to allow one to stop more than twenty-four hours in Bavaria *en route*.

This, however, was not told, in those days, to travellers. Nearly everyone passing through thought to profit by their trip by stopping at Munich—all invariably had trouble with the police. To avoid all fuss, however, my friend and I went to the German Consul in Innsbrück, and asked for every particular. We paid fifteen shillings for the visa, and felt we had eliminated all cares for ourselves. The Consul advised us to go to the police offices the first thing in the morning of our only day there: “Just a matter of form,” he said. “They will stamp your visa, and you will then have no trouble in returning to Austria.”

We followed the Consul’s advice ; it was about 10 a.m. when we arrived at the municipal offices. We handed in our passports. For some reason we were put into different rooms. There was time to look about—so I watched the people. The autocrats at tables had, I thought, the worst manners I had ever seen. Perhaps I was biassed, for I had come from Austria where good manners seem to be a part of that country’s creed. I looked up at the pictures on the walls. A chromo of Hindenburg, medals, moustaches and all, fierce and decorative, scowled down from his gilded frame. King Ludwig III. of Bavaria was envisaged in another splendid encasement. “Not much democracy about this place,” I thought—when I was ordered (not asked) to go to a table.

The man (sitting down) said he could only speak German. I asked, so that everyone in the room could hear me, if there was anyone who could speak

English, French, Italian. "No," I was gruffly told. I was shown where I had to sign a paper. I said that I would not do so unless I was satisfied as to the purport of the document. They managed to convey to me that it was of no importance, so I signed. To my indignation this paper was put into my passport, and both were placed in an open drawer; I had evidently signed a request to be allowed to stay seven days in Munich. I was told to return the next day. "I am leaving to-night," I informed them. They were very nasty—sneered at my alarm—and I, seeing my passport, snatched it up saying, "This is mine, and you have no right to take it from me."

With that they grabbed me, and wrenched my passport away. As I left I called out, "I am going to the British Consul." As I went through the next room my friend was going through the same ordeal. She was just about to seize her passport when she (seeing how annoyed I was) decided to let me do the fighting, and to know no German—in fact, she only understood a little. I said, as I thumped a table, "You are a disagreeable people and I am going to see our Consul about this," and left the room. I had nearly got out of the building when two men came and took each of them an arm, forcing me to return. Pandemonium reigned in the rooms—everyone was talking. Fat men were hissing invectives at me. My friend leaned up against a window-sill, a man came and dusted a plant near to her, fearful of contamination. Everyone declared that they could only speak German. One tired-looking man, who

seemed to be the judge of the situation, bored as he was—had to listen to the indictment against me. If I spoke to my friend the men were all attention to us, hoping we would say something condemnatory.

A door then opened and a consequential, self-satisfied man came in, followed by others. He was holding an official-looking paper. From this he read out that someone who knew English had heard my outburst, and that I had been very offensive in my remarks. A girl had been found who could speak French. How delighted she was to show her superiority over these men—a mere German woman! The men were turning over pages of dictionaries, and were greatly puzzled, for they could not find what they wanted. I said: "Produce the man who heard me and I will apologise—but why didn't he help me out when I asked for it, instead of listening?" No man, however, came forth. I was supposed to have called them "swine." "Certainly, if I did I was offensive, but I never said 'swine.' I said you are a disagreeable people," I told them. They mistook "people" for "pig," and they could only find "swine" in the dictionaries, and that didn't sound like what they had heard. My friend and I tried to sit down. We were told to get up. Men taking the seats instead.

I vouchsafed, "You are very unwise to cause me all this trouble when you see 'journalist' on my passport." The girl translated for them, saying: "Princess, Countess or journalist, it is all the same to us—and what you say you said is just as bad as what we thought you said—nice people don't talk

like that." This involved sentence, always trying to avoid unseemly phrases, tickled me so I nearly laughed, but refrained, for I was almost sobbingly told that they had to get all they could out of visas, for "we need the money." "Well, let us pay and give us our passports," I suggested. We paid. But I had not been punished enough. I was given a lecture in French; the men seemed to puff out with importance as the girl proceeded. We were told to return between four and six. It was now noon. We were very tired and our little excursion had been quite spoilt.

At five o'clock we again presented ourselves to the police. My friend was given her passport. I was told to come again at six. I kept quiet this time, for I knew that this had been done hoping I would burst forth again. I left. But the girl translator ran after me, saying that if I would just wait, the chief had said that I should have my passport. Her manner was entirely different in the corridor. She was a human being—not a suffocated soul carrying out bureaucratic instructions. We left Munich the next morning.

I was greatly interested in a young German couple in our carriage. In time we began to talk. The man asked me, in French, where to stay in Innsbrück, saying that he and his wife were on their honeymoon. He had been in the German Air Force, and wore the ribbon of the Iron Cross. He was of very prosperous appearance, and informed me that he had inherited a big steel works from his father. That he kept his mother and sister in comfort in

Berlin, while he and his wife would live in Nuremberg. I asked him to whom he sold his steel. He replied mostly to England and France. "They don't buy from us," he told me, "either bulk or manufactured steel—they get it through other countries, under other names. And," he continued, "they pay much more than if they bought it direct from me—I don't care, I get paid." He said that the commercial men of Germany were intent on making money. That they saw to it that the Government was kept bankrupt. That the war indemnities would never be paid. And he cheerfully added that it was only a matter of a few years and Germany would be fighting again.

And France is blamed by many for the Ruhr occupation! Doesn't France know, as no other country, of Germany's intentions? While the French are on German soil those people will not fight. Occupation, or a complete payment of indemnity, are the two courses, one or the other, which France must demand.

I had mentioned my Munich troubles to the Prussian bridegroom. The next night I was one of a jolly group enjoying ourselves at a dance at our hotel. We were all surprised at a stranger coming up to us, who with heels together, bowing very low, asked me the honour of a dance. It was the German honeymooner. As we waltzed around, I asked for his wife. He said that he had supplied her with food, so she was all right. Sure enough there she was—quite content with beer and sausage sandwiches. Her husband gave me his card—a title prefixed his

name. He told me—great patriot as he declared himself—he had thought the Munich officials had gone too far, and that he had written to the Foreign Office in Berlin, where he was well known. He assured me that the Munich police would be reprimanded.

CHAPTER XVII

VIENNA—that city of former Imperial splendour and effervescent gaiety—was wonderfully interesting during the time that I stayed there—from March until November, 1922. Within six weeks of my arrival, the kronen began to fall. It went from 28,000 to over 300,000 to the pound, between May and September. Money became of no value. One exchanged thousands of kronen daily for purchases of every kind. They at least were always cheaper to-day, and dearer to-morrow. Why save a thousand kronen which at the moment would be worth sixpence, yet in a few hours would be but twopence? It was easy to see the Austrians' point of view, and, consistent with their pleasure-loving character, they filled the places of amusement—a good investment for shrivelling kronen. At least spirits were kept up—the joys of the moment partaken of “For to-morrow we die!”

But they did not die, those Austrians. They have survived, and are thriving so well, that what was a stricken, dying little country, has become about the healthiest spot in Europe. I had letters from my good friends in Innsbrück. One was for Frau Grunberger, the Canadian wife of the Foreign

Minister. I met both the Frau and her husband, but saw but little of them. A Princess Starnberg had been written to by Countess Trapp. The Princess, an able woman, has a seat in the Reichstag; also I met her but seldom. But I found a splendid helper in Frau Neiderman, formerly a Scotch woman. There was no one that she did not seem to know, or could not get at. One day she took me to the Reichstag to lunch. Frau Neiderman had re-established Red Cross buffets at stations (after they had been abandoned) for the returning prisoners of war. Her work had been greatly approved of by the Reichstag members, who accorded her some parliamentary privileges. At luncheon she gathered many men about our table—Ministers and members of every party.

Among these I picked out one whom I thought appeared especially intelligent and powerful—a Dr. Heinrich Mataja, of the Christian Socialists. Mataja and I became great friends, and I found that my conclusions about him were quite correct. He is without doubt a dominant force in Austrian politics; he keeps in touch with other countries—so that his knowledge of foreign questions is immense. I hear from him occasionally, giving me information as to European questions, and putting very intelligent ones for me to reply to. He speaks quite beautiful French, and is very conversant with English. But Mataja is unpopular in the Reichstag, because he knows his own power, and is absolutely resolute in refusing all advances as to Ministerial positions. Mataja prefers to attack. He is the hair-shirt of



Dr. Heinrich Mataja.

Austrian politicians. Yet he is greatly liked and respected by his real friends.

We discussed quite freely these likes and dislikes for himself; in referring to his term as Minister of the Interior, his last office, he told me, "They destituted me, even my own party." I interrupted with "Deserted, you mean." "No, I don't," said Mataja, "I mean destituted." After the Congress of Genoa, things looked very bad for Austria. Schoeber, the Chancellor, returned—the Minister of Finance was forced to resign. The one man who could fill the position was Mataja. But he refused even to discuss it. So the Government fell. Mgr. Seipel, Mataja's great friend ("I love him," Mataja told me), became Chancellor. Yet his name was absent from the new Cabinet list. And everyone knew why. Mataja will not entertain such a position again. But his whole time is taken up in parliamentary committees, in missions to Geneva, in addressing the Polish Senate at Warsaw—or visits to European capitals. Always assiduous in his life-work, his desire is to see international understanding in Europe, and to assure a healthy Austria.

At a dinner-party he gave I met several interesting people. A former Finance Minister, a Geneva politician, an American woman "studying plebiscites," she said, but she knew no language but English, and Monsieur Morikasu Ida, the Japanese chargé d'affaires at that country's Legation. Monsieur Ida and I became also good friends. He and Mataja's entertainments were always charming—at Sacchers,

perhaps, or the Opera. I tried to return some of this hospitality. I was staying at a delightful small hotel—the Hammerand—which has, I think, the best restaurant in Vienna, and such a pretty little garden. Monsieur Ida telephoned to me, saying he would come and dine with me, he repeated the hotel name, the date, and the hour named, and ended with, “I will come at three o’clock to-day to talk about it.” He came, stayed an hour, and left, not having said one word about the dinner.

I found him very interesting, and discovered how intelligent the Japanese foreign and home politics are. The Consulate and Diplomatic Services are combined in one. After a man has worked himself up through attaché and secretaryships, he becomes either a Consul-General or a Counsellor to an Embassy. In this way they gain a wide knowledge of many foreign countries. But their career is not then finished. The Japanese Foreign Minister has been invariably a former Ambassador. And their Prime Minister has been generally previously the Foreign Minister. I believe that Japan is the only country in which this system is practised. Would other countries not be doing well to emulate them?

The prefix “Doctor” in Germanic countries does not mean only a medical practitioner. Every man appears to be “Doctor.” Dr. Mataja is a barrister. All, however, seem to have the word “rat” as an appendix to their names. For instance, a real doctor is addressed as “Herrn Medicinrat Dr. —.” A politician is “Herrn Nationalrat Dr. —,” and so on. And the word “Christian,” in the party’s

name, means simply that there are no Jews among them. The Christian-Socialists, who are in coalition with the small German party, are in power. The "Social-Democrats" is the third and real Socialist party—in this there are a number of Jews.

Through Frau Neiderman, I met Princess Metternich, a fine gentlewoman, of the old-world in courtesy—of the new in her activities. The Princess was the president of that society which was aiming to help the needy middle and upper classes who would not ask for, or accept charity, and yet so greatly needed assistance. At that time Austria as a country had 6,000,000 inhabitants, and its Government was suffering from water on the brain—for its employees numbered 100,000. The same, even more, than the dual monarchy had had for over 50,000,000 of people. These would soon have to be reduced to less than half. And the distress expected caused great apprehension.

And I learnt something of the laws in Austria—no one could know much—for I was shown 2,400 pages of them in one book, the result of one year's legislation. A law of some years standing was that a man's working time should be eight hours daily. Another was that he must know the law. Therefore, eliminate the many holidays in the Austrian year, make each man read the 2,400 pages of law, which would occupy his entire working hours for one year—and there you have it! The Austrian obeys the law, in learning it—and enjoys life.

I went about this time to see President Hainisch, of the Austrian Republic. His offices are in the

Foreign Office building. I met this delightful gentleman in a splendid room. A magnificent portrait of Prince Metternich decorated the wall behind his chair. During our conversation I asked, "What are your particular duties?" He replied, "I sign the laws." "You must be busy then," I told him. "If I were you I would sign one more law only—that all those 2,400 pages of law be burnt. What's the use of making so many?" He chuckled amusedly.

But the portrait of Prince Metternich reminded me, and I asked, "Wasn't the Congress of Vienna held in this building in 1815?" The President nodded affirmatively, and suggested my seeing the room. He opened one of the five doors into a dignified, but not very large salon. And he explained the many exits to me. The five great powers, Great Britain, France, Prussia, Russia, and Austria-Hungary, represented by their Ambassadors, had each thought that his was the prerogative to leave the room first. So as to obviate this difficulty, each had a door of his own—and the little countries went out of which they chose. That Congress was one of Ambassadors, who are supposed to know something of foreign affairs. What a pity they still are not our complete representatives at conferences! Yet, what a still greater pity it is that we have any conferences at all! For really, the Japanese Prime Minister seems to be the only one fully equipped with knowledge of his own country and others to be a reasonable arbitrator.

There is one conference, however, which seems to

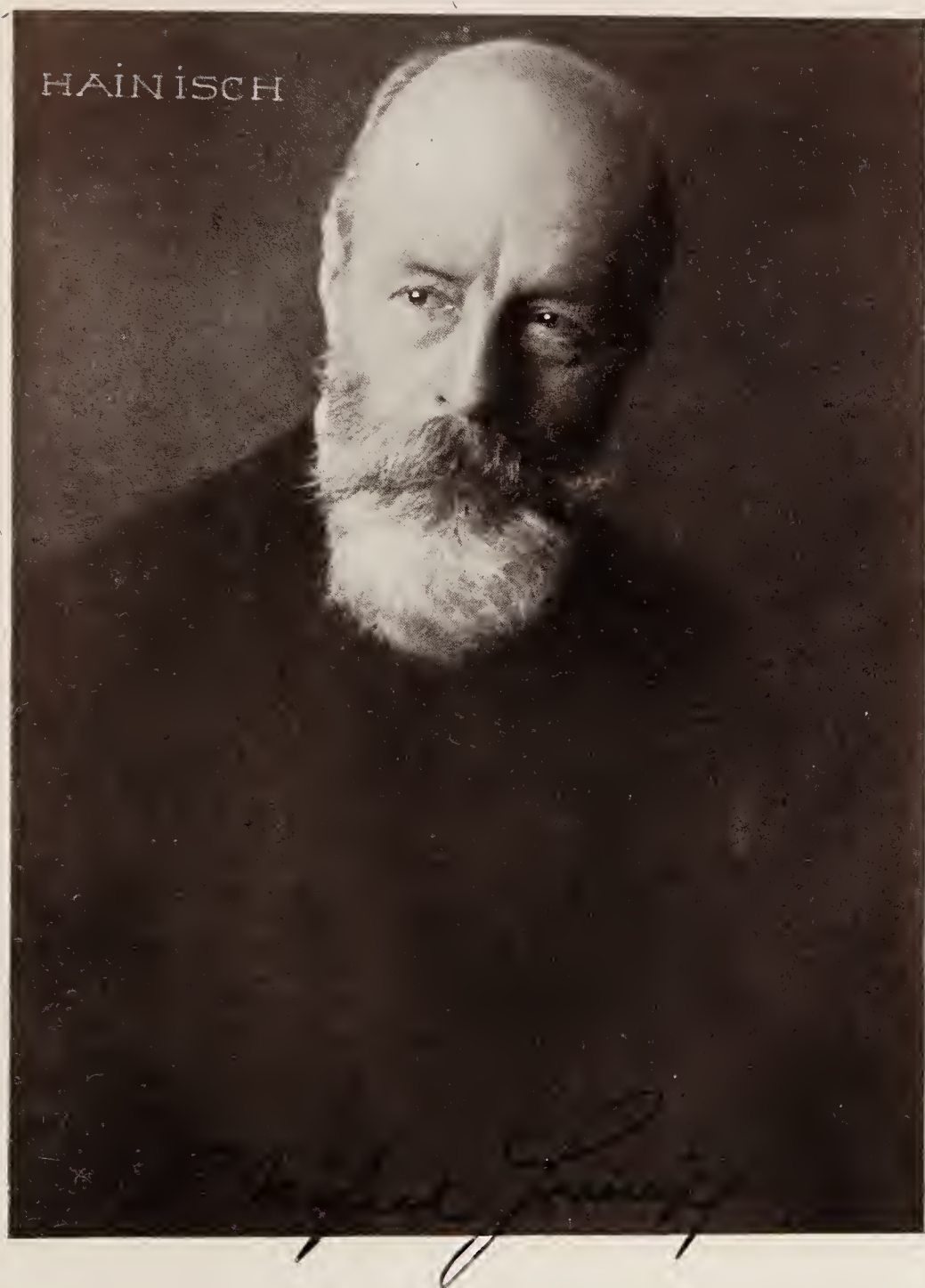
be efficacious, and it makes no laws. It is just a meeting of parliamentarians from all over the world, who congregate in some centre for interchange of views, and discussion of opinions. An excellent means for politicians to learn about other countries in a condensed form, and without too much travel. It had been arranged to hold the twentieth meeting of the Interparliamentary Union in Vienna early in September, 1922. As Dr. Mataja was president of the Austrian group of the Union, he had begun, the previous spring, to organise for the meeting. He asked me for advice as to whom to write to in Canada. He applied to Morikasu Ida for the same regarding Japan, and I think without doubt got personally into touch with nearly every country which finally had representatives at the Conference.

In consequence, at the very moment when Austria's fate seemed almost over-balancing into the depths of irretrievable oblivion, more than four hundred politicians from all over the world came to Vienna. Dr. Mataja was nominated chairman of the meeting. A few days previously he had asked me to translate the official reports of procedure and questions to be mooted, from French into English. I had very little time, but, with an able typist from the Foreign Office, we got through the majority of work required of us. In return, I was invited to the banquet and receptions given in honour of the guests.

At lunch-time on the last day of the meeting I saw a group of parliamentarians in the restaurant of the Hammerand Hotel. I noticed a powerful-

looking man whose face was very familiar to me. I ventured to ask was he not Monsieur Jules Destrée. He was—a representative from Belgium. In a talk we had later he asked me about Austria. I told him what I could, saying that I thought Austrians would themselves sacrifice everything to save their little country. “But,” I said, “as a political force Austria is finished. Yet these six millions of people are real Austrians. A much healthier situation than the former conglomeration of nationalities. And they have a real asset to offer the world—their intellectual ability—their knowledge of medicine, in all its branches—their music—potentialities to be proud of and fostered.” At the closing banquet that night Destrée was the one man who could be heard. The cathedral organ voice rolled out, and I caught the sentence said with deep conviction, “*La vie intellectuelle de l’Autriche ne doit pas mourir.*” Afterwards I taxed him with “that was my speech you gave, Monsieur Destrée.” He allowed me my little conceit very graciously.

The two Canadian representatives were Senator Beaubien and Sir George Foster. At a reception at Schönbrunn—that beautiful former Imperial palace on the outskirts of Vienna—Senator Beaubien said to me, “Come and shake hands with President Hainisch, he’s receiving in the next salon.” As we approached the Senator said, “*Je desire à vous presenter une de mes compatriotes.*” But this was unnecessary, for the President exclaimed, “One of your compatriots indeed, could I forget her! She told me to sign a law to burn all the laws.” He



Dr. Michael Hainisch.
President of the First Austrian Republic.

added that it had given him and his friends many a laugh. Perhaps it is well to have succeeded in amusing—even once.

Dark hours awaited Austria ; a commission from foreign countries came in. A loan was conceded to, under the auspices of the League of Nations. Austria was gasping for want of the means to live. But the outcome has been brilliantly successful. Since November, 1922, the kronen has been almost the most stable currency in Europe. Often it is suggested that the zeros be taken off. 320,000 kronen becoming 32 kronen. But one must have lived in a country to learn that the human mentality in such plays the biggest part. Minds that for some years have soared into hundreds of thousands lose sight of values. Stabilisation is the first step towards rectification. The process of elimination of unnecessary noughts must be very slow. The possibility of making fixed prices is the healthiest sign. The kronen will readjust itself, if—and when, it is necessary.

During the summer of 1922 a friend came out from England to join me. She and I, after seeing Vienna, went by boat down the Danube to Budapest. The “ Blue ” Danube is a misnomer. The water is invariably grey and colourless. But the trip is delightful and comfortable, and the approach to Budapest at about nine in the evening—with its twinkling lights, its suggestion of music, dancing and mirth gives one an idyllic first impression. For a few days we stayed at the Dunapalota (formerly the Ritz) and watched from our windows the boats

moving about like fussy old ladies, in and out of port. And gazed on the other side of the river at the splendid royal palace. We drove everywhere—into the country, stopping at lovely restaurants for tea, hearing the wild, passionate music from Hungarian orchestras. So, often, seeing that we were foreigners, these players, thinking to please us, would give “Tipperary.” Their black eyes sparkling, their white teeth gleaming between their smiling lips. Never a thought of resentment—for was not “Tipperary” one of our war songs?—We, a conquering, but evidently not disliked former enemy.

Travelling in Austria and Hungary is very much worth while. The hills and plains—the cities, the rivers and the country, all lend themselves to the voyager’s contentment. And when near Vienna, if one wishes to combine salutary effect with pleasure, just go to Semmering or Edlach, and stay at one of their sanatorium hotels. The new one at Edlach is a joy in surroundings and comfort. And when in Vienna, go on a summer night to Cobensyl—dine on the terrace, aglow with flowers, music and lights—and look down from its height to Vienna below—a beautiful city in beautiful surroundings.

In the autumn of 1922, dancing began in Vienna hotels. One day to ours came an English captain and his wife. The captain had been blinded in the war. “I say,” he said almost immediately, “do come and dance.” We began. “Take me right round the edge of the room,” he commanded, “then I’ll know where to lead you.” After that he proved as good a partner as any. A number of us

dined together later, and he said, "I like this restaurant better than the others, it is loftier and airier." He was the gayest one at our party, compensations seem to come to all the afflicted. This Englishman said he wouldn't have his life changed. He had readjusted things, and was content.

After a brief stay in London, I went to Brussels with friends at Christmas-time, 1922. Life was quiet, but theatres and music were plentiful. I went to Jules Destrée's house and office combined—just under the shadow of the Palais de Justice. He informed me as to the vexed arguments of the moment for Belgium. He explained that the question of languages, Flemish *versus* French, was causing passionate discussion in the Chambre de Députés. I imagine that it will continue a disturbing influence in Belgium for many a day.

In speaking of Socialism, and as to whether its advent in so many countries was desirable, Monsieur Destrée said, "If all Socialists would be as reasonable as we in Belgium—all would be well." He told me how enormously popular the King is, and introduced me to Monsieur Vandervelde, the Socialist leader—who kept me waiting an hour for an appointment, and then refused to speak. I asked Monsieur Destrée what he thought of the Ruhr occupation, then much opposed by the Belgian Socialists. And, after expressing a great love for France, and everything French, he said: "But as to the Ruhr occupation, Mademoiselle, it is legitimate, but not practical."

CHAPTER XVIII

IN Russia, Poland, and Roumania, the position of the Jews was a grossly unfair one. For centuries, even up to the Great War, nothing seemed to be done to ameliorate the injustices of it. To those who have lived in Occidental countries—especially in England and France—the anti-semitic feeling in Oriental Europe is hard to understand. The reason for this situation emanated originally from Poland, and the step they took several hundred years ago.

About the sixteenth century the Poles invited the Jews to come and settle in their country. The decline of Poland was then beginning—their internecine warfare kept them busy for several generations. The Jews grasped all the commerce, and then the Poles hated them for their own inextricable position. When Poland was divided the Jews then began to penetrate into Russia, but were excluded from both Petrograd and Moscow unless they paid enormously to belong to the first or second Guild of Merchants—or became Christians. This situation was galling for the Jews, and unasked-for by the Russians. However, the Russians did not begin to dislike the Jews as did the Poles, who failed to realise that in one hundred and fifty years they had

gone some distance in the same route of craftiness, which comes to all subjugated peoples. And they could not see that, had they had about two thousand years of such as the Jews have—they would probably have gone much farther.

However, now Poland has the opportunity to make amends—and will probably realise that there is no surer sign of prosperity than to have a fair percentage of Jews from a part of a country's population. The antipathy between the Jew and the Russian was a personal one. As it has been written, the real Russian is a humble person—the Jew assumes humility. Neither can understand the other.

Having seen the Jews and watched their activities in many countries, I would doubt the success of a Jewish Kingdom in Palestine. They have proved themselves to be peaceful citizens wherever they go, and it is the Christian's rather than his own fault that makes the Jew drive a hard bargain. He has got accustomed to using his intelligence to exploit others who are prepared to proceed in the same manner with the Hebrew—only the latter is more adept and always gets there first.

In Bucharest Monsieur Constantin Mille, the editor, possessed a rare collection of pictures and ikons. Nearly every treasure he had he had bought through Jews, of whom he was the strongest of champions. No country in Europe, not even Poland, had a more anti-semitic feeling than Roumania. But there it was entirely a German production, and seriously injured Roumania in European opinion. This had been caused in Berlin so as to blackmail

Roumania in every financial question. For over thirty years when a new loan was broached the Germans brought up the Jewish troubles, thus burdening Roumania with huge interest for the capital from Wilhelmstrasse.

Monsieur Bratiano, the Premier, consulted the party leaders, in 1913, as to Jewish reform. Monsieur Take Ionescu, leader of the Conservative Democrats, had long been in favour of Jewish redress. Unfortunately some reactionaries raised agitations in the Universities and Monsieur Bratiano allowed himself to be influenced by the counter-movement. And the Jewish population, which had had its hopes raised high, suffered overwhelming disappointment.

The new and greater Roumania is having its own troubles. And one of the deepest questions is that of content or discontent among the minorities which have been absorbed. Jews, coming under this heading, at least have now their chance. Where the Jew has his proper share of a country's responsibilities with the Christian, prosperity will always be greatest. And does not peace walk astride with prosperity?

For me, in my pilgrimages, the most absorbing subject of all, I find, is the searching in present conditions the reasons for them in the past. One can go back a very long way. But I think that from the French Revolution, Napoleon's career, and the Congress of Vienna in 1815 direct issues may be traced. The French Revolution was not, as is so generally supposed, a creation of the proletariat—but an obvious struggle between several sections of

the ruling people. The Orleanist Conspiracy, and aspirations of their leader to the throne. And the disintegration caused by the activities of the Subversives—Girondins, and other reactionaries. The Russian Revolution came also from above, not below. The masses are always ready to believe in the eloquence of orators who appeal to them through the suggestion of imaginary personal wrongs. The offers of positions—distribution of wealth, and equality of persons are always of absorbing interest to the uninformed and introspective listener.

But even farther back than that—the initial inception of the French Revolution, and in just the same manner the Russian, came from foreign powers. I might say, one foreign power, for in both cases it was Prussia that plotted for the weakening of neighbouring countries—for the aggrandisement of its own potentiality. Is it to be wondered therefore that the French—who to the youngest of them learn in their school histories the reason for the misery into which their country was plunged nearly one hundred and fifty years ago—are stubborn in their demands against the aggressive intruder upon their country's peace? For now the French know, as they never did at the time of the revolution, the reason of their terrible troubles. They are not explorers, but diligent workers in their own country, for which they have a profound and understanding love. They seek no more, and would be the greatest factor in European peace, if the causes for their attitude were understood.

The Germans, on the other hand, are feverishly

desirous of extending their own domains at the expense of other peoples' property. They care not for homogeneous nationality—only for power. And the possibility of inflicting theirs on others foreign to themselves in ethics, learning, and warfare. In fact, they are not content to leave other country-loving people in peace. And why should we not give France the benefit of the doubt? She paid every sou demanded of her in 1870. Even the argument that the indemnities now demanded of Germany are far greater, is not sufficient for us to surmise that France would not have done the same this time had she been the vanquished. It would have taken longer, naturally, but everything that France has done points to consistency in all such transactions.

No! Here again, as during the Revolution, England's Premiers show the same fear of France that Pitt did, thereby helping France's enemies and not France herself. For Pitt feared France's strength. And now the fear is aggravated by the suggestion that a strong France would lessen Britain's prestige. Britain's prestige is only secure in a strong Britain—not in a weakened neighbour.

But to go back to the Revolution in its late stages. The little Coriscan was an onlooker among the masses, and with the genius that was his, he saw what was needed. France's want was a diversion of attention—a sort of mental fly blister, to make its people for a while forget the present. And to give their very depleted morale a chance to recover some self-esteem. For, although Napoleon's

excursions into other countries were always taken as a conqueror, yet in most of them he left an admiring people behind him—with the love for their own country strengthened—as in Italy. There he sowed the seeds of an United Kingdom. Oscar Browning thought that Napoleon was the greatest man of European history—with the love of mankind that Christ had.

And I would add with all reverence, that, in the creating of deities or idols, human beings invariably fail to give them the one tribute necessary to carry through everything great—a sense of humour. Napoleon must have been a tremendous humorist—a sort of Supreme Jester to the Court of Europe. He presented the French with self-respect and the realisation that the love of their own country was to them a healing balm. He made other countries realise that to look after home affairs was their first duty and interest. And he recognised the correct frontier limitations of each nation.

Then came his Waterloo and the meeting of his conquerors at the Congress of Vienna—where the old order of things in Europe was re-established, and the war of 1914 became an inevitable future event. Just take, for instance, the little kingdom of Italy established by Napoleon early in the nineteenth century, with Milan as its capital—including the Veneto and Trentino provinces! Never before or since has that country known such peace and prosperity as during those ten years.

But the Congress of Vienna crushed it out of existence. Prince Metternich, the headstrong, clever

Austrian, saw only for his own country. Diplomacy was his forte. But his had not the perspective genius of that of Napoleon. With the clock of Europe put back one hundred years—we began again, in 1914, to start it going forward once more. And we try to readjust things by not one conference, but with an epidemic of them. They can, however, soothe disturbed and restless people no longer. First let us get our own houses in order and our vision composed—by self-discipline. And let each country manage its own affairs. Would not ten years of such treatment put a new complexion on Europe, and would foreign conferences either be necessary or considered ?

Coming to the question of Empire, let us take (having spoken of France) our other big allies. In Italy, Fascism has saved the country. No longer is it the victim of opportunists, such as Giolitti, Orlando, and Nitti. Each of these three may have been capable of doing something for his country, but they were all too occupied in watching the others' movements. Instead of this cat-and-mouse policy Mussolini gave them red-blooded patriotism. No constitutional monarchy is safer than that in the hands of a Fascist Ministry. The civilisation of Europe came from Rome. Would it not be well if, instead of criticising Italy, other suffering countries emulated some of the saving qualities of Fascism ? Perspective future vision is ever before the Italian Prime Minister. Fascism is a constructive—not a destructive force.

Then from the United States we have a lesson to

learn. There we find the antithesis of Fascism, and yet a policy which in its own way is admirable. The United States Government appear to realise that the first necessity in practical politics is to see to home affairs. If there is time after that!—but there is no time when interference is efficacious. So they eschew meddling in what concerns themselves little, and which they do not understand. They acknowledge facts, “brass tacks,” as they tritely call them—and hit them on the head. Probably the cancellation of foreign debts might have been put into force by the United States. But such is antagonistic to American ways of thinking—which are practical and unsentimental. “You are our debtors”—there is nothing more to be said.

It always seems to me that the Ten Commandments, while being ethically correct, are not up to date enough. That an eleventh—or would it be the twelfth?—should be added, to suit the conditions of the twentieth century. Bluntly it might be, “And let everyone mind his own business.” It is not that the British are an interfering people. Are they not just the opposite? But their prestige has ranked so high—their good-will has been so desired by other nations, and their courtesy is so much a part of them—that they get drawn into conferences and discussions which in the majority of cases they would prefer to remain outside of.

Yet it is essential to find out why that prestige is diminishing as it is—and what is wrong with the Empire. From my pilgrimages, teachings, I would suggest that we lack—just what perhaps weaker

nations have—the spirit of love, for one thing, “ the Country.” As the Empire is not one country, we admire “ the nation ” and are glad to belong to it. But it is only our own corner that we love. Therein lies the mistake. The people of Great Britain, Australia, Canada, South Africa, and all those that belong to the nation should have one subject upon which to attach our national pride and faith.

Would it not therefore be obvious that the one institution which we have, and could all be on the same footing of national love for—is the Monarchy ? And what can be done to make us all feel that this is ours in common ? I think we have to come to England itself to find out what is the trouble with the Empire. For in all bodies, human or politic, it is the centre, or heart of it, which starts the machinery going, giving the pulses at the working extremities the power to proceed steadily. If England is sick, the nation is sick. The pulses must be feeble if the heart’s action is disorganised.

I have no knowledge of the laws of entail. But could not a system of small holdings be propagated in England ? That of the people owning their own bits of land, rather than paying rent for them ? Surely all the landowners could sell off in apportioned small lots a third of their properties ? The question of payment naturally arises. But credit facilities could be arranged through the creation of land-purchase associations. Efficient workers could thus borrow necessary working capital. The masses of English people own nothing. Their whole lives are spent in paying rent. If they knew that instead of

renting they are buying their property, on a deferred payment system, would not a great national hope be born? Give them, say, ten years in which to pay the whole, and I do not hesitate to say that in less than five, 90 per cent. of the properties bought would be paid for. And would not the effect on the morale, the interest, and the happiness of the English people be astonishing?

The distribution of land would necessitate the formation of rural communities. In one instance in Wiltshire, a trial of land purchase and an organised community system was made a number of years ago. It has proved to be enormously successful, and is continuing on its original lines. The pity of it is that it is an isolated example only. This agrarian principle has caused the downfall of Socialism in Italy. In writing of it in the *Contemporary Review* James Murphy, that astute student of Italian affairs, says, "If therefore Socialism by helping to raise the status of the rural labourer, thereby tended to transform him into a small proprietor, it obviously rendered him unfit material for its own revolutionary purposes. In doing so it clearly prepares the way for his exit from the Socialist ranks." If such a system could be widespread in England, and those landed proprietors, so many of whom are in the House of Lords, would interest themselves personally in the movement—would not the power of the Upper House be greatly resuscitated? And are not the best brains of the Empire in the House of Lords?

If they could form themselves into a sort of

Agrarian party, thus helping to settle disputes where they are concrete issues and not abstract—as is so often the case in the House of Commons. We would have yeomen—Lords—King in direct touch with each other, and no voting in the whole proceeding. For who knows the real meaning behind most political questions? Is it not alone in the knowledge of a small minority? Therefore is there anything so unfair as the majority vote? Not that the House of Commons is anything but efficacious and useful, nor can its method of election be changed. But it has too much to do, and is too autocratic in its power.

Then what of the Dominions? Where do they come in? In another form they too can be drawn towards the Monarchy. Let the Imperial Conference be the first of an annual national meeting. Which, with limitation as to numbers, would be a sort of active Privy Council—leaving each year its recommendations for the two Houses of Parliament to work upon. The British Prime Minister should not be chairman of that meeting. There is only one obvious man for that position, and he is the King of England. I know what the answer to this would be from the majority of people. “It isn’t done.” Why isn’t it done? Because we stick, as a people, to effete ideas and moribund institutions. The nation can only be strong by knowing that anything can be done that is worthy of the traditions of the greatest Empire the world has yet seen. By so doing, we would have a Monarchy in direct touch with the humblest corner of the Empire. And we

all would have—just as other countries—one great bond of union to be patriotic about.

And we want peace. We say we can only obtain it by forgetting the war. Yet the war brought out the finest instincts that our people possess. What we do want, is to remember what we then were—to forget what we have become—selfish, introspective, abusive, most of us shirking responsibility. Memory is the one monument we should have erected to the fallen—so that in their sacrifice for us they have left a united people. Who have secured the Empire for defence—not offence. Never aggressive, but prepared and ready for invaders who would menace the security of our internal national peace.

THE END

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